This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Pc. 1419 c. 172
N.S. 6

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Pc. 1419 c. 1721
N.S. 6

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Per 1419 c. 1701
n.s. 6

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME VI.

PARTS XXXI. TO XXXVI. JULY—DECEMBER, 1868.

LONDON:
JOHN AND CHARLES MOZLEY, 6, PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND PARKER AND CO. OXFORD.
1868.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

	Page
Advent Sunday in a Coptic Church	501
A Good Example; or, a Manufacturing Town in France	378
A Living in Lincolnshire	268
A Missionary Priest in Paris	287
Animal Omens	486
Antique Gems and Signet Rings	84, 189, 367
Aunt Cecily's Music Lessons	199
Aunt Susan's Nephews	402
A Visit to St. Lucy's Hospital, Gloucester	398
Bertram; or, The Heir of Pendyne	28, 170, 255, 342, 476, 551
Cameos from English History	112, 231, 430
Christmas at Malta	599
Christmas-tide in the Isle of Man	602
Conseils de Lectures Francaises	617
Convalescent Home for Gentlewomen	516
Correspondence:—	
Classes for Communicants	414
Gossip	302
Portsea Nursery	615
Shoreditch	300, 517
St. Luke's, Mile End	517
'The Abbey Farm'	205
The Church Congress of 1868	609
The Havre Exposition	305
Woman's Work	102
Crib and his Companions	278
Cubs	480
Devotions of the Abyssinian Church	4
Female Recruits for the Church Militant	196, 292
Friendship; or, the Autobiography of a Friend	346
Henley Regatta in 1866	177
Hints on French Reading	205
Hints on Reading	103, 311, 415, 619
Les Insomnies, Les Insomnies	96
Many Mansions	212
Mary Fisher's Dream; or, Commonplace	574
Medieval Sequences and Hymns	1, 105, 209, 318, 417, 521
Mission Work at Home	505, 605
Mr. Short's Summer Visit to Bishop Thornton	42
Musings over the Christian Year and Lyra Innocentium	422, 528
National Portrait Gallery	65
Notes of a Short Tour	494
On the Pleasantness of Common Things	295
Poetry:—	
A Christmas Carol	522
A Thought Among the Blackberries	107
Children's Song by the Sea	314
Evening Hymn to the Good Shepherd	418
Herodion	526

Digitized by Google

	Page
Poetry:—	
Manzoni's Ode on the Nativity	524
Mount Nebo	210
Psalm XX.	210
Psalm XLVIII.	2
Psalm CXXIX.	315
The Daughter of Abraham	419
The Hill Country	106
The Sea Anemone	4
Popular Street Music in Rome	584
Right Through a Mountain; or, The Salt Mines of Hallein	91
Rosa Ferrucci	125
Sketches from Hungarian History	8, 119, 316, 533
St. Andrew's Waterside Mission, Gravesend	391
The Abbey Farm	18, 146, 237, 334, 449
The Caged Lion	31, 159, 258, 322, 459, 542
The Christmas Guest	558
The Cretan Easter Egg	100
The Festa on the Waters, in Honour of Princess Margherita	63
The Geography of Spain in Relation to its History	88
The Use of the Psalter in the Book of Common Prayer	107
Thoughts of a Lover of Old English Prose	441
Village Sketches in Scotland	411
Visits to a Workhouse Nursery	203
Watching; a Dream of Advent Thoughts	424

Digitized by Google

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 31. JULY, 1868. PRICE 1s.

MEDIEVAL SEQUENCES AND HYMNS.

No VII.—FOR SAINTS' DAYS.

(Supernæ matris gaudia)

SET forth, O Church, exultingly
The joys of Salem throned on high;
And keeping yearly holyday,
Long for the feast that lasts for aye.

O let the mother aid her child,[1]
Beleaguered in this desert wild,
And guards celestial here below
Join ranks with ours against the foe.

The world, the flesh, and Satan wage
Their warfare with incessant rage,
And by their ghostly onsets wrest
Away the Sabbath of the breast.

This triple league with hatred sore
Our holy festivals abhor,
And joined in kindred union strive
The peace of God from earth to drive.

All here is with confused noise,
All hopes and griefs, all fears and joys:
Not one half hour to us is given[2]
To taste the eternal calm of Heaven.

How blest that City throned above
In feast-day of perpetual love!
How sweet those courts celestial are,
Untouched by mortal toil and care!

[1] Gal. iv. 26.

[2] Rev. viii. 1.

Digitized by Google

No languor, no old age they know,
No fraud, no terror of the foe;
But one the voice of them that sing,
One glow all hearts illumining.

The citizens Angelical,
In threefold hierarchy, all
Do homage with devotion high
To the One Trinal Sovereignty.

Unfaltering they fix their glance
On His unveiled countenance,
And Him insatiate adore,
Whom to enjoy they thirst the more.

The Fathers ranged on either hand,
According to their honour stand;
The mists of earth away are rolled,
And in His light they light behold.

The Saints of God, whose high estate
We here to-day commemorate,
Now face to face eternally
Their King in all His Beauty see.

Us, by Thy Church Triumphant's prayer,
Freed from this world of sin and care,
We pray Thee, bring to Thy reward,
Through the sole merits of our Lord.

Amen.

PSALM XLVIII.

(Magnus Dominus.)

FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

GREAT is the Lord! Let the watchword be given,
Clear from thy ramparts, O city of peace;
One to another, in earth as in Heaven,
Pass the Hosanna that never shall cease.

Fair to the eye is that beautiful city,
Fair in her glory, and fair in her doom;
Lovely she lay in the light of His pity,
Whose tears were the dew of her fast-closing gloom.

Digitized by Google

Through that old city, the dead generations
Rolled like a river, and fleeted away;
We, treading now on the wreck of the nations,
Pass to our destiny, surely as they.

Fear came upon them, and trouble and sorrow,
Sudden as travail, and strong as the storm;
Then fell the night that has never a morrow,
And leaves the heart chill, be it never so warm.

As we have heard it in song and in story,
So have we seen it, and so do we see;
Thou who art changeless in love and in glory,
O let us turn in our sorrow to Thee.

Teach us that still, as of old, Thou art seated,
Where to Thy temple the worshippers throng;
Waiting with heart that would fain be entreated,
Mighty as merciful, tender as strong.

Teach us the Name that is written above Thee,
King of all sorrow, and King of all Love;
Teach us that if we unfeignedly love Thee,
All that seems wrong will be righted above.

Teach us that even our sorrow and sadness
Are but Thy angels so holy and pure;
And that our griefs shall be turned into gladness,
If we have patience and faith to endure.

Walk about Zion, and go round about her,
Number her towers so stately and strong;
Mark well her bulwarks; within her, without her,
God has been known in her palaces long.

Say to your children how long she has breasted
Battle and tempest, the siege and the blast;
Tell them how safely their fathers have rested
Under her peace-giving shadow at last.

Let them not think that the God who has guided
Old generations so faithfully through,
Leaves His Jerusalem now unprovided,
Trusts her defences to them, or to you.

Spirit of Mercy! depart from us never;
See, we depend on Thy life-giving breath;
Yesterday, Lord, and to-day, and for ever,
Guard us, and go with us, even to death.

M. C.

Digitized by Google

THE SEA ANEMONE.

THE tide is down, and thou art left alone
To thine own patient powers. Fast closed and still,
Like some round pebble bedded in the stone,
Thou restest, till the rising waters fill
Their wonted courses; then thou openest out,
And spread'st thy fibrous mossy limbs about,
Feeling for life and joy the limpid depths throughout.

I touch thee with this staff—one little arm
Feels the intrusion, and resentful all
Shrink back from possibility of harm,
And into apathetic stillness fall.
Thy tinted beauty, varying with the play
Of varying waters, coldly dies away:
Nor wilt thou shew again whilst strangers near thee stay.

Thou baskest in the light, when Ocean's kiss
On the soft lips of earth is gently heard:
When all enjoy sweet reconcilement's bliss,
From sportive fish to floating slumbering bird.
But when the fickle sea is wroth again,
Thy steadfast grasp thou dost unmoved retain,
And o'er thee the mad waves surge up and dash in vain.

My soul, my soul, when wilt thou learn to wait,
And thankful take God's blessings, when He smiles?
When wilt thou try the world's approach to hate,
And shrink from every contact which defiles?
When will thy weak affections firmly lock
In Faith's embrace thy never-failing Rock,
And so unmoved, of griefs and fears endure the shock?

W. E. H.

DEVOTIONS OF THE ABYSSINIAN CHURCH.

I HAVE thought it would not be uninteresting to bring before the readers of The Monthly Packet some selections from translations of the Hymnal of Jared, having already called attention to several of them in the pages of a contemporary. The resources of the Degua or Hymnal are so great, that anything like sameness or repetition need not be feared.

These compositions appear in their unrhymed form in a reprint from the 'Journal of Sacred Literature,' by a London Rector.

Digitized by Google

Although the very interesting Prayers and Offices do not come within the scope of my remarks, I cannot refrain from giving two or three extracts from an Evening Prayer.

'We will praise Thee, O LORD, for Thou hast continued us the live-long day,

And hast delivered us from all wherein we have gone astray,

And hast fed us with our daily food, and hast brought us to our rest.

Thou hast thought upon us, O Thou Shepherd, that neither slumberest nor sleepest, Whom no darkness darkeneth.

Shield us by Thy majesty, and protect us under the shadow of Thy wings, and number us among Thy sheep, whom Thou leadest out by day into Thy blessing and bringest home at night into the repose of Thy mercy.

We will be as blessed sheep who rejoice in our condition,

And we will be as the good son who loved his father, and not as the wicked son who provoked his hand to anger;

And we will render praises to Thee when we come to our rest, whither Thy holy Right Hand is leading us.'

I cannot help thinking that these beautiful words of prayer, (so unlike the unbridled expressions of modern religionism) must lead to a favourable reception of these specimens of the praises of the Abyssinian Church.

The simple yet sublime piety which breathes in these petitions is most touching, but not more so than that contained in a Sabbath-day hymn, a specimen of the prose of which I subjoin:—

The LORD of the Sabbath went up on ship-board;
He bridled the might of the winds;
He rebuked the sea;
It heard its Creator's Voice and was still,
And on the Sabbath was a great calm.

For the rest of this prose, beautiful in its very simplicity, I must refer the reader to Mr. Rodwell's pamphlet. I have attempted to render it into verse, taking, as the leading idea, the rebuking of the storm by our Blessed LORD.

Raged the winds, the waves in madness
  Brake upon the rock-bound shore:
Weary grew the anxious sailors,
  Shaping course and plying oar,
Striving hard to save their vessel,
  As they never strove before.

Then the sea's Creator hastened,
  Came on board the ship to bless;
Came the mighty winds to bridle,
  Came to soothe the heart-distress;

Digitized by Google

And the angry deep rebuking,
Made the waves His power confess.

Now another Sabbath morning
Breaks upon our gladdened eyes;
Though our days pass like a shadow,
Here is shown us Paradise;
Day, which better than a thousand,
Never dawning, never dies.

Though the six days rage around us,
Comes the Master with His calm,
Making this, His own, so peaceful,
Glad with prayer and holy psalm:
Many a storm and well-nigh shipwreck,
But to day Heaven's shore and palm.

With the Cross of Christ for comfort,
By the Bread of Heaven refresht;
Be Jerusalem my city,
On Mount Zion be my rest;
Storm and tempest hushed for ever,
In the House of GOD a guest.

Truly we may gather from all orthodox sources (as *e. g.* this Abyssinian Hymnal) those gems which lie enshrined in Offices and Liturgies, and which the learning and piety of the devout from time to time disclose.

I cannot help expressing my opinion, though no doubt it is not a popular one, (I mean with those whose studies lie in the direction of Hymnology,) that German hymns are, as a rule, rather disappointing: at any rate, we have obtained the best of them. Those conversant with the 'Lyra Germanica,' 'Hymns from the Land of Luther,' and the 'Chorale Book for England,' (an ambitious title,) will, I think, agree with me in bewailing their monotony and occasional poverty. Still, without doubt we owe many fine hymns to German sources.

Neither are we free from obligation to French, Italian, and even Spanish authors. Nor would I wish to withhold from pious Nonconformist writers the meed of praise which is their due. Indeed it would be ungenerous not to confess that when Churchmen were satisfied with Tate and Brady, the more exalted and fervent strains of the Wesleys, of Watts, (though I can admire but few of the Doctor's compositions,) of Newton, and of Toplady, among others, were the spiritual songs of Dissenters. But the great revival of religion within our own Communion has changed all this; and, as in other matters, so in this, the English Church offers of the best to her Divine LORD, gathering with devout hands things new and old from her treasury, and in the spirit of true Catholicity making her own, her 'comrades' songs' of East and West.

Digitized by Google

Having gained so much from Latin and Greek sources, surely our collections may now be enriched from the Ethiopic.

From a magnificent composition entitled 'The Vigil of the Four Beasts,' I append the following centos, which may perhaps form a hymn not unsuitable for the commemoration of Holy Angels:—

The watcher-angels slumber not,
They celebrate GOD'S might;
Stand round about th' Eternal Throne,
Or speed on wheels of light.

And when they to our world descend,
There sounds no voice—no word;
No trace of footfall on the wind,
No rustling wing is heard.

Beside the river Chebar's banks,
Of old Ezekiel saw
The Cherubel who bare the Throne
In majesty and awe.

'Twas when the Heavens were stretched abroad,
Like tent for dwelling meet;
GOD set the Angels there to stand,
And worship at His Feet.

The voices of that mighty host
Break like the water's force,
When Cherubel and Seraphel
Their praises chant in course.

The Stone the builders all refused,
The Father chose for Chief:
He on His angel-throne Who sits
And pleads for man's relief.

He stretched His Hands upon the Cross,
Whom thousands now adore,
While Seraphel encircle Him,
And nine-fold ranks adore.

I have only to add that if any like to pursue this branch of hymnology, they will find much interesting matter, beside a great deal of good material, in 'Ethiopic Prayers, No. II.' a reprint, as I have before said, from the Journal of Sacred Literature and Biblical Record.

WM. CHATTERTON DIX.

Digitized by Google

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'COURAGE AND COWARDS;' 'IVON,' &c.

V.

THE CRUSADERS.

A.D. 1095 TO A.D. 1114.

He was ugly, hump-backed, and lame; his body was covered with rough hair like that of some animal; he squinted and stammered, and was of a stern, even ferocious disposition. Such is the pleasing description left to us by monkish chroniclers of a man who certainly deserves to be reckoned among the best and wisest of the Kings of Hungary.

* Kálmán, or Coloman, had been intended by his Uncle László to take Holy Orders and become Bishop of Erlau, while his other nephew, Almos, succeeded him on the throne of Hungary. By some writers Almos and Kálmán are said to have been both sons of Géza; by others, Almos is supposed to have been the son of Lampert, the youngest of the three brothers.

Kálmán had been brought up by monks, and carefully educated for his future calling; but, in spite of monastic discipline, his ambitious spirit soared beyond the convent walls, and when the time drew near when he was to be ordained and pledge himself for ever to the religious life, he fled to Poland, where he remained until recalled by László. He had received a better education in the monastery than fell to the lot of most princes in those days, and was consequently called Könyves, or book-loving Kálmán, by the people, but rather in derision than admiration, for learning was held in but little esteem, and was almost entirely confined to the clergy. On hearing of the death of S. László, the Crusaders at once requested Kálmán to take command of the vast army and lead it to the Holy Land. Every man in Europe, king or soldier, good or bad alike, was animated by the enthusiastic desire to aid in rescuing the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidel; every one wore the cross on his dress, or on his body. Yet, amid this tide of popular feeling, gathering strength from day to day, Kálmán alone stood unmoved, watching its rolling waves, but never for a moment allowing himself to be borne away by them; and, when the clergy urged on him the duty of obeying the call of Christendom and fulfilling the promise made by his uncle, his answer was given in such words as these:—'Let each man fill the place to which he has been called by God. One may worship God everywhere without going to Jerusalem. I have always prayed, not for the death of my enemies, but for the happiness of my people; and, so long as I am obliged to erect gallows in my own kingdom, I can see no reason why I should

* Some writers make both Kálmán and Almos the *sons* of S. László.

Digitized by Google

go abroad to teach other nations to worship the Cross. Here in the midst of us are worse enemies of God's law than the Turks themselves. My uncle might take the Cross, for he was a saint; but I am not strong enough to fulfil so great a vow. However, the holy armies may pass through my dominions, provided they keep the peace.'*

Such words must have sounded strange indeed in those times, and it is only wonderful that they did not evoke an anathema from the Pope, but Hungary and Rome were not very closely united, and the anathema would not have produced any very great effect. Hungary had good cause to congratulate herself on the view her wise king took of his duties; but one cannot help fancying that the man who, in this moment of general enthusiasm, could thus hold himself so entirely aloof and unmoved, must have been cold and calculating as well as wise.

Kálmán was scarcely crowned when he received a summons to Croatia from Almos, who was too feeble to keep his rather turbulent subjects under control. The Byzantine Emperor, finding himself unable to protect the coast of Dalmatia against the attacks of the Apulian Normans, had made over the sovereignty of it to the Doge of Venice, who was nearly equally helpless. Kálmán, after subduing the Croatians, now attacked the Normans, drove them from Dalmatia, and joined the Doge in a descent upon Apulia. The Doge was glad of the King's assistance until he discovered that it was not to be had for nothing. Kálmán wished to annex the Dalmatian towns to Hungary; the Venetians could not defend, but did not wish to lose them, and opposed the design, whereupon Kálmán made a treaty of peace with the Normans, asked the hand of Busilla, daughter of Count Roger, and sowed the seeds of lasting discord between Venice and Hungary.

Kálmán was far-sighted. His ancestors, coming as they did from the centre of Asia, had not thought of the advantages to be derived from the possession of a sea-coast; well-watered meadows abounding in pasture for their cattle were the objects of their chief desire; consequently Hungary's commerce did not flourish satisfactorily, she was debarred from making treaties with foreign lands, and in times of danger she had no natural defence but her mountains.

Kálmán perceived the want, and set about supplying it. Having once set foot in Dalmatia as protector and defender, he determined not to lose the opportunity of becoming the lord and master of his protégés. Meanwhile, towards the close of 1095, the Council of Clermont had been held, enthusiasm had risen to the highest pitch, multitudes had taken the Cross, and, though the army of knights and princes was not yet ready to start, the spring of 1096 saw a vast heterogeneous mass of Crusaders, under the leadership of Walter the Penniless, presenting itself on the borders of Hungary and asking permission to pass through. This unhappy multitude, expecting to be miraculously supported on the journey, was for the most part unprovided with either arms or provisions,

* Jókai Mór.

Digitized by Google

and was encumbered with enthusiastic women and even children, who had taken the Cross in the hope of obtaining pardon for their sins.

Free passage through Hungary was granted them, and they were safely led across the Bulgarian frontier. Here the escort left them, on the other side of the Save; but, unfortunately, sixteen knights under pretence of buying arms in the town, left the camp, re-crossed the river, and committed such excesses in Semlin, that the inhabitants fell upon them, robbed them, and sent them back half-naked. Their arms were fixed up on the walls of Semlin as a warning to all succeeding Crusaders of the treatment they might expect unless they behaved properly. Their companions were eager to return and avenge them, but Walter managed to dissuade them from this idea, by promising them vengeance enough on their return from Palestine. Very few, however, of these poor deluded people ever even reached the Holy Land. Another large host, led by the zealous Peter himself, soon followed them. Of this multitude Bishop Fulbert remarks that one might have found in it a new Sodom as well as a Jerusalem, so various were the materials of which it was composed. Permission was granted for this multitude also to pass through Hungary, buying what they needed on the way, and paying ready money.

They reached Semlin in tolerable order, but when they beheld the trophies of the sixteen knights displayed on the walls, they were all seized with furious indignation, took the town by storm, pursued the fugitive inhabitants, and committed the most terrible massacres. They remained in the neighbourhood, indulging in every kind of excess and cruelty, until they were alarmed by hearing that the King was coming. Hastily they crossed the Save, but they did not escape unpunished. Similar deeds of violence drew down upon them the indignation of the Bulgarians, who slew half their number.

By this time, as may be supposed, the Hungarians had had enough of these pilgrim hosts; but another was already at the frontiers, led by the priest Gottschalk, and composed of the dregs of the people. Kálmán gave them permission to encamp between Wieselburg and Mount Pannonius, and to buy what they needed; but buying seemed to be the last thing they thought of, when they could get what they wanted by plunder. They scattered themselves in bands over the country, took whatever they fancied, and slew all who in any way opposed them. But now the King thought it high time to interfere, and, laying aside all respect for the Cross on their shoulders, led his army against them, vanquished and drove them away. Scarcely were these despatched, when 200,000 pilgrims on foot and 3,000 on horseback presented themselves under the guidance of Count Enrico, an enthusiast, or a deceiver, who gave out that he had been instructed by God in a vision, to begin his work by the extirpation of the Jews. Terrible reports of his cruelties to these poor people in Cologne, Mayence, &c., preceded him; and as it was well known that he regarded the Hungarians as no better than Jews

Digitized by Google

or heathen, Kálmán at once refused him permission to pass through the country. Gyula, the Palatine, was sent to Ovár with a body of men, to apprise him of the King's refusal; but the Crusaders, enraged at any opposition, fell upon him, slew him, dispersed his little army, and pushed their way on to Mosony, where they encountered the King himself. They prepared to lay siege to the town, filled the moats with trees, and placed their battering-rams and scaling ladders against the walls. Kálmán then sallied out upon them, and threw them into confusion. They were seized with a sudden panic, and began to fly; but, not being acquainted with the country, became entangled in the woods and marshes, and only those who were on horseback managed to escape the fury of the Hungarians. Among these were the leaders of the expedition, who abandoned their deluded followers to their fate without compunction, and made the best of their way to Germany and Italy. Kálmán may thank this victory for the unflattering description given of him by contemporary historians; for, to have fought with Crusaders, even in self-defence, was held to be an act of sacrilege which nothing could justify. But now at last the King and his people were to make the acquaintance of the Prince of Crusaders, the noblest knight of France, the pure-minded, noble-hearted, chivalrous Godfrey de Bouillon, who, with his host of knightly followers, reached the Leitha in the middle of September, and, finding his farther progress stayed by the garrisons on the Hungarian frontiers, pitched his camp near Bruck, while he and the other leaders deliberated whether to force a passage by arms, or first try what diplomacy could do. It was at last determined to send three distinguished knights with a guard of soldiers, to seek an interview with the King, and express their surprise that a 'Christian monarch should refuse to allow the armies of the living God to pass through his dominions, and should even have permitted former pilgrims to be murdered.' The Duke's letter went on to say that he and his knights were waiting at Bruck for an explanation of the King's conduct: if it were satisfactory, well and good; but if not, they were determined to avenge their fallen brethren.

Kálmán quickly perceived with whom he had to deal, and feeling sure that these noble knights would have no sympathy with the deeds of violence committed by the followers of Peter the Hermit and Gottschalk, told them all that Hungary had suffered at the hands of these turbulent pilgrims, at the same time expressing his great wish for a personal interview with the good Duke, of whom he had already heard so much, adding that, from such Crusaders as these he knew he had nothing to fear for his people, and was therefore ready to render them any assistance in his power. He dismissed the embassy with the following letter to the Duke:—

'King Kálmán to Duke Godfrey and all the Christians with him, greeting and love without dissimulation.

'Thy good report, noble Duke, has long informed me that in thine own land thou art a powerful and just man, pious, upright, and sincere, respected by all

Digitized by Google

who know thee. I have therefore always loved thee, and now I desire to see and know thee personally. I therefore propose that, laying aside all suspicion, thou shouldest meet us at Oedenburg (Soprony) on the banks of the new lake, where we may peaceably discuss all thy demands and accusations.'

The new lake here mentioned is the Neusiedler See, or Lake Fertö, which had been formed in the tenth or eleventh century by the gradual stopping up of the River Fertö.

In compliance with this invitation, Godfrey de Bouillon with three hundred knights betook himself to Oedenburg, where the King received him on a splendidly decorated platform erected in the lake. At their very first meeting all misunderstandings vanished, and the King led his guest to the palace on Mount Pannonius, to arrange for the passage of the army through Hungary. After a few days' deliberation, it was granted, on condition that the strictest discipline should be maintained, that everything required by the army should be honestly paid for, and that the Duke would give certain hostages to be named by the King, as a guarantee for the preservation of peace. This latter condition the King imposed, not so much for the satisfaction of himself as of his people, who, having already suffered so much, would not be likely to look with favour on any Crusaders, however fair might be their promises. The Duke was wise enough to see the reasonableness of these conditions, and at once acceded to them. The crusading army having entered Hungary, and encamped between the lake, the Leitha, the Danube, and the Bakony Forest, Kálmán accompanied the Duke thither to receive the hostages. Thereupon a difficulty arose. Kálmán had chosen the Duke's brother Baldwin, with his wife Gundehild, and Godfrey had readily agreed; but now, to his great annoyance, Baldwin refused to surrender himself, and the only way in which he could overcome his reluctance, was by declaring that if Baldwin did not comply with the terms agreed upon, he would himself become a hostage for the good behaviour of his followers. This resolution was opposed by the whole army, and Baldwin at last saw the necessity of submission, nor did Kálmán give him any cause for dissatisfaction with his short sojourn at the Hungarian court.

By order of the King a large market was at once held for the supply of provisions to the army, and any disposition to overcharge or cheat the foreigners was held in check by threats of severe punishment.

Godfrey led his army through the country in most perfect order, while Kálmán followed unobserved with the hostages and a numerous guard of horsemen. Following the same route as the preceding hosts, the Crusaders crossed the Save at Semlin, and when nearly all had passed over, Kálmán came up and restored Baldwin and his wife to the Duke.

Godfrey and the King took an affectionate leave of one another, and separated, never to meet again on earth; but, as Hungary was then the great highway between East and West, the newly-made friends doubtless received tidings of one another from time to time, and Kálmán must have

Digitized by Google

heard with interest of the taking of Jerusalem and the election of the Duke to be its first king, though he may not have experienced the same thrill of delight as other and more enthusiastic hearts, and though he resisted all persuasions of succeeding Crusaders to accompany them to the Holy Land.

When Bishop Fulbert returned, Kálmán heard from him strange tales of the holy kingdom, the quarrels of the leaders, the revels of the soldiers of the Cross, who seemed to vie with one another in denying the Gospel by their deeds, and in betraying Christ anew.* Kálmán heard too much of all this to regret his determination to stay at home and attend to the affairs of his own kingdom.

Meanwhile, the Bishop of Raab (Györ) had returned from his mission to Sicily, having arranged matters with Count Roger entirely to the King's satisfaction; and shortly afterwards, Duke Almos was sent to escort the Countess Busilla to Hungary. She landed on the coast of Dalmatia in the following May, and was received by a splendid guard of 5,000 horsemen, who accompanied her to Stuhlweissenburg. Here she was met by the King, and the marriage at once took place amid great festivities and rejoicings.

This year, 1098, passed away in peace; but in the following, Kálmán, who had been induced to go and assist Swetopluk, Prince of Kiew, in a war with Wolodar, one of the other Russian princes, suffered a very disastrous defeat. Kálmán owed Wolodar a grudge on his own account, for the latter had allowed the Kumans to pass through his territories and make raids on the outskirts of Hungary. It was even declared that Russians had joined these plundering expeditions. After this humiliating defeat, Kálmán, fearing that the Russians and Kumans might be emboldened to make a joint attack on Hungary, turned all his attention to improving the defences of the country, making at the same time an offensive and defensive treaty with the Duke of Bohemia. But this danger passed away, and for a time the King had leisure to improve the internal state of the kingdom. He held several Diets, and travelled from one end of the country to the other, administering justice in person. The laws passed by the Diet were written in the Magyar language, but unhappily the only version of them extant is a meagre Latin one made by a priest for the benefit of the Archbishop of Gran.

Another army of Crusaders passed through Hungary in 1102, led by the Bishop of Milan, Stephen of Blois, William of Poitou, &c. Among them was Ida, Countess of Austria, who fell into the hands of the Infidel, and was obliged to marry a distinguished Saracen. Kálmán began to see that there was some advantage to be gained from these crusading armies, as long as they maintained proper discipline, for money was plentiful with them, and a great deal of it was naturally left in Hungary. But this time he was glad to get rid of them, that he might be free to turn his attention to Croatia, where another insurrection had broken out, excited

* Jókai Mór.

Digitized by Google

by Venice and encouraged by the evident incapacity of Almos to put it down. Almos appears to have been vain as well as weak, and it is even supposed that he looked rather favourably on the insurrection in the foolish hope that its success might lead to his becoming independent King of Croatia. If this were so, he was grievously disappointed; for Kálmán, appearing with his army, at once appeased the malcontents, granted them rights and privileges, and attached them more firmly than ever to the Hungarian crown, while he dismissed the Duke to his estates in Hungary, being fully persuaded that he was too weak to cope with the intrigues of the nobles and the Venetian Doge.

And now it seemed to Kálmán that the time was come when he might accomplish his darling project, and make Hungary for ever mistress of some portion of the coast of the Adriatic. He suddenly presented himself before Spalatro, summoning it to surrender. The garrison made some show of resistance, but, knowing they must in the end yield, thought it better to do so while they could make good terms, and therefore sent out the Archbishop Crescentius to ask for mercy and peace, nor had he any difficulty in arranging matters. Kálmán's great desire was to make faithful and loving subjects of the Dalmatians, not slaves. He therefore confirmed to them all the rights of their own constitution, and promised them exemption from all tribute and taxes. In consideration of these promises, they renounced their allegiance both to Venice and Constantinople, swore to be faithful subjects to himself and successors, even granted him the same share in the taxes formerly enjoyed by the Byzantine Emperor, and as a token of their submission, received a Hungarian garrison within their walls.

The example of Spalatro was followed by Jadra, and other less important seaports. Kálmán everywhere confirmed the people in their privileges, the churches and convents in their possessions, and thus made himself so beloved, that the nobles of Croatia and Dalmatia willingly obeyed when he summoned them to Jadra (Zara) to assist at his solemn coronation, by the Archbishop Crescentius, as King of the two countries. Thus by his wisdom and moderation had Kálmán won the much-desired prize, without a single battle; but, in the meantime, he had sustained a severe personal loss. His graceful and beautiful Sicilian wife had died during his absence, leaving him two children, a boy and girl. Kálmán soon made up his mind to marry again, and chose Predslawa, the daughter of the Russian Duke Svetopluk; but the new queen was unrefined and hot-tempered, a great contrast to the gentle Busilla, and before many weeks were passed, Kálmán had reason to be so seriously displeased with her conduct, that he sent her back to Russia, where she bore a son named Borics, whom Kálmán would never acknowledge.

From the time of the death of his first wife, Kálmán appears to have been perpetually harassed either by the intrigues of Venice, or the plots of his cousin Almos. Six different times did the Duke endeavour to

Digitized by Google

drive him from the throne. *He intrigued successively with all the enemies of Hungary, raised conspiracies, planned assassinations, and for no other reason than that Kálmán was king, while he was merely Duke of Ráma. He first asked help from the Emperor Heinrich V., offering to sell him his dukedom; but just then the Emperor was too insecure on his own throne to care to meddle with others. Kálmán knew of what was going on, but he made no difference in his behaviour to his cousin. Finding he could get no assistance from without, Almos next gathered together all the malcontents in the kingdom, and openly opposed the King. The two armies faced one another for some days on opposite banks of the Tisza, each being unwilling to strike the first blow. Finally, the generals of both armies held a consultation on a little island in the river, where they determined that the blood of the nation should not be shed to settle the quarrels of the princes, but that the latter might decide their differences by appealing to the judgment of God in single combat in the sight of both armies.

The King, whom historians describe as deformed, readily accepted the proposal; but Almos, bursting into tears, begged for pardon. Kálmán forgave him, and thinking that a wife might inspire him with some better feelings, arranged a marriage for him with Ingolburga, daughter of King Ingo of Sweden. But he was disappointed in his expectations. The more Almos loved his fair blue-eyed wife, the more he thought to himself, 'Why should she not be Queen?' and, when a son was born to him, he swore a mad oath that the child should be king. If he had but known what a curse he was pronouncing on the head of his innocent child! if he had but known that the crown when it came would be only a burthen, that his son Béla might indeed feel its weight, but would never behold the glitter of its bright jewels!

Bent only on attaining his one object, and caring little by what means he did it, Almos sought help from the King of Poland, managed to possess himself of Aba Ujvár, and thence proclaimed the deposition of Kálmán, calling on the nation to make him king in his cousin's stead. But the nation, thus called upon, instead of deciding in favour of Almos, sent a large force, ten times larger than any he could command, to surround Aba; and Almos, seeing that there was no hope for him, rode out alone early in the morning before the attack began, to the enemy's camp; entered the King's tent, threw himself at his feet, and asked pardon. For the sake of his angelic wife, the usually severe Kálmán forgave him and his adherents, and allowed the Poles to go home in peace. But generosity seems to have little effect on some minds, and Almos was no sooner pardoned than he cast about for a plan by which he might obtain by craft what he knew he could not hope for in fair and open fight. A church had lately been built at Dömös, the place where Béla, grandfather both of Kálmán and Almos, had met his death; and Almos now invited the King to be present at its consecration,

* Jókai Mór.

Digitized by Google

intending to have him assassinated in the forest, when they went out hunting.

The plot was discovered to Kálmán, and he would have brought Almos to trial, but for the prayers and tears of Ingolburga, and the advice of the bishops. The cousins took an oath on the Gospels to live henceforth in unity and peace; but, in the afternoon, when the Duke was out hunting with his friends, he saw a heron flying over his head. He let his falcon fly at it, and the heron was quickly brought to the ground.

'Think you,' said the Duke to his companions, 'that the wise falcon would have let the heron go, if the latter had promised not to scream any more?'

'It is as little likely that the wild falcon would have heeded the heron's oath, as that the heron would have made any such promise,' answered the courtiers. Fearing the consequences of his rash words, the meaning of which he saw was understood by his followers, Almos determined to avert them by a new act of treachery; and, the same night, he fled secretly to the Emperor of Germany. When next he appeared on the frontiers, it was with Heinrich V. and his army.

But now the whole nation, indignant at his faithlessness and repeated acts of treachery, rose against him, and sent so large an army to Pressburg, which the Emperor was besieging, that the latter, afraid to venture a battle, appeared before Kálmán as a mediator between himself and his cousin. Once again, but for the last time, Almos received pardon, and shortly afterwards started on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. But the sight of the holy places worked no change in his heart, and he returned home, hating the King as much as ever. A conspiracy against Kálmán and his son, having ramifications in Russia, Venice, and Germany, was discovered. The heads of it were taken prisoners, brought to trial, and condemned to death with their families, by the Palatine of the kingdom. The King commuted the sentence, ordering the three Counts concerned in the plot, Almos, and his little son, Béla, then only five years old, to have their eyes put out. This is the great stain on the memory of an otherwise great man. Kálmán's defenders excuse him by saying that the sentence was carried into effect against his will. However, Jókai Mór, a Hungarian author, already frequently quoted, remarks, 'There is no nation whose laws would not have condemned to death a man who had so many times rebelled, who had broken his oath, called a foreign army into the land, and conspired against the life of the sovereign; and the laws of the time judged loss of sight to be a less punishment than death. Those who can enter into the spirit of the age, when feuds were handed down from father to son, deluging lands with fire and blood, will not wonder that the framers of the laws should have extended the punishment of the rebel to the members of his family.'

But Kálmán found no comfort in the cold arguments of reason. Whether sleeping or waking, he continually beheld his unhappy cousin, with his bleeding sightless eyes, and continually heard the cries of the

Digitized by Google

gentle and innocent Ingolburga, as she pressed her blinded child to her heart. This one act blotted out the remembrance of all the good he had done. He became restless and suspicious; his health gave way, and he thought anxiously how best he might secure the throne to his young son, István. At last he determined to put Almos to death. The blind duke was sitting in the sun outside the monastery of Dömös, when he heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and, having a presentiment of danger, begged to be led to the Altar. The monks, whose convent he had built and endowed, protected him, and shortly afterwards contrived his escape to Constantinople.

Kálmán died A.D. 1114, after a reign of rather more than eighteen years, leaving his kingdom in a most flourishing condition. It is true, he had built neither church nor monastery, he had chastised the ill-behaved Crusaders, he had allowed the clergy to retain their wives, he had resisted the endeavour of the Pope to extend his power in Hungary, he had declared there was no such thing as a witch, and finally had shown his own decided preference for the life of a layman. All this was sufficient to deprive him of any advocates among the chroniclers of the time. Nevertheless, he made many wise laws for the regulation of Church and State. Gregory VII. had tried to enforce the celibacy of the clergy in the time of S. László, but the measure, though encouraged by the Prelates, was warmly opposed by the Magnates. It was at last decreed that priests once married might retain their wives, that second marriages were to be dissolved, or the priest degraded to the rank of a layman. The law was afterwards made more strict; but, at a Synod held in Gran under Kálmán, some modifications were introduced. The married clergy were to remain married; the unmarried were to remain single; but, for the future, no married man was to be ordained, and for a married priest to become a bishop he must separate from his wife with her consent. The buying of Church preferment was entirely unknown in Hungary, as were also fees for masses, burials, baptisms, &c.; but a fine was inflicted on the friends or relations of any dying person who neglected to send for the priest. Kálmán introduced some very strict laws for the regulations of the dress and habits of the clergy, who it seems were disposed to indulge in gay clothing, such as profusely trimmed great-coats, red gloves, green or embroidered coats, open to show equally gay waistcoats, and smart silk or coloured shoes. All this finery was to be given up, and they were condemned to wear simple untrimmed coats, fastened up to the throat with hooks or buttons—rather a trial, one would imagine, to the splendour-loving Magyar.

Rewards were offered to any persons denouncing an ill-living priest, who was immediately deprived of his office. In the villages the priest was ordered to read and explain in Hungarian the Gospel, Epistle, Creed, and Lord's Prayer, every Sunday.

Paschalis II., when sending the pallium to the Archbishop of Spalatro, had required him to take the oath of allegiance to the Papal See, drawn

Digitized by Google

up by Gregory VII. The Hungarian Bishops, who had hitherto taken no oath save to the King, were much astonished at the demand, and the King forbade Crescentius to comply with it. After some little contention, the Pope was obliged to yield this point; but instead he required Kálmán to allow him the right of investiture. Hitherto the King had invested Bishops and Abbots with the ring and staff, without any interference from the Pope, the Archbishop of Gran being the Metropolitan. For a while, Kálmán strenuously resisted this attempt to deprive him of his prerogative, but like most other Princes of Europe, he at last determined to yield rather than run the risk of losing the more important right of nomination.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ABBEY FARM.

BY AUGUSTA HAYWARD.

CHAPTER VIII.

'ARE you going out, my dear?' said Mr. Marvin, meeting Annie in hat and jacket in the little hall.

'Just come in, Papa dear. I want to take Mamma her medicine; Aunt Catherine is so stupid about not remembering it, and Mr. Hart told me not to let her miss it. That *is* true, Papa, about Miss Salterne!'

'What is it, my dear?' asked the Vicar, as if inclined to apologize for his forgetfulness of what must be an important piece of news, to judge by Annie's little excited manner; 'I don't exactly remember.'

'Why, her engagement, Papa! I was sure of it when Mr. Clune was here the other day; I had *my* suspicions long ago. And, wasn't it lucky? I happened to meet her this morning, and congratulated her; and she confessed it.'

'I think I would hardly have done that, my dear; you are not quite intimate enough, I should have said.'

'Oh, she didn't mind!' said Annie, reddening a little at the recollection of Miss Salterne's look of surprise on the occasion; 'indeed, she was not quite so freezingly polite as usual. I think I have got on a little better with her since Molly Nash died.'

'Never mind that now,' said her father, with his old propensity of 'shutting her up,' as she called it, on that obnoxious subject of the Park; 'I want you in the study, when you have been to your mamma. Go quietly, Annie; she may be asleep, and I would not have her disturbed. She was feeling very tired this morning.'

'This horrid east wind,' sighed Annie; and came down from the sick room, declaring that it was no wonder *anyone* was ill in such weather.

Digitized by Google

'That is why I wanted to talk to you now, before I say anything to your mamma. She is decidedly not well enough to be worried by having any decision to make—'

'About Arthur?' asked Annie quickly.

'Yes, my dear. It is full time that something must be done for him; and I have told you that the University is out of the question.'

'Papa!' interrupted Annie.

'Do not urge it, my dear. Believe me, I feel it very much; ay, very much indeed! But we can do nothing.'

And in pity to her father's evident distress, Annie kept in her remonstrances, and he went on speaking—

'That being the case, there is no time to lose in choosing something else—'

'Oh, Papa!' Annie could not help the impetuous interruption; 'wait a little bit longer! go on teaching him yourself! he is getting on so well, and he *is* so good since that horrid Tracy went, I know it won't hurt him to stay at home longer!'

'It is not on that account, my dear; it is that he must begin to learn other things. Classics will not be of much use to him now; and, very happily—you must try to think so too—he has a very fair prospect before him. Mr. Hatherly has offered to take him as a pupil—'

'To farming!' said Annie, in a tone that meant a good deal.

'At a very low premium. I could not afford much, you know, my dear; and Mr. Hatherly's kindness has relieved me of a great deal of anxiety. It is more than we had any reason to expect; you must remember that, Annie.'

'Yes, I know, Papa. And I am very glad, in some ways, and very grateful into the bargain, even if I don't look it!' with a little laugh; 'only I can't help being a little bit disappointed.'

'Very naturally, my dear. I am, also, I confess.'

'Yes, you *did* want Arthur to have been a clergyman. *Isn't* it hard?'

'No, my little girl; I think it is quite the reverse. You do not know what a sum many people would willingly give to put their boys into Arthur's place. And in other ways, that we cannot see, this may be the best for him. He would find a good many Tracys in Oxford or Cambridge, Annie.'

'I wonder what Mamma will say!' said Annie.

'I am afraid she will be disappointed; but she will bear it well. I must tell her about it soon.'

Mr. Marvin was evidently dreading this; but he had been right in saying that the disappointment would be well borne; or rather, as Mrs. Marvin declared, with every appearance of truth, there was so much to like in the new plan that she had actually no regrets at all. She looked at the subject, as she always did, on its brightest side; and thought more of the safety from college temptations, and the advantage of having her boy under Mr. Hatherly's protection, than even of the much-desired profession.

Digitized by Google

'It is such a relief to me,' said her cheerful voice, 'to leave him with such a good man. I could not have chosen anything better for him myself.'

'A farmer!' came in Aunt Catherine's provoking voice; 'dear me! I *am* surprised. One of *our* family to be a farmer!'

For once Annie was almost tempted to forgive the old lady's sharp little ejaculations; and if she had not been afraid of vexing the invalid, would have cried, 'Bravo, Aunt Catherine!' Anything to save Arthur from the entire disappointment of his hopes.

However, if he felt the change of plan, he bore it with a very brave, not to say joyous, face; the prospect of a perpetual enjoyment of the various delights of the Abbey, would have reconciled him to a worse fate than threatened; and he made no exception to the general gratitude that Mr. Hatherly received for his timely offer, from all but Annie.

'I think Annie regrets the classics more than Arthur,' said Mrs. Marvin, making a laughing apology for her silence.

Mr. Hatherly was spending the evening at the Vicarage, to talk matters over, and was more sociable and like his old self than he had been for a long time.

'Arthur does not know what is before him,' said Mr. Hatherly; 'he shall keep up his Latin and Greek, I can promise, Miss Marvin.'

'I am glad of that,' she answered stiffly; thinking even now of some possible help that *might*, by chance, turn up to send Arthur to college, 'and he may as well be kept up in his reading.'

Not even the boy's own pleasure in the arrangement could reconcile her to it; and she got ready his clothes and books with an obstinate feeling that he was somewhat of a martyr, and that his good spirits and merry anticipations were assumed not to vex his mother.

But, among her pitying fancies for Arthur, there was a very definite thought that she did her best to ignore—'What would the Salternes and Clunes think!'

It would have been so pleasant to mention incidentally to Miss Salterne, or better still to Mr. Clune, 'My brother is preparing for Oxford!'

Mr. Clune was at the Park again, without his sister. Even more enthusiastic than before on the subject of the new church, the young clergyman persecuted Mr. Salterne about it almost beyond his patience, and haunted the Abbey Farm, examining the proposed site and designs, approving everything that the 'tenant-farmer' had done or suggested, and speaking altogether so confidently of Mr. Salterne's future co-operation, that Mr. Hatherly began to reproach himself for gross injustice to his dignified landlord in accusing him of delay.

'I suppose you will adopt the simplest manner of endowment, if possible?' began Mr. Clune, coming in from one of his early rides to the Abbey; 'advance a sum, and let the Ecclesiastical Commissioners meet it with another?'

'If they will,' was Mr. Salterne's sarcastic commentary.

Digitized by Google

'They *must*, in this case,' went on the young clergyman. 'That first-rate fellow, Hatherly, is ready with a considerable amount for the purpose; and, if you will let me help—you know I have a right to do something now'—with a bright smile at Ada; 'it cannot be much, my parish is so poor; but if you will let me offer—'

'Thank you,' interrupted Mr. Salterne, hardly able to hide his annoyance sufficiently to give a tolerably grateful acknowledgment; 'I may call upon you possibly at some future time.'

'Let me give you a cheque now,' persisted the young clergyman; 'you will be wanting it soon for the building. The ground seems ready.'

'Your friend, Mr. Hatherly, seems to have been arranging my duties very comfortably,' returned the lord of the manor, quite unable to conceal his vexation; 'if I may be allowed to interfere in his projects, I was about to remark that there will be no immediate call for your money.'

Mr. Salterne proved himself perfectly right, as he was well able to do. There *was no* immediate demand for funds towards the building of the new church.

The subject appeared to die away at the Park—Ada not daring to broach it alone—when Edwin Clune left, somewhat suddenly, called away, Annie explained to ignorant auditors, by his sister's illness; and Mr. Hatherly's expectations became again 'a question of time,' and of a more indefinite time than ever.

'But I have not given up hope,' was his constant answer to sympathizing grumblers at the delay in head-quarters; 'and the money is accumulating, not lying idle.'

They heard a good deal at the Vicarage of Mr. Hatherly's sayings and doings just now. Arthur's weekly visits, often with Mr. Hatherly, might have satisfied even Annie's perverse incredulity, that his new way of life was very far from a martyrdom to him.

Everything belonging to the Abbey continued to be 'the jolliest thing in the world,' in his histories of his proceedings; and as to Mr. Hatherly, his mildest eulogium was, 'There never *was* such a fellow in this world!'

Annie could not even complain on the ground of the forgetfulness of the Latin and Greek. It was soon discovered that Arthur was reading classics, and that Mr. Hatherly had not only proved himself what Arthur called 'no end of a swell at it,' but was working his pupil harder in this direction than even in his agricultural studies. Altogether, that autumn would have been an unusually pleasant time at Salterne Vicarage, but for the sick room.

'Mamma seems hardly so well as usual this morning,' said Annie, coming down to breakfast one September morning, with a more anxious face than she liked her father to see; 'yes, I thought so!' looking out of the window, 'that horrid weather-cock is getting round to the east. No wonder!'

Mr. Marvin and Annie were complete Jarndyces in their persevering determination to lay any fluctuation on the wrong side to the east wind.

Digitized by Google

'I had noticed it,' answered her father slowly; 'indeed, I have been talking with your aunt about it, and she is going to do a very kind thing, my dear. Since your Mamma is decidedly no better, and the winter is coming near, it would be a satisfaction to have another medical opinion; I could not have done it myself. We ought to be very grateful to your aunt for thinking of sending for Dr. Wightman.'

There was not much gratitude shown in the tone of Annie's answer—

'Dr. Wightman, Papa!'

Dr. Wightman was the great medical authority of the neighbourhood, called in in almost all extreme cases: so that, as he said himself, he seldom came in time to do any good.

Annie knew this; sending for Dr. Wightman always seemed like an admission of 'no hope,' and she longed to rebel; as if by keeping him away the danger might be avoided.

'He will come to-day, I hope,' Mr. Marvin continued, in a quiet way that Annie understood to mean a great deal; 'and you will be very brave, won't you, my dear child?'

'No, I sha'n't!' sobbed the poor girl impetuously; 'if he says *that*, I can't be patient then, Papa!'

'You must try, for the sake of the children, my dear;' and then her father held her tight in his arms for a few sad minutes, and left her to watch for the doctor's arrival with as much patience as she could.

When the time came, she behaved better than she had promised. She steadily kept the little ones at their usual afternoon lessons, to secure their quiet, and as soon as the house-door was shut upon the two medical men, sent her charge out into the garden, and stood watching at the window till her father came in, with a look that was quite information enough.

Annie *would* not add to his trouble after that, and resolutely kept back the wild cries of complaint that seemed almost to choke her.

'Well, Papa, what is it?' she tried to ask calmly.

'Nothing very unexpected, my dear. We have been thinking of it for some time, and *she* has been looking forward to it, I know. It will be no shock to her, thank God.'

'Is it quite, *quite* certain, Papa?' whispered Annie's choking voice, as she kept clinging to his arm; 'isn't there just one little tiny bit of hope?'

'You must not ask me, my dear,' returned the father, speaking even more quietly than usual; 'we must all try to be good and patient, and not to complain.'

'But I can't help complaining!' Annie cried; 'I can't be patient! it is *too much*, it's too bad to happen! it *can't* be, Papa! Everything in the whole world will be changed!'

'Run up to your mamma's room, my darling,' was the gentle reply; 'you will be better there.'

Mr. Marvin knew what he was doing.

The sense of desolation that was now altering, as she said, the whole

Digitized by Google

world to her, passed away in some measure at seeing how everything in the invalid's room was still unchanged, and cheerful as ever.

The bright little fire, with the small table before it, ready for her mother's tea, was just as usual; Mrs. Marvin herself was looking as bright as if no verdict of death had been declared against her; Aunt Catherine was knitting away at her interminable strip of counterpane, with only an occasional little sigh and a few tears, conspicuously wiped away, to show that she had heard the result of the visit.

Annie had never been so grateful to her for her crossness as she felt when the sharp little voice began, 'Dear me, those *tiresome* children! *what* a noise! and Dr. Wightman said you *must* be kept quiet, my dear!'

It was positively a delight to hear anything so natural as the little snappish grumbling at the children. The old lady, by dint of the very roughnesses of her temper, was a great resource through that long strange evening; no one could easily settle down into tears with that prim figure and face always at hand to rouse her companions by some well-meant but provoking remark, ill-timed enough to 'set anyone's teeth on edge,' as Annie had often grumbled.

And Mrs. Marvin did, in another way, all that she could to help the others; though it was doubtful whether her cheerfulness did not make the trouble yet harder by force of contrast. Who could believe—seeing and hearing her placid looks and bright voice—that Dr. Wightman had come, and said *that!*

'I declare, Papa,' said Annie, a few days afterwards, when the certainty of what was coming was growing more realized, 'I don't think I should mind it so much if she wasn't so contented. She is just as cheerful this morning as if—as if—she never seems to think that anything is coming to an end—as it is, Papa! but as if her life was going on and on through it all.'

Mr. Marvin almost smiled at the incoherent remark.

'I know what you mean, my dear; and your dear mother is right. Annie, immortality *does* live on through what we call death! your mamma has found the clue to the greatest mystery of all; you should be very thankful for it.'

'I'm not!' answered Annie's rebellious thoughts; thankfulness seemed to be the most difficult thing in the world now; to be patient was more than the poor girl hoped for; to be grateful—'ah! I'm not half good enough for that!' she sighed.

She began to envy even Arthur now, for the state of 'blissful ignorance' he seemed to enjoy on the one dreaded subject.

Coming home as he did to see his mother at her best times, brightening up into her old smile of welcome, and listening as delightedly as ever to his boyish stories; he appeared to have no idea of her real state, and the hints that his father threw out from time to time had no more visible effect than to produce a few school-boy remarks on the cold wind; while

Digitized by Google

Aunt Catherine's very open communications were listened to as nothing more nor less than 'humbug.'

The children had been too much accustomed to her croaking propensities to pay the least attention to her ill-omens.

'I say, will she be able to come this year?' said the boy, with a look to the sofa.

'Come where?' said Annie, horrified.

'Why, to us, of course!' was the important answer;—sayings and doings at the Abbey Farm were always reported with a large sprinkling of 'we,' 'our,' and 'us.'

'Arthur! the idea of it! Look at her!' said Annie, shocked at her brother's thoughtlessness, as it seemed to her.

'That's a bore,' was the cool answer; 'but it is awfully cold, and no mistake.—I say, you youngsters, what do you think of the Harvest Home?'

And in answer to the shout of delight, Arthur proceeded to issue his invitations to the coming festival, Mr. Hatherly sitting by, and smiling as if only pleased at the cool way in which his pupil was usurping his rights.

'Next Thursday, St. Luke's Day, you little stupid!' to an unfortunate child, who ventured to ask if it couldn't be sooner than that; 'we didn't have it the usual day, Michaelmas; I suppose we hadn't got all the harvest in, or something.'

Ah, Annie knew too well why the annual rejoicing had been deferred! Dr. Wightman's visit had taken place only a few days before St. Michael's.

'Yes, I hope we shall secure a fine day,' Mr. Hatherly remarked; 'we ought to expect one in St. Luke's summer.'

'It will not be a more beautiful one than we had last year; I shall never forget that,' said Mrs. Marvin. That had been the last of such holidays to her, and she looked back to it with the pleasure of a child. 'You must all enjoy it for me this time.'

Annie looked more than doubtful; she could not stand this cool way of talking of holidays and festivals now.

'You would rather not come?' said Mr. Hatherly, moving across the room to speak to her; 'I would not urge it for an instant. But might not the change do you good? Last year—'

Annie interrupted him in an impetuosity very unlike the stiff politeness she had favoured him with of late. 'Don't talk of last year! I remember it a thousand times too well! I can't come!' And disappeared, to calm herself down in her own room.

'Everything happens to upset one now!' she thought. 'Why should he talk to me in his kindest way *now?* I wonder Papa doesn't quote a text for me—"the grasshopper shall be a burden,"—the tiniest little thing knocks one down now! And I can't tell Mamma!'

The poor child was certainly in no frame of mind to endure the

Digitized by Google

anniversary of last Michaelmas; luckily for her, she had no persuasions from her mother to withstand. Sorry to have her lose what had been the great yearly treat, she yet rather helped her in her decision to stay at home. 'Poor child! it would be awkward to go to Mr. Hatherly's house after what has passed,' she said, when Mr. Marvin began to suggest that the absence from home for a few hours would brighten her up, and Aunt Catherine would keep strict watch in the sick-room, and so on.

'I am sorry you cannot enjoy the holiday with us, my dear,' were her father's parting words, as he set off among the noisy children, with a face showing so very plainly what a mockery the word enjoyment was to him, that Annie could hardly keep up her bravery, and only ventured on giving him a tight squeeze for her good-bye, without trying her voice. Then she stood at the little wicket-gate, looking after the chattering party, and noticing how, with that dreadful weight at his heart, he was yet listening to the little ones' merriment—answering it, too, for she could hear his voice, and letting his own great sorrow be no check on their delight.

'I never cared for him so much! He is so good! and so unhappy!'

Annie was learning how, among all the crushing effects of great trouble, it has a compensation, almost an antidote, for its bitterness, when it becomes a bond to draw more closely together those who suffer from it, and teaches them to cling only more lovingly together, bearing the common burden more cheerfully each for another's sake.

That was a great day for Arthur! It was a pleasant thing even to see his delight in doing the honours of the Abbey to the youngsters; and the pride with which he made himself thoroughly at home, showing off his room, which would have held half the Vicarage in itself, giving orders to the servants, and taking upon himself the management of the dinner preparations, in a dignified style that rather made the little ones look up to him with awe! He fared better, certainly, in the way of enjoyment than his elders.

The very resemblance of the whole affair to the last anniversary made it painful to them; so much looked the same, that the blanks were terribly conspicuous. Just as they had done last year, Mr. Marvin and Mr. Hatherly stood for a few minutes after the Morning Service looking into the long tithe-room, where decorations, that looked as if they might be the identical wreaths of a twelvemonth ago, shone as gaudily as ever with the enormous sun-flowers that had scandalized Annie's correctness; and where the only change appeared to be in the words upon the altar-scroll. *Now* they were, 'The harvest is the end of the world.'

With so much unchanged, why was not Mrs. Marvin's bright face ready to welcome them from the oriel-window? why was not Annie's elder-sister authority interfering with the riotous delight of the noisy children?

Digitized by Google

'Yes; my hopes have had another failure,' said Mr. Hatherly, almost as if taking up the last year's conversation about the desired church.

'For a time; but it is better for you to have had them; good true aspirations can never meet with entire failure in the long run. A man who has acted on the hope of something better, as you have, is in a very different position from one who has had no concern at all with the future, though the actual outward circumstances may be the same.'

'You are right; it *is* better to have had one's hopes; sadder at the time, perhaps, but better—I am willing to admit that.'

'I am sure,' continued the Vicar, 'that many things that you and I would call failures or losses here, will be recognized in the great future as something very different.'

Both spoke as if with an under-current of thought.

'I know it,' was the earnest answer.

'"The Harvest is the end of the world,"' read Mr. Marvin, as he turned away from the tithe-room door.

And the text was a comment on the words and unspoken thoughts of each.

Arthur's voice came ringing up in an authoritative command—'Out of that punt, Fred! and look alive, too! We're not going to have you drowning yourselves for your own amusement; out with you!'

And they watched Master Freddy, yielding unwillingly to superior force, dragged ignominiously into temporary safety, with a dignified assurance that, if he behaved decently, he himself, Arthur, the owner of the coveted punt, would even condescend to give him a row presently!

Mr. Hatherly smiled contentedly.

'The young fellow does make himself at home to some purpose! I hope he is not much trouble,' said the Vicar.

'None. We get on capitally. He enrolls himself on the side of order, you see, already. He will keep the young ones out of mischief.'

'On the strength of his new dignity as host. Poor boy!' continued his father, 'he has no idea of what is coming; I think sometimes he ought to be prepared for it.'

'He may have more suspicions than he lets us see; at his age, a lad would naturally make a great show of indifference, to hide his feelings. I will find out.'

'I should be very glad if you would,' said Mr. Marvin gratefully. One of the great troubles with him was the looking forward to Arthur's horror at the shock the news would be to him, unprepared as he seemed. It was a terrible thing to have to say what must throw such a cloud over his boyish life; and this day he did look so thoroughly happy and at his ease! he was lording it over the youngsters in such evident rejoicing in the dignity of his new position!

That was a long long day for Mr. Marvin.

Digitized by Google

'I say, I've beaten Annie!' said the merry lad, coming up to the two gentlemen when, at last, the Harvest Home came to an end; 'she never kept these babies in the order they've been in to-day! If I had but caught one of them daring to tear his jacket! Tell her I've taken the shine out of her, Sir!'

'Very well, my boy;' and Mr. Marvin attempted a smile; 'I will tell her. And what message shall I take to your mother? You must send her one, you know.'

'Oh! give her my love, that's all. And, I say, Papa, tell her to get better.'

And Arthur disappeared.

'Tired, my boy?' said Mr. Hatherly, coming into the dining-room after watching the last of the Vicarage party, and finding his pupil curled up on the sofa, with his face among the cushions.

'Why did Papa speak like that?' was all the answer the boy gave, in a voice that showed no indifference.

Mr. Hatherly hesitated.

'Tell me!' said Arthur's stifled voice.

'I am afraid you know it already; I am afraid it is quite true, Arthur!'

'What?' asked the boy; 'about Mamma?'

'Yes,' said Mr. Hatherly sadly.

'I thought it was!' muttered the poor boy, 'only I wouldn't believe it! I say, Mr. Hatherly, do let me go home! oh, do let me go home!'

'You shall go as often as you like, my dear fellow,' was the answer; and Arthur lifted up a wet face, sadly unlike the bright looks of the past day, and jumped up from his cushions.

'Let me go now! do!'

'Not to-night. Why, Arthur, it would do them all more harm than good if you and I were to make our appearance at the Vicarage at this time of night! When we go there, we must both be very quiet and brave, my boy, and help the others to bear up cheerfully. That is what you and I must do, Arthur! Come, let us have a quiet talk about it!'

He put his arm round the boy's shoulder, and almost by force made him walk with him up and down the long moonlighted room, talking quietly yet not gloomily to him, till Arthur could answer almost cheerfully; a kind of treatment that the lad would have resented in anyone else as beneath his dignity.

'You see how much ought to depend on you, my boy,' concluded Mr. Hatherly; 'you must try for a brave heart, and a good, true spirit, Arthur!'

'I'll do my best, Sir,' said Arthur, with an unsteady voice still. And he meant it!

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

BERTRAM; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

CHAPTER V.—*(Continued.)*

THE shops being closed on the Sunday morning, there was no seeking for the letter so earnestly sighed for on the preceding days. It would not do for such as they to be troubling the postmaster to open his door; but Monday would come, and hope had revived in the heart of Annette. She had felt better since the kind Doctor had paid his visit, and the fainting or convulsion fits had ceased. No second visit had been paid to her; but suitable medicine—the first since Annette's illness came on—had modified the distressing symptoms.

'But you're dressed in your gown, Mother,' cried Robin suddenly, when all the tale was told. 'How much better you must be.'

'I was better, and so I tried it, dear,' replied Annette, with a half smile.

'Oh, so you are up!' exclaimed the old woman, putting her head in at the door. 'I'm glad of it, for we are all off to-morrow morning, and very early too.'

Annette burst into tears.

'It's of no use to try and come over me like that. The others are gone, and we can't separate for ever. As soon as it is light, we go. What have the children brought?'

'Give it to Granny, Robin. Three and seven-pence. But oh, you will not go away to-morrow! So very soon.'

'So very *late*, you mean; but certainly no later.'

'Then, Robin dear, run to the post, and say why you trouble them to-day.'

'Don't say any such thing,' cried Granny, very angrily. 'You'll get us into the newspapers, I tell you, with your acquaintances.'

'Then say you hope they'll excuse you, Robin. And then go on to the Doctor's, (in a whisper,) and ask him for one bottle more of the medicine, if he will be so kind as to let me have it.'

Granny had already quitted the van. Her visits were usually very short, though long enough for the comfort of the other inmates. Annette held Robin's hand, to keep him for a moment.

'Stay, Robin, I must think of something. Wait, I am not sure that I can think now. Let us have dinner, and you shall go into Westerleigh afterwards.'

'Oh! if I were but able to do it,' continued Annette to herself. 'But where shall I find them? Perhaps they are all dead, and my wicked deeds upon my head for ever. *They* would know, but no one else would ever believe me. Strangers would only say that I ad made up a tale to serve my children. And I cannot—no, I cannot ll these darlings, to bring down their hatred in exchange for love.

Digitized by Google

Alas! what would they think of me? They shall know nothing, until—'

She stopped and remained silently thinking, while the children made ready the simple fare. After this brief space, she called them to her, and took a hand of each.

'Now, dears, you have seen that something troubles me, and that I am anxious about a letter that does not come. Something does indeed trouble me very much, and I cannot at present tell you what it is. Some day you shall know. And now you will be quite surprised at what I am going to say. I am going to take you both up to London with me by the coach!'

They were indeed surprised, and they were pleased; but from both came the frightened exclamation, 'Granny!'

'Granny does not know. I must tell her to-night—not that we are going to London, but that we shall not go with her. They will be off very early, but she cannot *make* us go with her; and we can carry the box between us to Westerleigh after they are gone.'

'And how can you pay the coach, Mother?'

'I have some money, dears; I have kept it a long time in case we ever went away.'

'Mother, when did you get money?' asked Robin.

'Long ago—before you were born, some of it, Robin. But now listen to me. I shall take a few things, and a parcel directed to my sister, Mrs. Sutton, Rays Cottage, Wisham. If anything should happen to me—' the children clung to her—'you must go to her, and take the parcel with you. I shall put into the post, to-morrow, a letter which I am going to write to her about it. Do you understand me, Robin? If I were to die—don't cry, silly ones, you know I am better; but *if* I were to die, do not wait even for me to be buried, but go off *directly* to Mrs. Sutton, and be sure never to be parted from the parcel, nor let anybody open it. You can find my money, I keep it in my box; you must take it, and go. Will you promise? You need not cry, dears, because I am better; but promise me this, or I shall not be happy.'

'Yes, Mother, I promise,' said Robin gravely.

'And I promise too,' cried the little girl.

'Very well, dears, that is right. I shall be too tired, I believe, to write to-night; but you must call me to-morrow when the early bell rings. I will do it before the coach time, or perhaps when we get to London. Now ask if Granny will come and eat her dinner with ours.'

And Granny came. The meal was a silent one, and Annette could scarcely keep herself up for it. She was already wearied out with her thinking, and with her conversation with the children; agitated also at the idea of what must be said to Granny, as soon as dinner was over.

Digitized by Google

And the moment soon came. 'Go out, dears; you can both go together into the town.' And Robin and Amy disappeared.

After a short pause—'You are quite decided about going to-morrow?'

'Yes, quite. I said so. I don't change.'

'Then I cannot come with you, indeed. You must leave me here for a few days with the children.'

'If you stay here, you stay by yourself,' replied Madge, doggedly. 'And we shall be farther off than Riversfield, *some of us*, and hard to find again, that's all. Stay if you like.'

'The children will stay with me,' replied Annette firmly.

'No,' said Madge.

'Yes,' returned Annette.

'No! you wicked mean-spirited creature,' cried the old woman, striking her hand violently upon the box which served for a table. 'Don't I know what you are after with your stopping behind for your few days? And I say you shall not do it. Haven't you tried it before? but you didn't get far.'

'Yes, I did try it. More shame for you to stop me when he threatened the children.'

'If you dare to try it again, I'll have you transported!' raved out Madge. '*I'll* tell the story, not you. You dare to lay it upon me and my son! I'll lay it upon you, first and last, I will.'

'You cannot frighten me now, Granny. I have decided. And I will never do you any harm. I am too miserable to care what you get done to me.'

'Once try to give me the slip, and you don't see the children again in a hurry, that's all,' continued the old woman in her fury. 'They shall have a good home or a bad one somewhere. And I'll declare *you've* hid them, not I. I'll—'

'I'm too ill for all this,' said Annette, trembling in her weakness. 'I can't bear it indeed.'

'You're not too ill for your tricks, though,' retorted Madge savagely. 'I know you. Take care what you do. All the worse for them—mind that.'

She rose as she was speaking, and dashing out of the van, she closed the door with a violence suited to the evil temper she was indulging.

Whatever things were to have been done that evening, were certainly left unfinished; for as soon as the van had ceased shaking, Annette crept to her pallet, and all power even to raise a hand seemed to have left her.

We must leave her to her painful stillness for the present.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

THE CAGED LION.

CHAPTER I.

THE GUEST OF GLENUSKIE.

A MASTER hand has so often described the glens and ravines of Scotland, that it seems vain and presumptuous to meddle with them, and yet we must ask our readers to figure to themselves a sharp cleft sloping downwards to a brawling mountain stream, the sides scattered with grey rocks of every imaginable size, interspersed here and there with heather, gorse, or furze. Just in the widest part of the valley, a sort of platform of rock jutted out from the hill side, and afforded a station for one of those tall, narrow, grim-looking fastnesses, that were the strength of Scotland, as well as her bane.

Either by nature or art, the rock had been scarped away on three sides, so that the walls of the castle rose sheer from the steep descent, except where the platform was connected with the mountain side, by, as it were, an isthmus joining the peninsula to the main rock; and even this isthmus, a narrow ridge of rock just wide enough for the passage of a single horse, had been cut through, no doubt with great labour, and rendered impassable, except by the lowering of a draw-bridge. Glenuskie Castle was thus nearly impregnable, so long as it was supplied with water, and for this all possible provision had been made, by guiding a stream into the court.

The castle was necessarily narrow and confined, its massive walls took up much even of the narrow space that the rock afforded; but it had been so piled up that it seemed as though the builders wished to make height compensate for straitness. There was, too, an unusual amount of grace, both in the outline of the gateway with its mighty flanking towers, and of the lofty donjon tower, that shot up like a great finger above the Massy More, as the main building was commonly called by the inhabitants of Glenuskie.

Wondrous as were the walls, and deep set as were the arches, they all had that peculiar slenderness of contour that Scottish taste seemed to have learnt from France; and a little more space was gained at the top, both of the gateway towers and the donjon, by a projecting cornice of beautifully vaulted arches supporting a battlement, that gave the building a crowned look. On the topmost tower was of course planted the ensign of the owner, and that ensign was no other than the regal ruddy Lion of Scotland, ramping on his gold field within his tressure flory and counter flory, but surmounted by a label divided into twelve, and placed upon a pennoncel, or triangular piece of silk. The eyes of the early fifteenth century easily deciphered such hieroglyphics as these, which to every one with the least tincture of 'the noble science,' indicated that the owner

Digitized by Google

of the castle was of royal Stewart blood, but of a younger branch, and not yet admitted to the rank of knighthood.

The early spring of the year 1421 was bleak and dreary in that wild lonely vale, and large was the fire burning on the hearth in the castle hall, in the full warmth of which there sat, with a light blue cloth cloak drawn tightly round him, a tall old man, of the giant mould of Scotland, and with a massive thoughtful brow, whose grand form was rendered visible by the absence of hair, only a few remnants of yellow locks mixed with silver, floating from his temples to mingle with his magnificent white beard. A small blue bonnet, with a short eagle feather, fastened with a brooch of river pearl, was held in the hands that were clasped over his face, as, bending down in his chair, he murmured through his white beard, 'Have mercy, good Lord, have mercy on the land. Have mercy on my son, and guard him when he goes out and when he comes in. Have mercy on the children I have toiled for, and teach me to judge and act for them aright in these sore straits; and above all, have mercy on our King, break his fetters, and send him home to be the healer of his land, the avenger of her cruel wrongs.'

So absorbed was the old man, that he never heard the step that came across the hall. It was a slightly unequal step, but was carefully hushed at entrance, as if supposing the old man asleep; and at a slow pace the new comer crossed the hall to the chimney, where he stood by the fire, warming himself and looking wistfully at the old knight.

He was wrapped in a plaid, black and white, which increased the grey appearance of the pale sallow face, and sad expression of the wearer, a boy of about seventeen, with soft pensive dark eyes, and a sickly complexion, with that peculiar wistful cast of countenance that is apt to accompany deformity, though there was no actual malformation apparent, unless such might be reckoned the slight halt in the gait, and the small stature of the lad, who was no taller than many boys of twelve or fourteen. But there was a depth of melancholy in those dark brown eyes, that went far into the heart of anyone who had the power to be touched with their yearning, appealing, almost piteous gaze, as though their owner had come into a world that was much too hard for him, and were looking out in bewilderment and entreaty for some haven of peace.

He had stood for some minutes looking thoughtfully into the fire, and the sadness of his expression ever deepening, before the old man raised his face, and said, 'You here, Malcolm? where are the others?'

'Patie and Lily are still on the turret-top, fair Uncle,' returned the boy. 'It was so cold;' and he shivered again, and seemed as though he would creep into the fire.

'And the reek?' asked the uncle.

'There is another reek broken out farther west,' replied Malcolm. 'Patie is sure now that it is as you deemed, Uncle; that it is a cattle-lifting from Badenoch.'

Digitized by Google

'Heaven help them!' sighed the old man, again folding his hands in prayer. 'How long, O Lord, how long?'

Malcolm took up the appeal of the Psalm, repeating it in Latin, but with none the less fervency: that Psalm that has ever since David's time served as the agonized voice of hearts hot-burning at the sight of wrong.

'Ah yes,' he ended, 'there is nothing else for it! Uncle, this was wherefore I came. It was to speak to you of my purpose.'

'The old purpose, Malcolm? Nay, that hath been answered before.'

'But listen, listen, dear Uncle. I have not spoken of it for a full year now. So that you cannot say it is the caresses of the good monks. No, nor of the rude sayings of the Master of Albany;' he added, colouring at a look of his uncle. 'You bade me say no more till I be of full age; nor would I, save that were I safe lodged in an abbey, then might Patrick and Lily be wedded, and he not have to leave us and seek his fortune far away in France; and in Patie's hands and leading, my vassals might be safe; but what could the doited helpless cripple do?' he added, the colour rising hotly to his cheek with pain and shame. 'O Sir, let me but save my soul, and find peace in Coldingham!'

'My poor bairn,' said his uncle, laying a kind hand upon him, as in his eagerness he knelt on one knee beside the chair, 'it must not be. It is true that the Regent and his sons would willingly see you in a cloister. Nay, that unmanly jeer of Walter Stewart's was, I verily believe, meant to drive you thither. But were you there, then would poor Lilias become a prize worth having, and the only question would be, whether Walter of Albany, or Robert of Athole, or any of the rest of them, should tear her away to be the lady of their fierce ungodly households.'

'You could give her to Patrick, Uncle.'

'No, Malcolm, that were not consistent with mine honour, or oaths to the King and State. You living, and Laird of Glenuskie, Lilias is a mere younger sister, whom you may give in marriage as you will; but were you dead to the world, under a cowl, then the Lady of Glenuskie, a King's grandchild, may not be disposed of, save by her royal kinsman, or by those who, woe worth the day, stand in his place. I were no better than yon Wolf of Badenoch or the Master of Albany, did I steal a march on the Regent and give the poor lassie to my own son!'

'And so Lilias must pine, and Patrick wander off to the weary French war,' sighed Malcolm; 'and I must be scorned by my cousins whenever the house of Stewart meets together; and must strive with these fierce cruel men, that will ever be too hard for me when Patie is gone.' His eyes filled with tears as he continued, 'Ah! that fair chapel, with the sweet chant of the choir, the green smooth shaven quadrangle, the calm cloister walk; there, there alone is rest. There, one ceases to be a prey and a laughing-stock—there, one sees no more bloodshed and spulzie—there, one need not be forced to treachery or violence. O Uncle! my very soul is sick for Coldingham. How many years will it be ere I can myself bestow my sister on Patie, and hide my head in peace!'

Digitized by Google

Before his uncle had done more than answer, 'Nay, nay, Malcolm, these are no words for the oe of Bruce; you are born to dare as well as to suffer,' there was an approach of footsteps, and two young people entered the hall; the first a girl, with a family likeness to Malcolm, but tall, upright, beautiful, and with the rich colouring of perfect health, her plaid still hanging in a loose swelling hood round her brilliant face and dark hair, snooded with a crimson ribbon and diamond clasp; the other, a knightly young man, of stately height and robust limbs: keen bright blue eyes, and amber hair and beard: moving with the ease and grace that shewed his training in the highest school of chivalry.

'Good Uncle,' cried the maiden in eager excitement, 'there is a guest coming. He has just turned over the brae side, and can be coming nowhere but here.'

'A guest!' cried both Malcolm and the elder knight; 'of what kind, Lily?'

'A knight, a knight in bright steel, and with three attendants,' said Lilias; 'one of Patrick's French comrades, say I, by the grace of his riding.'

'Not a message from the Regent, I trust,' sighed Malcolm. 'Patie, oh do not lower the draw-bridge, till we hear whether it be friend or foe.'

'Nay, Malcolm, 'tis well none save friends heard that,' said Patrick. 'When shall we make a brave man of you?'

'Nevertheless, Patie,' said the old gentleman, 'though I had rather the caution had come from the eldest rather than the youngest head among us, parley as much as may serve with honour and courtesy ere opening the gate to the stranger. Hark, there is his bugle.'

A certain look of nervous terror passed over young Malcolm's face, while his sister watched full of animation and curiosity, as one to whom excitement of any kind could hardly come amiss, exclaiming, as she looked from the window, 'Fear not, most prudent Malcolm, Father Ninian is with him: Father Ninian must have invited him.'

'Strange,' muttered Patrick, 'that Father Ninian should be picking up and bringing home stray wandering land-loupers;' and with an anxious glance at Lilias, he went forward unwillingly to perform those duties of hospitality which had become necessary, since the presence of the castle chaplain was a voucher for the guest. The draw-bridge had already been lowered, and the new comer was crossing it upon a powerful black steed, guided by Father Ninian upon his rough mountain pony, on which he had shortly before left the Castle, to attend at a Church festival held at Coldingham.

The chaplain was a wise, prudent, and much respected man; nevertheless, young Sir Patrick Drummond felt little esteem for his prudence in displaying one at least of the treasures of the Castle to the knight on the black horse. The stranger was a very tall man, of robust and stalwart make, apparently aged about seven or eight and twenty years, clad in steel

Digitized by Google

armour, enameled so as to have a burnished blue appearance; but the vizor of the helmet was raised, and the face beneath it was a manly open face, thoroughly Scottish in its forms, but very handsome, and with short dark auburn hair, and eyes of the same peculiar tint, glancing with a light that once seen could never be forgotten; and the bearing was such, that Patrick at once growled to himself, 'One of our haughty loons, brimful of *outre cuidance*, and yet how coolly he bears it off. If he looks to find us his humble servants, he will find himself mistaken, I trow.'

'Sir Patrick,' said Father Ninian, who was by this time close to him, 'let me present to you Sir James Stewart, a captive knight who is come to collect his ransom. I fell in with him on the road, and as his road lay with mine, I made bold to assure him of a welcome from your honoured father and Lord Malcolm.'

Patrick's face cleared. It was no grace or beauty that he feared in any stranger, but the sheer might and unright that their Regency enabled the House of Albany to exercise over the orphans of the royal family, whose head was absent; and a captive knight could be no mischievous person. Still this might be only a specious pretence to impose on the chaplain, and gain admittance to the castle; and Patrick was resolved to be well on his guard, though he replied courteously to the graceful bow with which the stranger greeted him, saying in a manly mellow voice and southern accent, 'I have been bold enough to presume on the good father's offer of hospitality, Sir.'

'You are welcome, Sir,' returned Patrick, taking the stranger's bridle that he might dismount; 'my father and my cousin will gladly further on his way a prisoner seeking freedom.'

'A captive may well be welcome, for the sake of *one* prisoner,' said his father, who had in the meantime come forward, and extended his hand to the knight, who took it, and uncovering his bright locks, respectfully said, 'I am in the presence of the noble Tutor of Glenuskie.'

'Even so, Sir,' returned Sir David Drummond, who was, in fact, as his nephew's guardian, usually known by this curious title; 'and you here see my wards, the Lord Malcolm, and Lady Lilias. Your knighthood will make allowances for the lad, he is but home-bred.' For while Lilias with stately grace responded to Sir James Stewart's courtly greeting, Malcolm bashfully made an awkward bow, and seemed ready to shrink within himself, as indeed, the brutal jests of his rude cousins had made him dread and hate the eye of a stranger; and while the knight was led forward to the hall fire, he merely pressed up to the priest, and eagerly demanded under his breath, 'Have you brought me the book?' but Father Ninian had only time to nod, and sign that a volume was in his bosom, before old Sir David called out, 'What now, Malcolm, forgetting that your part is to come and disarm the knight who does you the honour to be your guest?' and Sir Patrick rather roughly pushed him forward, gruffly whispering, 'Leave not Lily to supply your lack of courtesy.'

Digitized by Google

Malcolm shambled forward, bewildered, as the keen auburn eye fell on him, and the cheery kindly voice said, 'Ha! a new book—a romance? Well may that drive out other thoughts.'

Had he ears to hear such a whisper, thought Malcolm, as he mumbled in the hoarse voice of bashful boyhood, 'Not a romance, Sir, but whatever the good fathers at Coldingham would lend me.'

'It is the Itinerarium of the blessed Adamnanus,' replied Father Ninian, producing from his bosom a parcel, apparently done up in many wrappers, a seal-skin above all.

'The Itinerarium!' exclaimed Sir James, 'methought I had heard of such a book. I have a friend in England who would give many a fair rose noble for a sight of it.'

A friend in England! the words had a sinister sound to the audience, and while Malcolm jealously gathered up the book into his arms, the priest made cold answer, that the book was the property of the Monastery at Coldingham, and had only been lent to Lord Malcolm Stewart by special favour. The guest could not help smiling, and saying he was glad books were thus prized in Scotland; but at that moment, as the sunny look shone on his face, and he stood before the fire in the close suit of chamois leather which he wore under his armour, old Sir David exclaimed, 'Ha! never did I see such a likeness. Patie, you should be old enough to remember; do you not see it?'

'What should I see? Who is he like?' asked Patrick, surprised at his father's manner.

'Who?' whispered Sir David in a lowered voice; 'do you not see it? to the unhappy lad, the Duke of Rothsay.'

Patrick could not help smiling, for he had been scarcely seven years old at the time of the murder of the unfortunate Prince of Scotland, but a flush of colour rose into the face of the guest, and he shortly answered, 'So I have been told;' and then assuming a seat near Sir David, he entered into conversation with him upon the condition of Scotland at the period, inquiring into the state of many of the families and districts by name. Almost always there was but one answer—murder—harrying—foray; and when the question followed, 'What had the Regent done?' there was a shrug of the shoulders, and as often Sir James's face flushed with a dark red fire, and his hand clenched at the hilt of the sword by his side.

'And is there not a man in Scotland left to strike for the right?' he demanded at last; 'cannot nobles, clergy, and burghers, band themselves in parliament to put down Albany and his bloody house, and recall their true head?'

'They love to have it so,' returned Sir David sadly. 'United, they might be strong enough; but each knows that his fellow, Douglas, Angus, March, or Mar, would be ready to play the same game as Albany; and to raise a rival none will stir.'

'And so,' proceeded Sir James bitterly, 'the manhood of Scotland

Digitized by Google

goes forth to waste itself in an empty foreign war, merely to keep France in as wretched a state of misrule as itself.'

'Nay, nay, Sir,' cried Patrick angrily, 'it is to save an ancient ally from the tyranny of our foulest foe. It is the only place where a Scotsman can seek his fortune with honour, and without staining his soul with foul deeds. Bring our King home, and every sword shall be at his service.'

'What, when they have all been lavished on the crazy Frenchman?' said Sir James.

'No, Sir,' said Patrick, rising in his vehemence; 'when they have been brightened there by honourable warfare, not tarnished by home barbarities.'

'He speaks truly,' said Sir David; 'and though it will go to my heart to part with the lad, yet may I not say a word to detain him in a land where the contagion of violence can scarce be escaped by a brave man.'

Sir James gave a deep sigh as of pain, but as if to hinder its being remarked, promptly answered, 'That may be; but what is to be the lot of a land whose honest men desert her cause as too evil for them, and seek out another, that when seen closer is scarce less evil?'

'How, Sir!' cried Patrick; 'you a prisoner of England, yet speaking against our noble French allies, so foully trampled on?'

'I have lived long enough in England,' returned Sir James, 'to think that land happiest where law is strong enough to enforce peace and order.'

'The coward loons!' muttered Patrick, chiefly out of the spirit of opposition.

'You have been long in England, Sir?' said Lilias, hoping to direct the conversation into a more peaceful current.

'Many years, fair Lady,' he replied, turning courteously to her; 'I was taken when I was a mere lad, but I have had gentle captors, and no over harsh prison.'

'And has no one ransomed you?' she asked pitifully, as one much moved by a certain patience on his brow, and in his sweet full voice.

'No one, Lady. My uncle was but too willing that the heir should be kept aloof; and it is only now he is dead, that I have obtained leave from my friendly captor to come in search of my ransom.'

Lilias would have liked to know the amount, but it was not manners to ask, since the rate of ransom was the personal value of the knight; and her uncle put in the question, who was his keeper.

'The Earl of Somerset,' rather hastily answered Sir James; and then at once Lilias exclaimed, 'Ah, Uncle, is not the King, too, in his charge?' And then questions crowded on. 'What like is the King? How brooks he his durance? What freedom hath he? What hope is there of his return? Can he brook to hear of his people's wretchedness?'

This was the first question at which Sir James attempted to unclose his hitherto smiling and amused lip. Then it quivered, and the dew

Digitized by Google

glittered in his eyes as he answered, 'Brook it! No indeed, Lady. His heart burns within him at every cry that comes over the Border, and will well-nigh burst at what I have seen and heard! King Harry tells him that to send him home were but tossing him on the swords of the Albany. Better, better so, to die in one grapple for his country's sake, than lie bound, hearing her bitter wails, and unable to stir for her redress!' and as he dashed the indignant tear from his eyes, Patrick caught his hand.

'Your heart is in the right place, friend,' he said; 'I look on you as an honest man and brother in arms from this moment.'

''Tis a bargain,' said Sir James, the smile returning, and his eyes again glistening as he wrung Sir Patrick's hand. 'When the hour comes for the true rescue of Scotland, we will strike together.'

'And you will tell the King,' added Patrick, 'that here are true hearts, and I could find many more, only longing to fence him from the Albany swords, about which King Harry is so good as to fash himself.'

'But what like is the King?' asked Lilias eagerly. 'Oh, I would fain see him. Is it true that he was the tallest man at King Harry's sacring? more shame that he were there!'

'He and I are much of a height, Lady,' returned the knight. 'Maybe I may give you the justest notion of him by saying that I am said to be his very marrow.'

'That explains your likeness to the poor Duke,' said Sir David, satisfied; 'and you too count kindred with our royal house, methinks?'

'I am sprung from Walter the Stewart, so much I know; my lands lie Carrick-wards,' said Sir James lightly, 'but I have been a prisoner so long, that the pedigree of my house was never taught me, and I can make no figure in describing my own descent.' And as though to put an end to the enquiry, he walked to the window, where Malcolm, so soon as they had begun to talk of the misrule of Scotland, had ensconced himself in the window-seat with his new book, making the most of the failing light, and asked him whether the Monk of Iona equalled his expectations.

Malcolm was not easy to draw out at first, but it presently appeared that he had been baffled by a tough bit of Latinity. The knight looked, and readily expounded the sentence, so that all became plain; and then, as it was already too dark to pursue the study with comfort, he stood over the boy, talking to him of books and of poems, while the usually pale, listless, uninterested countenance responded by looks of eager delight and flushing colour.

It seemed as though each were equally pleased with one another. Sir James, at finding so much knowledge and understanding in a Scottish castle; and Malcolm, at, for the first time, meeting anything but contempt for his tastes, from aught but an ecclesiastic.

Their talk continued till they were summoned to supper, which had been somewhat delayed to provide for the new comers. It was a simple enough meal, suited to Lent, and was merely of dried fish, with barley

Digitized by Google

bread and kail brose; but there were few other places in Scotland where it would have been served with so much of the refinement that Sir David Drummond and his late wife had learnt in France. A table-cloth and napkins, separate trenchers, and water for hand cleansing, were not always to be found in the houses of the nobles; and in fact, there were those who charged Malcolm's delicacy and timidity, on the *nisété* or folly of his effeminate education; the having the rushes on the floor frequently changed, the preference of lamps to pine torches, and the not keeping falcons, dogs, swine, and all, pell mell in the great hall.

Lilias sat between her uncle and his guest, looking so fair and bright, that Patrick felt fresh accesses of angry jealousy, while the visitor talked as one able to report to the natives from another world, and that world the hateful England, which as a Scotsman he was bound to abhor. Had it been France, it had been endurable, but praise of English habits was mere disloyalty; and yet, whenever Patrick tried to throw in a disparaging word, he found himself met with a quiet superiority such as he had believed no knight in Scotland could assume with him, and still it was neither brow-beating nor insolence, nothing that could give offence.

Malcolm begged to know whether there had not been a rare good poet in England, called Chaucer. Verily there had been, said the knight; and on a little solicitation, so soon as supper was over, he recited to the eager and delighted auditors, the tale of patient Grisel, as rendered by Chaucer, calling forth eager comments from both Patrick and Lily, on the unknightliness of the Marquis. Malcolm, however, added, 'Yet, after all, she was but a mere peasant wench.'

'What makes that, young Sir?' replied Sir James gravely. 'I would have you to know, that the husband's rank is the wife's, and the more unequal were their lot before, the more is he bound to respect her, and to make her be respected.'

'That may be, after the deed is done,' said Sir David, in a warning voice; 'but it is not well that like should not match with like. Many an evil have I seen in my time, from unequal mating.'

'And Sir,' eagerly exclaimed Patrick, 'no doubt you can gainsay the slander, that our noble King has been caught in the toils of an artful Englishwoman, and been drawn in to promise her a share in his crown.'

A flush of crimson flamed forth on Sir James Stewart's cheeks, and his tawny eye glanced with a fire like red lightning, but he seemed as it were to be holding himself in, and answered with a voice forcibly kept low and calm, and therefore the more terribly stern, 'Young Sir, I warn you to honour your future Queen.'

Sir David made a gesture with his hand, enforcing restraint upon his son, and turning to Sir James, said, 'Our Queen will we honour, when such she is, Sir; but if you are returning to the King, it were well that he should know that our hot Scottish bloods, here, could scarce brook an English alliance, and certainly not one beneath his birth.'

Digitized by Google

'The King would answer, Sir,' returned Sir James, haughtily, but with recovered command over himself, 'that it is for him to judge whom his subjects shall brook as their Queen. Moreover,' he added, in a different and more conciliatory voice, 'Scotsmen must be proud indeed who disdain the late King's niece, the great-grand-daughter of King Edward III., and as noble and queenly a demoiselle as ever was born in a palace.'

'She is so very fair, then?' said Lilias, who was of course on the side of true love. 'You have seen her, gentle Sir? Oh, tell us what are her beauties.'

'Fair damsel,' said Sir James, in a much more gentle tone, 'you forget that I am only a poor prisoner, who have only now and then viewed the Lady Joan Beaufort with distant reverence, as destined to be my Queen. All I can tell, is, that her walk and bearing mark her out for a throne.'

'And oh!' cried Malcolm, 'is it not true that the King hath composed songs and poems in her honour?'

'Pah!' muttered Patrick; 'as though the King would be no better than a wandering minstrel rhymester!'

'Or than King David!' drily said Sir James.

'It is true then, Sir,' exclaimed Lilias. 'He doth verily add minstrelsy to his other graces! Know you the lines, Sir? Can you sing them to us? Oh, I pray you.'

'Nay, fair maid,' returned Sir James, 'methinks I might but add to the scorn wherewith Sir Patrick is but too much inclined to regard the captive King.'

'A captive, a captive—ay, minstrelsy is the right solace for a captive,' said Patrick; 'at least, so they say and sing. Our King will have better work when he gains his freedom. Only there will come before me a subtilty I once saw in jelly and blanc-manger, at a banquet in France, where a lion fell in love with a hunter's daughter, and let her, for love's sake, draw his teeth and clip his claws, whereupon he found himself made a sport for her father's hounds.'

'I promise you, Sir Patrick,' replied the guest, 'that the Lady Joan is more like to send her Lion forth from the hunters' toils, with claws and teeth fresh whetted by the desire of honour.'

'But the lay—the lay, Sir,' entreated Lilias; 'who knows that it may not win Patrick to be the Lady Joan's devoted servant? Malcolm, your harp!'

Malcolm had already gone in quest of the harp he loved all the better for the discouragement thrown on his gentle tastes.

The knight leant back, with a pensive look softening his features as he said, after a little consideration, 'Then, fair Lady, I will sing you the song made by King James, when he had first seen the fair mistress of his heart, on the slopes of Windsor, looking from his chamber window. He feigns her to be a nightingale.'

Digitized by Google

'And what is that, Sir?' demanded Lilias. 'I have heard the word in romances, and deemed it a kind of angel that sings by night.'

'It is a bird, sister,' replied Malcolm, 'Philomel, that pierces her breast with a thorn, and sings sweetly even to her death.'

'That's mere minstrel leasing, Malcolm,' said Patrick. 'I have both seen and heard the bird in France—*Rossignol*, as we call it there; and were I a lady, I should deem it small compliment to be likened to a little russet-backed homely fowl such as that.'

'While I,' replied the prisoner, 'feel so much with your fair sister, that nightingales are a sort of angels that sing by night, that it pains me, when I think of winning my freedom, to remember that I shall never again hear their songs answering one another through the forest of Windsor.'

Patrick shrugged his shoulders, but Lilias was so anxious to hear the lay, that she entreated him to be silent; and Sir James, with a manly mellow voice, with an exceedingly sweet strain in it, and a skill, both of modulation and finger, such as shewed admirable taste and instruction, poured forth that beautiful song of the nightingale at Windsor, which commences King James's story of his love, in his poem of the King's Quhair.

There was an eager pressing round to hear, and not only were Lilias and Malcolm, but old Sir David himself, much affected by the strain, which the latter said put him in mind of the days of King Robert III., which, sad as they were, now seemed like good old times, so much worse was the present state of affairs. Sir James, however, seemed anxious to prevent discussion of the verses he had sung, and applied to Malcolm to give a specimen of his powers: and thus, with music, ballad, and lay, the evening passed away, till the parting cup was sent round, and the Tutor of Glenuskie and Malcolm marshalled their guest to the apartment where he was to sleep, in a wainscoted box bedstead, and his two attendant squires, a great iron-gray Scot, and a rosy honest-faced Englishman, on pallets on the floor.

In the morning he went on his journey, but not without an invitation to rest there again on his way back, whether with or without his ransom. He promised to come, saying that he should gladly bear to the King the last advices from one so honoured as the Tutor of Glenuskie; and on their sides, Malcolm and Sir David resolved to do their best to have some gold pieces to contribute, rather than so 'proper a knight' should fail in raising his ransom; but gold was never plenty, and Patrick needed all that his father could supply, to bear him to those wars in France, where he looked for renown and fortune.

For these were, as may have been gathered, those evil days when James I. of Scotland was still a captive to England, and when the House of Albany exercised its cruel misrule upon Scotland; delaying to ransom the King, lest they should bring home a master.

Old Robert of Albany had been King Stork, his son Murdoch was

Digitized by Google

King Log, and the misery was infinitely increased by the violence and lawlessness of Murdoch's sons. King Robert II. had left Scotland the fearful legacy of, as Froissart says, 'eleven sons who loved arms.' Of these, Robert III. was the eldest, the Duke of Albany the second. These were both dead, and were represented, the one by the captive young King James, the other by the Regent, Duke Murdoch of Albany, and his brother John, Earl of Buchan, now about to lead a Scottish force to assist the French, among whom Patrick Drummond intended to sail.

Others of the eleven, Earls of Lennox, Athol, Menteith, &c., survived, the first being known by the terrible title of the Wolf of Badenoch! but the youngest of the brotherhood, by name Malcolm, who had married the heiress of Glenuskie, had been killed at Homildon Hill, when he had solemnly charged his Stewart nephews and brothers to leave his two orphan children to the sole charge of their mother's cousin, Sir David Drummond, a good old man, who had been the best supporter and confidant of poor Robert III. in his unhappy reign; and in embassies to France, had lost much of the rugged barbarism to which Scotland had retrograded during the wars with England.

(To be continued.)

MR. SHORT'S SUMMER VISIT TO BISHOP THORNTON.

A MEDLEY.

EDITH AND PATTY.

PART I.

It was on Monday, the 14th of June, 1867, that the post brought me two letters, a most unusual event. I have few friends, hardly any acquaintances, no near relatives; and it is seldom that even an advertisement finds its way to my quiet out-of-the-world rectory, though I am told that advertisements are becoming a daily annoyance in many country homes.

But these were genuine letters; not even piteous appeals to the benevolent: one from an old college friend—once a great friend—that I could see at a glance, though it was some ten years since I had heard from him, and then it had been to ask for a subscription towards the repair and restoration of his church: the other perplexed me; the handwriting was bold, free, and irregular—whether man's or woman's, in my little knowledge of the present day, I could not tell. John Waterhouse must forgive me if curiosity led me to open the unknown letter first.

Digitized by Google

It began 'Dear Uncle Tom,'—but I have no nephew, no niece: it had been misdirected, put into the wrong envelope, and I laid it aside to open John Waterhouse's, which began 'Dear old Tongs,' as I expected. (Tongs had been my nickname at both school and college; and, in spite of my five years' seniority, at both we had been friends. Want of means had delayed my going to Oxford, as later, and more fatally, my marriage; and at Oxford the original protector found himself the patronized, already pitied for his conservative and old-world notions in the stir of modern thought around him.)

'It is a huge time since we have met! Come and stand godfather to my sixth little daughter next Sunday, and come as early in the week as you can, to help us to choose her a name; each of her five predecessors is clamouring for their special favourite. I only insist on Thomasina as a prefix; so if you don't interfere, we shall have the little maiden encumbered with a string of names worthy of a Spanish princess.

'You have not seen my church since its restoration. It is a perfect gem. My wife's kindest remembrances.

Ever yours,

JOHN WATERHOUSE,

Vicarage, Bishop Thornton,

Wood Ash.'

And 'Wood Ash' had been the post-mark of my other correspondent. I took up the discarded letter once more, and it now struck me that there was a curious similarity between the handwritings; I opened the sheet, and glanced at the signature, 'Edith Waterhouse.' What! my little friend of fifteen years back, who had looked like a little angel on her mother's knee at church; her mother like a saint above her, in her sweet serious devotion, as, her eyes fixed on her husband, she drank in what was fifteen years ago very High Church doctrine. Both mother and child had perhaps appeared even more angelic, when John Waterhouse, a doating husband and father, had one night let me see little Edith saying her evening prayers with clasped hands and uplifted eyes at her mother's knee. Was my unknown correspondent no other than the little Edie of that last visit to Bishop Thornton? Doubtless; for Edith Waterhouse was the signature, and her mother's name had been Louisa, and this her letter.

'Dear Uncle Tom.'

Ah! Waterhouse had taught her to call me 'Uncle Tom,' and she had remembered it all these years; if *she* wanted £10 for new organ or schools, she should have it! Why, she must be eighteen, and not only saintlier but deeper-minded than even her mother had been, with the united training such a mother and such a father would have given her! I paused, I drew a sweet picture of a tall slight girl, in a straw bonnet—cottage, I think they used to call it—with blue ribbons, and a white gown just showing dainty feet, 'subduing e'en rude village churls with

Digitized by Google

her angelic looks,' unconsciously investing Edith Waterhouse with the modest graces of one long dead. Yes, I would go to Bishop Thornton, if only to see this little Edith grown up to womanhood. What did she want now with me? God bless her for remembering the old man! She wanted—I was a little puzzled for some minutes to see what she wanted; but those more used to modern modes of thought and expression doubtless know that the fault lay with me, not Edith Waterhouse.

'Dear Uncle Tom,

Papa tells me that he has asked you to be godfather to Baby, and has promised you to call her Thomasina. He is such a teaze, that I never know when he is joking or not. But I am to be godmother, and that I *never* will be to a child with such a dreadful name; so please, like a dear good old Uncle, say you could not think of letting the poor little child be victimized to the antiquated notion of naming a child after its godparents, (unless he or she happen to have a very pretty one, or to be rolling in riches,)—and—if you will say you would like the choice left entirely to your old friend, "little Edie,"—you will earn the eternal gratitude of

Your affectionate Niece,

EDITH WATERHOUSE.'

'I will fetch you myself from the station, and you shall have the honour of being drawn by the loveliest of Shetlands, if you won't bring much luggage, and will only say "yes."'

I said 'yes' to both letters, and on the Tuesday following left my peaceful home, wishing that I had said 'no' to at least one of the appeals. It was so very long since I had left my old-world home; it was so very long since we had met—a 'huge time,' Waterhouse called it. Ah! Edie, I foresaw, would be more like her father than her mother: but my vision of John Waterhouse was in a clerically high-buttoned coat, off—and in surplice, whether praying or preaching, when on—duty; great gravity of demeanour settled down on the somewhat wild lad of old days, every now and then a twinkle of eye and relaxing of lips giving witness that the old sense of humour was kept under, not extinguished. We had been great friends, and I had thought it would be very pleasant to meet him this once more; but now that the time drew near, I would fain have stayed quietly at home. We had never met since the greatest sorrow of my life; and, old wound as that now was, the prospect of meeting John Waterhouse, seeing him with wife and children, made it ache again, its possessor wince from the very thought of sympathy.

I had to go to London, cross it, and start for Bishop Thornton from Shoreditch. It was many years since I had been to London; its bustle roused me; spread of wealth and squalor appalled me: the pleasant fields once stretching towards Bow all gone or going: the old-fashioned black dwellings, with their picturesque red roofs, hidden or supplanted by the mean yellow brick streets arising on all sides: the change made me sadder still. I had spent many pleasant days at Bow; I had steeled myself to take a look at the old place, thus forced to pass it: the old

Digitized by Google

narrow-paned windows were replaced by flaring plate glass; the ivy torn away; the red brick made staring new; the field built over; the mulberry tree gone; a brick wall substituted for the hawthorn hedge!—thank Heaven, we were already past it all! *That* Camperdown House! the mulberry-tree, under which we read Schiller together, a mere stump! the very window in which I had last seen, as in a frame, her sweet face, gone too;—ah me!

I was still in a half dream, when a voice cried, 'Mr. Short, Uncle Tom! I have been looking for you everywhere, we thought you had not come; the train will be off in a minute, do pray be quick!' I looked up, and instinctively obeyed the brisk commanding voice, to find its owner too busily engaged in dragging my carpet-bag from under the seat to be at liberty for greetings.

Thus, in a polite struggle to release Miss Waterhouse's hands from an office so ill befitting them, I first became acquainted with the little Edie of my youth.

She had a sweet smile, the brightest of eyes, the whitest of teeth, the merriest of voices; a quantity of hair puffed about behind, none visible in front—at least, so it seemed to me. She wore a little thing, tilted over her eyes, and called a hat, though not at all like the shady coverings I had seen the last summer of Marianne's life, at Hastings, bearing that name; and a dress so long, that I could not tell if she were shod at all: over its body a little thing like a waistcoat, but called a jacket, I found, though it had no sleeves. I studied Edith Waterhouse and her dress very deeply the ten days I spent at Bishop Thornton. At this, our first meeting, she had in her arms a dog that could not see out of its eyes; but this, I was told, was a great beauty, when I pitied it for being thus inconvenienced by its length of hair. This had a red ribbon round its throat, and its mistress the new colour called mauve; not only was there no cottage bonnet and simply crossed ribbon, no dainty shoes and spotless stockings, but no retiring modesty, no gentle timidity at thus meeting her father's old friend alone on a railway platform—no blushes, when later her mother did gently remark that she had better have waited in the carriage for Mr. Short. I don't think I ever saw Edith or Gertrude Waterhouse blush the whole time I was at Bishop Thornton; and I think that some wise man has remarked, that when a woman ceases to blush, she has lost one of her chief charms. However, the young men about Bishop Thornton seemed to find plenty of charms in both young ladies without this, though they showed their admiration, and often addressed them, in a way that would have crimsoned—well, never mind! Edith told me it was only 'chaff,' and that she had always found she could set down anyone who really needed it.

But I have gone too far. At first common-places were exchanged between us; but when we had driven out of the town, she said,

'I wanted to drive you home, to thank you for your letter, and keep my word; but we are to look out for Papa near Woodford Green.'

Digitized by Google

'And is Baby's name chosen?'

'By me! I have a lovely name for her—one I was sure you would like. Gerty wanted Beatrice; and Florence, Violet; Herbert, Andromache; and Agnes, Hilda; but I told Papa that you left the choice to me, and I am to have my way.'

'And what is that?'

'Guess! It begins with an M!' and she gathered her whip and reins into one hand to lay the other on mine, and look into my face with a sweet archness that deceived me, but all unconsciously deceived me: she was only mischievously pleased to feel sure that I could never guess her name, never having heard it; I—I thought for the moment that her letter, her present playfulness, were but part of an innocent plot to give an old man pleasure.

'Marianne?' I asked softly, laying my hand on hers.

'Marianne! why not Deborah or Jemima at once! except, to be sure, they do *not* begin with an M! Marianne! oh, Mr. Short, you are laughing at me!'

I felt more inclined to cry, so many old sweetnesses had been brushed from my heart that day; yet I found that, in my fear lest she should discover the thrust of pain her scornful repetition of the name had caused me, I was but blundering the more.

'Martha, or Miriam, or—'

'Or Sarah, or Elizabeth, or Ann, or Betty, or Jenny, or Patty, or—it is *too* bad you should take every frightful name really beginning with an M at one breath! As a scholar, you should at least have thought of Monica; and Monica is pretty, but I have a prettier, at least I think so; but—but I shall not let you hear it till the very day. You have been laughing at me!' and she pretended to pout.

'I was not *laughing* at you,' I said sadly.

'I dare say you were: it would be just like Papa's friend! And if you were, you took me in completely for the moment, but only for the moment; as Papa's daughter, I have learnt to be very sharp.'

'Sharp' was such an ugly word from the lips of Edith Waterhouse, that it silenced further protestations; and she drove on in silence, every now and then casting furtive glances at me—I, doubtless, as peculiar a specimen of the genus man to her, as she of the genus woman to me.

We met John Waterhouse at the Green, and he was not only as clerically clad as of old, but unchanged at heart, wrung my hand as had been his habit twenty years ago, and proposed that we should walk home across the fields.

'I hope Edie has been treating you properly,' he said, as I alighted.

'We have quarreled already, Papa! very ungrateful of him, when but for me Mr. Short would have slept past Kelvedon, if not to—'

'Then Mr. Short has already discovered what a superior being Miss Waterhouse is! the whole world will have to join in a testimonial to her some day.'

Digitized by Google

That tone of satire would have annihilated (I believe I picked up many of Edie's phrases) a daughter in my day.

Edith turned her head meditatively on one side, to say, 'Will it? I must think what I should like, then—Versailles or the Kohinoor.'

I should have been better pleased if Edith had said 'new schools, or all curates' stipends raised to £200 a year,' even if in joke. Her father merely said, 'When you have arrived at a decision, tell me; then, when occasion arises, I can give the world a hint.'

So we parted.

It is hard to meet after fifteen years' absence. How talk of crops and weather or politics when great chasms of sorrow lie between you as well as years; times upon which the mind was once ever dwelling; and, out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth ever speaking; but the hearers tired, and the tale has been so long untold, it has become sacred—one's own alone. With Marianne Broughton's death the whole current of my life had been changed, and Waterhouse knew it; and I knew that his eldest son had died at school of scarlet fever but three years back—the Reginald who had been the baby in my last visit—but knew it only from the papers. Waterhouse had probably felt the loss too acutely to be able to write of it to the old friend of whom he had so long lost sight. Still we did talk of politics and crops those three miles to Bishop Thornton; and then suddenly we were crossing the churchyard, and he paused in his somewhat loud and eager talk to say hoarsely, 'We brought our boy home, Short, he lies there,' forgetting that his words, but for 'The Times,' would have been a riddle to me.

We walked up to the grave; at its head a cross, with the simple words, 'Jesus wept;' at its foot but a small stone, with the initials 'R. B. W.'; the mound overgrown with a tangle of lovely roses: and gazing down on these, he told me the whole story of the boy's life, of his mother's hasty summons, vain nursing. 'The doctors thought him better. I came back for my duty, he died that very Sunday night!' So he tore open his old wound to his old friend, and I took courage to do the same, and tell him the details of the lingering illness which had cut short our long ten years' engagement; and thenceforth there was no more need to force conversation on Fenians or barley, to break the silence with which fifteen years of separate interests had hitherto been always threatening us.

In those fifteen years my friend was grown a little portly, and rather bald; but the daily joys of husband and father had done more to restore his natural geniality of temperament than that one blast of sorrow to depress it. How could it be otherwise, when no sooner were we seen on the lawn, than a pair of girls, their long loose hair streaming behind them, rushed out to clasp his knees and hail him with delight, not failing to extend their hands in all friendliness to his unknown companion?

'Agnes and Eva, Nos. 6 and 7 in my large family;—we could have done very well without either of you, I believe!'

Digitized by Google

'Then you would have had no fresh eggs for your breakfast, Papa.'

'No! or Papa, having given fowls, found corn, and provided all other necessaries of fowl life, would not also have been made to pay for the eggs they produce? That's the plain English of it, eh, Eva?'

'Had the eggs without paying someone! Oh, Papa, that would have been stealing!'

'Would it? and who that stole ever came to a good end?' and Waterhouse swung the child up on his shoulder. 'So Miss Eva's mission is to save her father from becoming a thief?'

Thenceforth there was an end to serious talk of any kind. Forty years ago, I should no more have dreamt of interrupting my father's conversation with a stranger than of interrupting the clergyman at church. The young Waterhouses' free familiar terms with their father amazed me; but something in its familiarity was sweet—for we, as children, would not only never have thrust ourselves on our father when he was better occupied, but at all times held him so far more in fear than in love, as to shun, rather than seek, his company.

We went in to prepare for the early dinner-tea, and in so doing I caught sight of a girl, truly like her mother, at work in an easy chair; more regular-featured, more elegant, than Edith, and with much of the quiet repose about her that had been such a charm in Mrs. Waterhouse. Waterhouse noticed my glance of admiration, and said, 'Gerty, the beauty of my daughters, I am told; but Edie for me! I see you think otherwise—let me introduce you;' and he turned to call 'Gerty!'

'Yes, Papa,' a gentle voice answered, if languid compared to Edie's.

'I want you, my dear.'

'What is it, Papa?'

'You must come and see.' And after a pause Gerty appeared. 'Mr. Short, Gerty, my old friend; I want you to shake hands with him.'

Gertrude complied—at least, laid her hand in mine, and suffered me to shake hands; but what was I to her but an uninteresting old man? Still I had seen Marianne called on to receive her father's old friends, and knew how differently the introduction had been acknowledged in her case. Gerty, at least, had nothing gracious to say, and we passed on.

'Gerty is in the stage of young-ladyhood, when to be apathetic and *blasée* and indifferent, and everything I detest to see in a young girl, is the thing!' said her father; 'we must hope she will learn wisdom with years, and she has plenty of those before her; meanwhile, she is pleasant to look at, and a good girl in the main; but give me Edie!'

At tea the boys appeared, Herbert and Beaufort, very nice lads, though of quite a new type of school-boy to me, gentlemanly and easy-mannered; and if cricket formed the principal subject of the tea-table, no one seemed to enjoy the discussion more than their father. Edie made tea for the large party, with bright kindly words for all; and Gertrude looked very elegant and sweet amidst the clamour, in a white gown, with long blue ribbons in her hair.

Digitized by Google

It was a merry clamour, the father merriest of all: hard work and a large family had agreed with him; such a clatter daily would have driven me distracted.

Suddenly Edie cried, 'There's the bell; I promised Mother to run up before church. Don't wait for me, children.'

'We have Evening Service at six; will you come, Short?—Silence, children, while Eva says grace.'

And there was perfect silence while Eva stood before her father, clasped her hands together, closed her eyes, and said reverently—

'We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more than all for Jesus' Blood:
And grant, O Lord of Life, that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.'

Yes, I could have stood such clamour over meals, with use, I am sure I could.

Some ten minutes later we were in church—restored indeed since I had last seen it fifteen years ago; the blue ceiling above us starred with gold; the scraped walls, fresh open seats, and bright modern stained glass, made it seem as a new building to me; and the accustomed repose of the old village church wanting to it. Even when a sweet strain of music broke the silence, and I turned, to see Edith acting organist, it was to find the organ-pipes brilliant with blue, gold, and vermilion.

At least Waterhouse's voice was familiar: and he read the Evening Service to the little congregation, of four of his own household, three school children, two old men, and three old women, as if reading it to the Queen; and Edie played sweetly, and Herbert beside me sang second lustily, and my friend beside me bass. With sons and daughters, such must be a pleasant ending to the toiling of each day.

'Stop, Mr. Short, please, till I have put by the music; I want to show you the church,' said a voice behind me when all was over. I did so; and Waterhouse waited too, though saying that Edie should act cicerone, she was so fond of the church.'

'You remember it at all?' she asked.

'I have a very vivid vision of what the church was.'

'A hideous building, with a huge gallery there, and the pulpit and reading-desk blocking up the aisle; and the Rectory pew like a family coach, painted white, and lined with green; and monuments blocking up the windows, and—but you are laughing at me again.'

'No. I was only smiling to think how very different my memory of the old church was to yours; I look back on my Sunday here as one of the happiest of my life.'

'That must have been thanks to the people, not the church.'

'Both. You and your mother did make a pretty picture in the old high pew that day—your father did preach one of his most characteristic

Digitized by Google

sermons; but I find that even the lumbering gallery and sombre walls were become to me part and parcel of the beauty of the scene.'

Edie did not speak, only fixed her eyes on me in astonishment.

'Forgive him, Edie, it's only talk; he gave £10 towards the opening of the western arch.'

'Did I? I thought it was for much-needed repairs—'

'And restoration. Both *were greatly* needed. No! I did not take you in, Short; I know I wrote both words, if one with a big R, and the other with a little one.'

'You would like the gallery and old pews back again?' asked Edith.

'Only one more very pleasant picture of the past seems destroyed to me.'

'Papa! we had better introduce him to Farmer Stubbs at once. Farmer Stubbs, who has never come to church since the gallery was taken down: his grandfather had been churchwarden when it was put up, and spent a sight of money on it, and he considered taking it down an insult to the family memory, and that poor asthmatic Betsey King caught her death of cold from the freer admission of air. But you don't wish our high pew back?'

'I—I believe—should have liked the old church left, and a new one built.'

'You must have produced the funds, then—£10,000, instead of £10, Short: you are in one of your melancholy grumbling moods, I see, and just as much behind the spirit of your times as ever! Come, there was no old organ, so you can admire the new one.'

There was a great deal to admire. The carved capitals, released from their many coats of white-wash, were sharp almost as on the day first cut; the plain brick pavement replaced by encaustic tiles, laid down as well as made by Minton; the altar-cloth, the work of Edie and her mother, was far more befitting the Holy Table than the faded crimson cloth which Waterhouse had found there; the kneeling-cushions had also been worked by loving hands: and as Edith showed me all these beauties, she asked me gravely whether it were possible to make God's House too fair, to expend too much time and thought and money on its decoration. The stained-glass southern church window was a memorial to Reginald Waterhouse: his father had been called away when my eye fell on this addition, and I was trying in the dim light to make out the Early English inscription.

'You remember him? Papa said, "Short will remember Reggie!" when he told me that you were coming.'

'I remember him perfectly, though as a mere baby.'

'Papa was so fond of him, so proud of him;' and Edie leant her arms on a poppy head, and gazed full at me; 'he was very clever, such a fine fellow, body and mind. If I had been a heathen, doubting if Christianity were true, Papa's way of taking Reggie's death must have settled my doubts for ever. It would have killed one of his nature if

Digitized by Google

not a Christian; I thought, as it was, that he could never hold up his head again, could only *submit;* but—but you see how much more than this he does, how he is his dear, dearest old self again, only better, dearer than ever.'

There were tears in Edith's eyes. She paused, choked down the sobs, rather of admiration than of grief, in her voice, and continued, more in her old tone, 'We all put up this window; even Eva gave the two and fourpence she had in her money-box: Papa and I often come and stand before it, and we talk of him; we were such friends, though we were always quarreling!'

'And your mother? how does she bear it?'

'It was not such a trial to her;' and Edie's tone had changed, unpleasingly to me; 'of course, she had loved him dearly, but her nature has not Papa's passion and strength—faith and patience are quite easy to her; and then, of course, a woman would bear up for her husband's sake.'

We were silent a few minutes; then I said, 'There was a tablet here to an only son; I remember it well, it was just above your mother's head the Sunday I saw her in the old pew, and you upon her knee; now—?'

'Now,' said Edie dreamily, 'I dare say it is in the bell-tower, or the vestry, or wherever the old monuments were put away; I don't think that any were destroyed. I must show you the two photographs which we have of the church, as "Deformed" and "Reformed."'

Then Waterhouse rejoined us, and showed me the remains of a quaint fresco of St. Christopher, discovered under the whitewash of the northern aisle; the old Norman priests' door, found choked with rubbish in the chancel wall; out of this re-opened door we went, he bending low his head, and even so making his exit with difficulty.

Then we sauntered about the sweet hay-fields till we heard the children playing at croquet, when the very sound of the balls made Edie uneasy; and soon she and her father were in the midst of the game, fighting each other 'hammer and tongs,'—Edie's simile, not mine.

But first Waterhouse had taken me to the up-stair room, whence his wife was watching the large party, the pretty sitting-room which Waterhouse had fitted up for his bride, and of which he had never let any after need rob his wife. How refreshing was the calm of that room, little changed, save that photographs of her children adorned the walls as well as texts and illuminations; otherwise, even its exterior was unchanged, and the old spirit of peace pervading it. Much at Bishop Thornton was so different to what I had expected it to be, that I had half feared to see its mistress again, but unjustly. Here mercy and truth still met together, righteousness and peace were still kissing each other; and we had a long talk over old times in the gathering twilight, which only Waterhouse's entrance broke up: he was as fond a husband as of old, and I could have wished the sleeping babe Edie, as on my first visit, and the old times back in very truth.

Digitized by Google

The supper-bell rang, and we were off.

'Take care of that step, Short; there are steps in all directions; we have added so much to the house—improved *that*, I think even you will allow. Edie calls it "The house with seven gables."'

We had much such a supper as tea, save that Eva and Agnes were gone; and Herbert's talk ran on photography and chemistry, and all manner of matters which no boys but those considered 'eccentric' and 'good for nothing else' would have cared for in my days. At last bed-time came, and Waterhouse and I were left alone.

'It is a noisy world which I have brought you into, Short, and you are observing it with the old philosophical eye. Tell me when you leave us how many riddles we have presented to you, and how many you have solved. I warned my girls of your old love of observation, and that you'd come among us "a chiel takin' notes."'

He bade me good-night. I sat long at the open window, meditating on his last words, and how thoroughly the world and its ways were changed, it seemed to me, in scarce one generation. Thus meditating, I fell asleep; to be awakened, or seem to be awakened, by a knock at the door.

PART II.

'Mr. Short!'

'Come in, Edie.' The voice was surely that of Edie Waterhouse.

'Edie! Pray don't call me by such a frightful old-fashioned name; you might as well call me Ethel or Violet or Florence at once!' And there entered a girl, strangely like Edith in the roguish look of her eyes, as well as her cheerful tone of voice; but little other likeness, if such existed, had survived the change in dress. My unknown visitor was wearing a short green stuff gown, such as some few charity-school girls wear still, the simple dress protected by a spotless apron and bib, her smooth brown hair drawn back behind a mob cap; as trim and neat a maiden as could be.

'What *is* your name, then?' I asked, taking her hand, (a hand in mittens,) for I felt sure she was a friend.

'Martha Housewater.'

'Edie Waterhouse transmogrified!'

'Into a twentieth-century young woman then! I believe that I had a great-aunt Edith Waterhouse a century ago; but no Ediths exist now-a-days, except in charity-schools and sculleries!'

'No! nor Gertrudes? nor Evas? nor—'

'No; except amongst a few unfortunate wretches condemned to be named after antiquated and millionaire godparents.'

'You have no sister Gertrude?' I asked incredulously.

'No, I am thankful to say, none. Sally has Violet tucked in after her Sarah—Papa remembered that old aunt, and she'd been kind to him

Digitized by Google

as a boy; otherwise, we have the four loveliest names under the sun—Patty, Betty, Sally, and Ann!'

'Oh, Edie, Edie! trying to take in an old man like that!'

'I will not be called Edie!' and she stamped her foot so vehemently, that perforce my attention was called to the plain white stockings and buckled shoes which completed her attire; 'I am Patty Housewater, and I came to tell you of a great discovery which you don't deserve to hear.'

'Nay, tell me!'

The girl looked so piquante and strange, and yet so sweetly familiar, in that old-fashioned garb.

'We—you don't deserve to hear it! but we have found a piece of the old gallery, just a little piece, but enough to show exactly of what wood it was made. That Goth, our great-grandfather, took it down a hundred years ago, and I dare say burnt the rest; it would have been just like the ignorant conceit of the age! and my father is going to begin having it restored at once. You know we have happily a copy of the inscription; the *Goths* were such *geese* as to have a photograph of the church taken before they laid hands on it; and though invisible to the naked eye, we can make out the whole inscription, and can even tell that it must have been gold on a black ground. There, aren't you delighted?'

'I ought to be?'

'Of course, if only that I bid you; but what delights *me* is, that these photographs of 'Deformation' and 'Reformation' have just helped us to the true Restoration. Papa got the tower arch filled in long ago, (half the old people had died from the draught in the interim!) and we are having all the old monuments fitted in. You know that you subscribed £10 towards putting those back in their right places; but come and see for yourself how beautiful we are making the dear old church: it is a shame you have been here two whole hours, and not seen it yet.'

I followed her into Bishop Thornton church: behold, the walls, pillars, and capitals, were again clothed in white-wash, the western arch filled up, the old monuments in their old places. I did feel pleasure; it was far more the dear old familiar place to me than that of 1867, for pains had been taken not to let the new wash be staring, not to wipe all the dust of ages off the monuments: but I did not want to see all re-restored, and glanced round for Edie's organ. Gone!

'The organ is being repaired?' I asked.

'Repaired!—got rid of, thank goodness! The singing-men will be in the gallery as soon as it is up again. And we shall have a grand opening; Ebenezer Stubbs will take the violin, and Herbert Links the flute. We had great difficulty in getting rid of that organ: one church-warden said he remembered his father saying that some fusty great-aunt of mine played on it "like an angel;" and Farmer Warren, that it had been good enough for our forefathers, and why not for us?'

Digitized by Google

So it was gone! I too had heard Edith Waterhouse playing very sweetly on that organ; I could not fancy even Ebenezer Stubbs and Herbert Links could surpass the beauty of those strains.

'And Hymns Ancient and Modern? you use those still?'

'Hymns Ancient and Modern!' repeated Patty thoughtfully; '*Hymns Ancient and Modern!* I don't think I know what you mean!'

'What everyone is using now, and some are very beautiful. I remember your great-aunt, Edie Waterhouse, playing and leading No. 12 one summer evening, her father singing bass, her brother alto, and very lovely and calm it was!'

'But—but how very unsuitable for a woman to be playing and leading voices in church—how very shocking! I should like to see my father's face if I tried Ebenezer's violin! Did my great-aunt ever really play that organ? She did? well, I never believed old Dobb's story before!'

'It used to be thought a very fitting occupation for a clergyman's daughter to teach and lead his choir,' I said humbly.

'Oh! in the ignorant times of a hundred years ago! but you know everyone ran wild then, and spoilt all that they could lay hands on, Church psalmody and decent order included, I suppose! My father always says that they quite forgot, in their headlong mania for their so-called restorations, that the real beauty of the old buildings lay in their then condition having been the natural growth of ages; that not one of their then belauded modern Gothicisms has, to a well-educated mind, the charm and interest of a simple village church, within which generation after generation has prayed and worshipped, and left their impress on its very floor and walls! that they should have remembered that the high pews and many monuments, if not beautiful in themselves, were, as the seams and furrows the changes and chances of a long life bring to a dear old face, part of the true glory of old age! I would as soon see grandmother with her beautiful grey hair dyed to chesnut, and her withered cheeks bedaubed with paint, as this chancel made as spick and span and *young* as our dreadful great-grandfather made it!'

Patty was leaning over a high white pew, looking me full in the face with a glance so like poor Edie's, that I at once remembered the memorial window, and glanced round for it anxiously. Gone!

'There was a window there,' I said faintly.

'There *is* a window,' retorted Patty cheerfully, 'only we have restored it; we sisters clubbed together, and surprised father with filling in the window with plain lozenged glass again.'

'And the stained glass?'

'Put away in the vestry or somewhere! I don't think it was destroyed. You—you don't mean that you wish it back again?'

'Indeed I do, Patty. It was placed there by your great-uncles and aunts only a hundred years ago, and to the memory of the eldest brother, whose death had half broken their father's heart; it does seem to me a little hard that it should be so soon displaced.'

Digitized by Google

'Does it?' said Patty more thoughtfully; 'but then, you know, it was their fault for choosing a memorial that blocked out what little other light they had left for us to read by; and no one but those learned in ancient characters ever could have read that inscription; we were obliged to get a friend from the British Museum to interpret it at last. It had not helped us one bit to prove our great-uncle's death, when all father's prospects depended upon real proof; and they had only put "R. B. W." on the stone, and who could tell that it had not been to a girl? I suppose they called it humility; I only know the illegibility of one monument and absurd brevity of the other nearly reduced us to beggary! and I dare say they had made the window an excuse for removing that tablet to Mrs. Middleton's only son.'

'It did make way for it, I believe.'

'Then it is but fair that poor John Middleton should oust it in his turn. Aren't you glad to see that back again?'

'Yes, I am, because—' My old vision of Edie Waterhouse on her mother's knee came back to me; but I saw that my auditor was more unsympathetic than Edie Waterhouse herself had been, and I paused.

'Was your great-aunt Edith buried here?' I asked suddenly.

'Now, Mr. Short, you can't expect me to know where all my great-aunts were buried; there were at least half a dozen of them! and I only remember one, the youngest.'

'What was her name?' I asked, with sudden curiosity.

'It began with an M—some queer, old-fashioned, false-revived name of the period! Wait, I ought to remember,'—and the smooth brow was puckered in thought—'or stay, hadn't she some charming name first? Mar—'

'Mr. Short! Mr. Short! We have been to church ever so long ago, and breakfast is ready, and—'

I opened my eyes: green-gowned Patty Housewater was gone, and instead of her pleasant young voice, Beaufort Waterhouse was thundering at the door, and shouting and re-shouting out his information in the shrill tones of early boyhood. It was daylight, broad daylight, and I was again in the picturesque modern-medieval spare bed-room of Bishop Thornton Rectory. It was for the time a sorry awakening; something in the past vision had been very sweet; and how much more would I fain have learnt from the demurely-dressed maiden of my dream—dream so vivid, that I can scarcely even now look upon it as merely such. Patty Housewater seems still a friend whom I shall some day meet again.

When I entered the dining-room, there was the old familiar clamour; and I was glad, very glad, to find that my dear, if noisy young friends, were *not* both buried and forgotten.

'A fine, Mr. Short!' shouted Beaufort; 'make him pay his fine, Edie, before you give him any breakfast.'

'Keep that tongue of yours to yourself a little bit,' said his father,

Digitized by Google

who doubtless saw that this familiar mode of address was somewhat bewildering to a middle-aged clergyman, only used to be treated with the greatest respect by the few children with whom he came in contact.

'But, Papa, I knocked before I went to church; and everyone who is late has to pay a penny—you do—'

But Edie caught Beaufort's eye, and frowned down his untimely persistency.

'We don't fine guests—or at least guests above a certain age,' she said gravely, if with a roguish look out of her eyes. 'I assure you, Mr. Short, Papa's one thought the last quarter of an hour has been how to keep the bacon hot for you, and mine the coffee. Come and tell me how I have succeeded,' and she made room for me beside her with the sweetest courtesy.

I tried to apologize, but Waterhouse in his hearty way drowned all my attempts at apology, putting a hunch of bread on my plate that I thought would surely have sufficed a family, till I found not only he, but his sons, and one or two of his daughters, ate quite as much at a meal.

Presently Gertrude sauntered away with a book, which reminded me to beg that my lateness should not be allowed to keep any other of the party prisoner.

'Gerty is old enough to choose between her book and her manners, and unfortunately prefers her book to her manners,' said Waterhouse shortly; 'I hope her younger brothers and sisters will know better when like liberty falls to their share.'

'That's because Gerty wasn't at church last night or this morning,' whispered Beaufort very audibly. Later, I examined the boy's head carefully, and found that it had no bump of veneration.

My meal was soon over, and Waterhouse sauntered out with me into the garden; when called in to see some parishioner, leaving me thoughtfully dreaming over again the vision of the night. Edie had left the breakfast-table, keys in hand, full of business; now she stepped blithely out on the lawn, a basket on her arm, a pair of garden-scissors slung round her waist, wearing so short a gown, that I mistook her at first for Agnes. Seeing me, she came towards me at once.

'Mr. Short, Mamma says that I ought to have asked you whether you liked a mattress or feather-bed, and I am ashamed to say that I don't even know which Anne put; but I think (if one may judge from the result) I may hope that the right was put by intuition?'

'I have no doubt that it was.'

'You are dreaming still, I declare.'

'Dreaming over a dream, such a strange vivid dream. I should like to tell it to you, Edie.'

I could read her thought in the sudden change of her face—'Does he always tell his dreams? am I to hear them whilst he's here? woe's me!' But what she said was, 'Some other time, please, when I'm not so busy;

Digitized by Google

we have friends coming to luncheon and croquet, and I have the flowers and a hundred things to see to. Gerty's never any good when she's a book or an illumination on hand, and now she's both.'

So Edie flitted away, and, I am afraid, for the time lost some of her sweetness in my eyes: and I sauntered to and fro, wondering how, one hundred years hence, the story of all the happy busy lives around me would have been told—how death would have stilled the warm heart and keen brain of my old friend, John Waterhouse—where Edie would be lying—could either be indeed so soon forgotten or decried?

The friends came to luncheon—two Miss Heriots with their widowed mother, and two young men, reading with some neighbouring clergyman; and I could but sit in silence, amazed and far from pleased with much of the talk around me. Even Edie forgot me, as, with a brighter glow than usual on her cheek, she acted hostess, so far as Charles Palmer's attentions, and their frequent duel of wits, left her at liberty to remember the part devolved upon her by her mother's absence.

Then came croquet: I watched the game dissatisfied but intently. Waterhouse threw his might into it, and, I need not say, did not forget perfect uprightness even in a game, any more than true Christian courtesy, even when croqueting an enemy's ball to the further end of the lawn. But—I am almost ashamed to write it—I saw Miss Heriot sweep her yellow ball into better position with her dress more than once, and Gertrude stand negligently over her orange one, and thus secure its being left untouched, in a general croquet of her side, in its position.

'You seem to find croquet a very serious matter,' said Waterhouse, coming up to me; 'I thought at first that you were only giving your mind to the new riddle till you had mastered it; but now that you have mastered it, your face has grown at least an inch longer.'

'Blue! blue!' shouted Beaufort; 'Papa, you're *always* running away.'

(Aloud.) 'Papas were once accustomed to do what they liked without being called to account by their infant sons; were not they, Short?' *(Aside.)* 'Perhaps you saw what I did; if so, you shall see too that cheating has an avenging Nemesis even on the croquet-ground; you will find there are two balls which *I* shall never think any distance too great to go out of my way to croquet.'

And I believe, before the game was over, both his daughter and her friend were perfectly well aware of the cause of their common persecution, and must, at least, have been ashamed that their cheating had been seen.

'Yes,' said Waterhouse, when the guests, after an early cup of tea—'drum,' I think Edie called it—were gone home to their late dinners, 'croquet brings out true character as much as any game I know—has its uses in showing one of what metal one's own children are made, whether it is thanks to anything better than the safeguards of their position that they are not as truly rogues and vagabonds as any Arabs in the streets.'

Digitized by Google

Waterhouse spoke with unusual sharpness, to add, with the nearest approach to a sigh I had ever heard him indulge in, 'If it is strange to me, Short, what must it be to you, to look back on the educational theories of my first years of fatherhood—say the year that you were here, when Edith and Gertrude promised to be the angels on earth I then meant every daughter of mine to be! I remember a talk with you on the subject of their education on this very lawn! and you see what they are, almost as full of faults as the Miss Heriots themselves.

I was saved reply by Gertrude's slow graceful approach, and gently imparted information, that Mr. Horsham wished to speak to her father.

'I will come in a minute.' But Waterhouse took two or three quick turns before going into the house, and I looked after him with pity as well as affection. We had had some long conversations on the education of children fifteen years ago; and I had often mentally recalled them at sight of Edie's lady-like 'fastness,' Gerty's gentle selfishness, audience of Beaufort's appalling liberty of tongue.

'In fact,' said Waterhouse, suddenly by my side again, and with his usual cheerful decision of tone, 'I have found one can do little but follow the Frenchman's advice, quoted in one of the good books which I gave Edie on her birth-day some years ago, "Tolérer beaucoup et prier davantage," and failure here has helped to teach a very self-confident man the lesson he has all his life been teaching others—"That Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but it is God that giveth the increase."'

So we turned and went into church, where Edie was again organist, and Gerty sang second in Herbert's place, neither of the boys there.

'Did you notice that Gerty was at church?' asked the father as we paced up and down in the dusk; 'she will never say a word of sorrow, never appear to take to heart any way in which I have chosen to show my disapprobation of anything she does, and I have long found direct appeals to her only induce a gentle sullenness peculiar to herself, but I believe that she is true at heart, and expect that to-morrow if we play at croquet I shall not be tempted to wish she were a boy that I might box her ears.'

We sauntered up and down in pleasant talk till Edie came out to send her father up to her mother, 'who was growing quite jealous of Mr. Short.' 'And now,' she added, slipping her arm through mine, 'you will tell me your dream.'

'Is all your business over?'

'Yes, till supper time; then I shall have to carve for half a dozen hungry mortals! you think me very prosaic, but I have poetry enough in my nature to feel this a far better time for hearing dreams than broad daylight; or is it so appalling that I shall be tempted in the dusk to scream and wake Baby? if so, let us go into the drawing-room and ring for candles.'

'It will not make you scream, but on looking back I think it may seem to you a little appalling; at least, I think it would have been so to a young girl in my youth.'

Digitized by Google

'Try me; perhaps you will find me, poor nineteenth century young lady as I am, not really quite so frivolous and heartless as you think.'

So I did tell her the whole dream out, and she listened without remark or interruption; when she found the tale had ceased, she sighed and said, 'But do you think that they ever would take out Reggie's window? if so, I would rather take it out myself at once.' A pause. 'And why do you think she called herself Patty Housewater instead of Waterhouse? or was that only one of the true restorations of the age? and so our calling ourselves Waterhouses is but our consummate ignorance.'

'I was always meaning to ask her how the name had become changed; when Beaufort woke me, was on the point of doing so.'

'Beaufort will get into a row about you if he does not take care,' said Edie, with a sudden change of tone. 'I only just saved him at breakfast, and at croquet; I—I think I'll just run in and give his stupid little head a hint that he'd best be on his best manners to one who has spoken with his great-niece.'

So she ran away, leaving me perplexed by her sudden frivolity. Patty Housewater once more seemed the sweeter vision of the two. When the supper-bell rang that night, we were all assembled but Edie, who was supposed to be with Mamma, and we proceeded to the dining-room without her, Gerty taking her vacant chair.

Presently she slipped in, laid her hand on her father's shoulder, with the word 'Pardon!' and seated herself in Gerty's usual place, and so opposite to me; she was unusually quiet, and so was Beaufort, and it was decided that we were all tired, and stood in great need of our beds. Edie was the last to bid 'good-night.' 'She must put away the children's litter,' she said, and begged Gerty not to wait; and then after kissing her father, (who threw such a fatherly arm round her, saying, 'You are pale and overtired, child!') held up her face to me for a kiss, whispering, 'Good-night, Uncle Tom.'

I need not say whether Patty Housewater or Edith Waterhouse were the dearer to me at that moment.

The next morning I took care to be down ready for the seven-o'clock service; so was Edie, to play and sing,

'Now that the daylight fills the sky!'

the boys, and some two or three other worshippers; but Edie wore a shady hat that sweet cool morning, and it was not till breakfast-time that even her father saw her face enough to say, 'Edie, you are pale still, and quite dark under the eyes, I declare; what business had you to be up for service?'

'Great business, all the business in the world.'

'Come here! Let me feel your pulse.' Waterhouse had always dabbled a little in physic.

'You needn't, Papa; I have only been a great goose. And—' but the rest was lost in her clasp of his neck and resounding kisses.

Digitized by Google

'I don't know when she came up to bed last night,' began Agnes.

'Don't tell tales out of school, little girl,' cried Edie, with sudden severity; 'now let's sit down, and catch Beaufort out if possible, and *he* shall pay his fine, Mr. Short, though I let you off yesterday.'

'And Edie, Baby's name?' began Florence; 'if you will have M—'

'Hush! hush! we can't enter on that story now.'

'Holloa! what an autocrat we are becoming all of a sudden!' cried Herbert; 'all I say is that Andromache *must* be one of the names, if it makes the youngest Miss Waterhouse "M. A. W." all her life or not.'

'Edie, you must put "Violet" in.'

'I can do nothing but attend to the tea-cups for the next ten minutes; Papa, no sugar; Mr. Short, a little; the boys all that they can get.—Yes, Beaufort, late; your penny, if you please.'

'I declare it's not eight.'

'But it is.'

'I'm sure if grey hairs let off Mr. Short yesterday, youthful inexperience should me.'

'Beaufort!' not in Edie's merry satirical tone, but in a particularly quiet gentle tone from the other end of the table; whereupon Beaufort really coloured, said,

'Don't teaze, Edie, I'll pay after breakfast,' and the matter dropped, till to my surprise, some hour later, I found Beaufort hovering about me, and on my looking up he said, with a wry face, half of shame, half of roguery, 'Mr. Short, Papa says that I have three times been very rude to you, and must beg your pardon.'

I said 'Granted,' laying my hand on his head; and it was then that the absence of all bump of veneration first struck me.

The next day came a game of croquet with no cheating—Waterhouse, Gerty, and Beaufort, against Edie, Florence, and myself; Edie and Waterhouse both insisted upon my playing, and I defy anyone to play croquet with Edith and Waterhouse, and not be infected by their keen pleasure in the science and niceties of the game.

That day and the next passed much as usual; on the Sunday the mother once more took her place amongst her children, petted, caressed, almost adored; was it mere crabbedness made me feel something of honour wanting? Herbert flung open the door, announcing, 'Madame la Mère,' and she entered, calm, sweet, gentle as ever, on her husband's arm, Edie carrying the baby ('As proud as Punch!' whispered Beaufort behind me) in the rear.

'Is not she grown in these four days that you have been here, Uncle Tom? Oh! you must see that she is! and is it not delightful to see the darlingest of all mothers in her place again? We should not all have shocked you quite so often had Papa but waited for the christening day to be the beginning of your visit. Just hold our child, will you, whilst I settle the dear mother?'

The child lay, happily, very peacefully in my arms till Edie was at

Digitized by Google

liberty again; and a very calm pleasant meal followed. Later, I saw Gerty walking up and down a shady path, the baby in her arms. I don't think that I ever saw her look more truly like the mother of twenty years back than at that moment; tender, careful, utterly free from thought of self, and certainly never more lovely than in that cool Sunday dress with a bright ribbon in her hair.

She looked so sweet, so attractive, that I could not resist joining her. Gerty was a far deeper riddle to me than Edie; I found it hard to believe one so fair could be selfish or shallow—that any child of Waterhouse's could be merely shallow; or of his wife's, indolently selfish at heart: she had been holding the child so tenderly, gazing so pensively into its placid face, that it struck me that she might be about to become my other fellow-sponsor, and I ventured to ask if this were the case, not quite so much in fear of a gentle rebuff from her indifference as usual.

'The other godmother? oh no!'

'You seem so fond of the child, and are confirmed, I suppose?'

'Yes;' and we walked on side by side in silence. Looking back, it seems as untimely persistency as any of which Beaufort was guilty during my visit, that I should have broken this silence by saying, 'Surely you would have liked to be sponsor?' but I cannot regret the persistency.

She glanced up into my face, for once so far forgetting her usual entire self-composure as thus to show some astonishment at my perseverance. Then she dropped her eyes again, and answered gently, 'Yes, I should have liked to be, but—but—' with a sudden flash of her father's vehemence, 'do you know me so little as to think Papa would think *me* fit to be a godmother? I am sure I have not tried to deceive you by showing you my best side—if I have one. When Edie took to making such a fuss about your coming, and about this child, as hers and yours only, I—'

She paused. 'You—what?' I asked.

'I? oh! why do you teaze me so? it all made me so cross, and it had seemed so hard that Papa should say at once that Edie should be godmother, and never think of me. But—but I don't think he knows how hard his just leaving me alone really is; if he would only have said, a little kindly, "I don't think you fit to be a godmother, Gerty, or I would have asked you too," instead of asking Mrs. Marston to stand proxy for that New Zealand aunt, who—'

Gertrude stopped here decidedly, brushed her hand with some fierceness across her eyes, and presently added with a sigh, 'I had thought that to have Baby to love and care and be good for, would have been such a help towards being better; but of course Papa knows best. And now promise me to forget every word that I have been saying, or I shall positively *hate* you!' and she looked up into my face with a smile.

'What if I would rather that you would hate your father's old friend than be utterly indifferent to him?'

'You must make yourself hated in some other way, then,' she said

Digitized by Google

eagerly, but without a trace of Edith's coquetry; 'I never do say anything of such things to anybody, and how I came to say anything to you—'

'Gerty, Gerty, bring Baby in, it is time for her to be dressed,' so called Edie from the drawing-room window; and thus we parted, to meet in church half-an-hour later; and later still be gathered round the font, Edith with flitting colour, her bright eyes moist with tears, clad in as spotless white as the little sister in her arms; very low and reverent were her answers, with some trembling in her tones; but when her father said, 'Name this child,' she glanced at her mother as if to gather courage to answer firmly.

'Marianne Muriel.'

Even Waterhouse paused one instant from surprise; whilst poor Florence caught Edie's dress in remonstrance and entreaty; but as 'Marianne Muriel' was their little sister added to the members of Christ's flock; and whilst with a depth of feeling which I can never forget, John Waterhouse received his ninth child into the congregation of Christ's Church, Edie impulsively slipped her hand into mine, and held it with a warm-hearted pressure that suddenly made my own vision of the father and child as dim as hers could be.

It was not till evening that I found Edie alone, could take her hands and thank her.

'Your story of Patty made me think. I asked Mamma what could have made you imagine that Baby's name would be Marianne, and she told me, and I had such a cry over her and you, and poor Reggie's window, and myself forgotten, that night after all were gone to bed! But I will tell no one, and Baby shall only be Marianne to you and me; you would not like to hear the children calling her by that name, and they will like Muriel so much better, or she should have been Marianne alone, she should indeed.'

'I am very glad, Edie, that you added your own name too.'

'And you must help me, Mr. Short, to make her worthy of her name; more, far more, what Papa's daughter ought to be than I can ever be. You will help me; it frightens me that he should have asked me to be sponsor; but—but I will try very hard to do *my* duty to the little darling.'

When I went home, the end of that week, it was under promise of returning to Bishop Thornton after Christmas to see how my god-child was thriving, and help to keep Edith's nineteenth birth-day, a promise I only gave on condition that next summer my old friends and their two eldest daughters should pay me a visit in their turn; and often my little out-of-the-world Rectory would have seemed strangely dull and silent this autumn, could I not have paced the future croquet lawn, (to which an apple tree and rhododendron have been already sacrificed!) picturing it full of life and merry strife; or opened the door of my long-deserted drawing-room, and gazed at the new carpet and curtains, hoping that they will next summer find favour in Edie's eyes. I dare say the saucy girl would

Digitized by Google

only laugh if she knew that the two letters full of chat and family news—and I am afraid a little slang—which she has found excuse for writing to me since my return, are kept in my pocket-book, and are read almost daily before I set into my evening work, albeit this work is preparatory to a new edition of Erasmus.

'Be sure you tell me every word Patty Housewater utters the next time you dream of her,' she writes in each letter; but Patty has never revisited me, and is but one of the many pleasant memories of my past ten days at Bishop Thornton, with which I should be loath indeed to part.*

A. C. D.

THE FESTA ON THE WATERS, IN HONOUR OF PRINCESS MARGHERITA.

Venice, May, 1868.

SOME years back I came to Venice. The age of poetry, I thought, had long past with me, but I found not even a sexagenarian could resist its influence here, while floating noiselessly along in the graceful gondola. Whether the setting sun was gilding the beautiful dome of Sta. Maria di Saluto, or the silvery light of the moon sparkling on the water—all was lovely, all was poetry. Venice then was mourning, her nobles were exiles, her beautiful palaces were crumbling to decay, or serving as barracks for the Austrian soldiers. Nightly did the fine Austrian band play in the Piazza of San Marco, but to whom? to Austrians and strangers, for where were the Venetians? The gondoliers cheerlessly plied their oars, for then rarely indeed did one ever hear them sing the strains of Tasso, as had been their wont in days of yore.

A few years have passed, and here I am again. Venice is free, her port is free, and again she sits like a queen upon the waters.

Not only is she now rejoicing in her independence, but she is giving a right royal welcome to the youthful bride of the House of Savoy. The national flag now streams from every palace on the Grand Canal, while the smaller canals and narrow streets are arched over by the banners which hang on either side. The ships are decked in their gayest colours, a large band plays in the Piazza, brilliantly illuminated with gas standards. It is thronged with people, whose cries of 'Evviva Margherita!' bring the young and popular bride to the window to be welcomed with hearty cheers.

But Venice is a queen of the waters, so that on her own element must her joyous reception be given.

* This sketch must be taken as it is meant—not to censure, but to compare; to set us thinking what is the same, what is different; what is fashion, and what real improvement; what is conceit, and what is advance; what is the taste of time, and what is real principle.—EDITOR.

Digitized by Google

At nine o'clock on the evening of the 25th of May, two huge barges might have been seen towed up by six and eight gondolas off the Ducal Palace, over which towered the Campanella looking as if it were in sunshine from the brilliancy of the illumination in the piazza below. Near the barges assembled (apparently, at least) the eight hundred gondolas which are said to ply in Venice, independently of the private ones. The barges which were for the orchestra and music, were in themselves one blaze of light, while most of the gondolas hoisted their coloured lanterns at stem or stern—the private gondoliers in their costumes—some with hats and long white ostrich feathers, some in velvet dresses; though the generality were in sober coloured suits with red or blue sashes.

At half-past nine, the overture being finished, the barges began to move. They were followed by the royal gondola with its scarlet draperies and liveries, and then we all followed, as best we could, wondering at, and admiring, the patience and precision of eye with which each gondolier kept his place, or pushed into some narrow streak of water left open by the others. This was no easy matter when the crowd of gondolas was so great, that at one time the canal seemed boarded over by boats, so that one could have walked across it dry-shod. There was no sparring, no quarreling; yet amidst such a multitude, the clang of voices was prodigious—but we have come to a halt, and all is changed; silence reigns around—not a sound is heard. The barges stop, and the music begins; such is the silence and complete hush of every other sound, that not even the softest note of song or instrument is lost: by the light of the lamps or the Bengal fires which are burning around, one can see, here and there, a gondolier standing at his post in his naturally graceful attitude, seemingly entranced; while others, equally absorbed, are taking advantage of the rest, and lying on their gondolas. The silence was most striking, and must have been grateful to the performers, who afterwards received their full meed of applause and encores. The music was all new, and written expressly for this occasion. After repeated halts we at length arrived at the beautiful Foscari Palace, so lately a barrack, now restored by the city, and at this time handsomely fitted up for the reception of the royal party, who landed here, and, in answer to the repeated shouts and calls of 'Viva Margherita,' shewed themselves at its beautiful balcony. Here the Princess received the serenade prepared for her, and she and the music seemed to share alike in the hearty cheers given to both.

This being concluded, the procession went on to the Rialto. It was now one o'clock, and we were anxious to return, but to effect this seemed an impossibility; fortunately, however, at this moment the Princess's gondola was seen to make a homeward move. Instantaneously many a sturdy arm was at work and many a back bent to seize the happy moment, and push backwards through the crowd. Not an angry word was heard, and in an inconceivably short time we found ourselves in clear water returning to our hotel, pleased and gratified by this

Digitized by Google

unique festá. The procession itself did not conclude till three in the morning.

Beautiful Venice! none can see her without loving her. May she always value, and know how to make good use of, the freedom she now enjoys.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THIRD SERIES.

The present and concluding series of the Loan Exhibition of National Portraits at South Kensington, extends from A. D. 1800–1867, and consists of 624 portraits of or by deceased celebrities, beginning with Gainsborough's full-length portrait of George Augustus Frederick, Prince of Wales, and ending with Bonham-Carter's small-sized head of Arthur Hugh Clough; what a gulph in thought and spirit between these two men, who not only died but were born and bred within one century. The collection proper is supplemented by some 320 portraits of older date, from that of Sir Brian Tuke, Treasurer of the Chamber to Henry VIII., to the thirty portraits of the Dillettante Society, painted by Knapton, Reynolds, and others, in the middle or close of the last century: but older than all, and of inestimable artistic and historical value, hangs once more upon these walls, the now famous contemporary portrait of Richard II., from its present home, the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster; the coats of more modern painting overlaying the work of five hundred years back now removed, so that the spectator stands face to face with that face that, having as the sun made all 'beholders wink,' was at 'the last outfaced by Bolingbroke.'

But it seems better to leave the older pictures for a time, to begin with what is the real collection of the year, and thus follow the numbers of the catalogue: a catalogue, as alone to be procured in April, shorn of many of the convenient indices of last year; containing no list of lenders, subjects, or artists; and as all the portraits of the same person are by no means invariably together, it was difficult to make sure of having seen even the best portrait present of any celebrity, or that by the best artist.

As before said, Gainsborough is the painter of the gallant young prince, standing beside his chesnut horse, in scarlet uniform and K. G. star, trees and landscape behind him. Let us put aside all thoughts of the padded, stiff-stocked, unpleasing, elderly beau of later years, and thus be free to enjoy the tall, well-proportioned beauty of the fair-skinned red-lipped young man, so well fitted by nature to be a nation's hope and pride: Nature assuredly intended him for better things than were ever his; let us hope that some of the real blame of the faults of later years may be laid on the uncongenial circumstances surrounding the youth of a prince of

Digitized by Google

spirit and such great personal advantages. Here the powdered hair is tied behind in a queue, and thus helps to enhance the fairness of the clear smooth skin. Next to the finest gentleman in Europe, hangs his fourth brother, Ernest Augustus Duke of Cumberland, the late King of Hanover, apparently far less intellectually, as well as personally, gifted than his brother.

Many portraits of Nelson hang in this first bay: in No. 16, Gainsborough, we see him as a mere boy in midshipman's uniform, his eyes apparently brown instead of the well known blue of all other likenesses: Rigaud, No. 9, paints him as a slim post-captain of two-and-twenty, the dark blue eyes keener than the mouth: in Nos. 5, (Devis,) 14, (Guzzardi,) 27, (Abbot,) he is again represented; in the two last numbers, the face reddened by exposure, the naturally sorrowful expression of countenance almost degenerating into that of lachrymose dissipation. In 25, Beechey paints the gray-haired clerical father of England's favourite naval hero, and hence we learn that this distressed expression was hereditary.

No. 24, Henry Howard, is Cuthbert Collingwood, the brave Christian admiral, who, in one of his charming letters to his father-in-law, (At sea, June 5, 1794,) notes how, after cruising for some days in vain in search of the French fleet, it was on 'little Sarah's birth-day' that it was discovered to the windward. Many a blessing he sent forth to his other Sarah on the night of watching and preparation preceding the day thereafter to be known as the glorious 1st of June, lest he should never bless her more; and yet he could enjoy the fray as a true Englishman. 'The ship we were to engage was two a-head of the French Admiral, so that we had to go through his fire and that of the two ships next him, and received all their broadsides two or three times before we fired a gun. It was then near ten o'clock. I observed to the Admiral, that about that time our wives were going to church, but that I thought the peal we should ring about the Frenchmen's ears would out-do their parish bells.' Sixteen years later (1810) he died, home-sick as any school-boy, after long ill-health and many vain petitions to be relieved from the duties for which he was no longer fit, just off Port Mahon, when at last invalided home to wife and children by the Government that could not spare, so killed him.

Hoppner paints Sir Ralph Abercromby, (23,) and Sir R. Porter the same hero at the Battle of Alexandria. (3.) Nos. 12 and 18 are small full-lengths, after Gainsborough, of George III. and Queen Charlotte, the latter in a gauze dress striped and spotted with gold, her hair powdered and drawn up over a high cushion, yet this erection crowned with a wreath of flowers and leaves: No. 13, Beechey, gives us Frederica Charlotte Ulrica, Princess Royal of Prussia, later, Duchess of York, as a young girl in a low white dress, her brown hair much in the present short dishevelled half-curled mode, with a red and white complexion, truer, probably, in this mere girl, than in many of Sir W. Beechey's other and elder sitters. Had he been sent to Prussia to see whether the

Digitized by Google

young princess would be to the taste of the second son of his royal master?

Reynolds paints Richard Brinsley Sheridan, comely and plump in face, his gray eyes smiling, in 28: who that has seen 'The Rivals,' even read them, can forget the wit and pleasantry that once made the writer a favourite with the heir apparent of the day? William Pitt precedes and follows the author and statesman in Nos. 15, 31, and 32. Gainsborough, in the earliest number, gives the upright pose and small-eyed sensible face with which last year's Exhibition made us familiar: Hoppner, 31, paints the great statesman as a far older man, the face broader, and but for the erect attitude scarcely recognizable without the aid of the catalogue; a wreath of laurel dimly makes an oval of the otherwise square picture. A little later, 33, Reynolds gives us Fox, burly, free, and hearty, his short thick hair powdered. Lord Erskine, Nos. 36 (Gainsborough) and 46, (Lawrence,) has the marked peculiar face to be expected in the clever eccentric man, who beginning life as a sailor ended it as ex-Lord Chancellor. Lord Eldon, Erskine's Tory rival and successor, appears, as painted by Owen, 37, overpowered by his stiff and gorgeous robes: 51, (Lawrence,) he has a fine face, grey hair and eyebrows. Samuel Whitbread, 41, (Gainsborough,) another of the last century political celebrities, is by no means the strong-bodied man one would have expected to see, rather a delicate, almost effeminate looking, fine gentleman, the small oval eyes of the pale, fair, and oval face singularly far apart. In George Canning, 52, Hoppner's colours have apparently faded. The Rev. Rowland Hill, 57, (Keeling,) has a keen face, but the portrait is hung so as to be little visible on a darkish day. Spencer Perceval, 67, (Joseph,) is represented as a little shrunken old man, though he was but fifty when he was killed. He has a half-smiling expression as he sits in his arm-chair, ink-stand and boxes around him. The picture is marked as a posthumous portrait. Assassinated in the House of Commons, 1812, his tragic death was commemorated in Westminster Abbey by Westmacott, at the cost to the nation of £5,250; but he sleeps quietly in the little old-fashioned church of Old Charlton, Kent, then a quiet village burial place where many loved to lay their bones, whether parishioners or no, and Perceval was brother-in-law of the Sir T. Maryon Wilson, then lord of its manor.

Beechey and Evans paint two naval heroes, Gambier and Hardy, Nos. 72 and 75, the latter him to whom 'Kiss me, Hardy,' of Nelson's last hours was addressed. He was once a Dorset chemist's assistant, here an old man in naval uniform, with a short face and good low bald forehead. Lord St. Vincent and Sir John Moore hang near Hardy, in Nos. 76 and 77.

A little later we come to another class of celebrities. Sarah Kemble, (Mrs. Siddons,) by Romney, 81, a sketch in half-tones, the wonderful eyes up-cast, their expression heightened by the depth of shade above them, the countenance calm, steady, and soft: 95 is Reynolds's representation of the same gifted actress as The Tragic Muse, two long plaits of the light brown

Digitized by Google

hair crossing her neck in front: in 97 she appears almost overpowered by the high fez-like white cap and ponter-pigeon dress of the period. Her brother, John Kemble, as Richard III., (Stewart, 82,) looks a villain indeed with his lowering brows and tossed dark hair: and Charles Kemble, 87, (Noseda,) is scarcely more pleasing, though appearing in his own character: Harlowe, 99, paints the Kemble family, small full-length figures, Mrs. Siddons as Queen Katherine in Henry VIII. Amelia Alderson, 88, (Opie,) authoress and Quaker, the wife of John Opie and early friend of Mrs. Fry, is a fair rather pretty woman, in a white dress, her lips apart. Richard Porson's dark face, 89, is bent in contemplation. And then comes a small collection of painters. Joseph Mallard Turner represents himself, 94, as a young man of most singular countenance, with blue eyes and flowing light hair: Phillips paints Blake, 112, the wonderful illustrator of the Book of Job, 'engraver, painter, and poet,' as the catalogue tells us, and 'distinguished by a grand wild visionary genius,' as an oldish man in brown coat and white waistcoat; looking up and away, otherwise his wild genius finding little outward expression.

The spectator must now return to the Entrance Hall, which opens with Lord Tenterden, 119, and contains many interesting female portraits. Anna Seward, (Opie) 140, the handsome Lichfield authoress who figures so prominently in the memoirs of the last century, is here seated, (Opie) 140, in an open white dress, her powdered hair tossed about, her eyes sleepy, and complexion the fair complexion of the period. Hannah More, 146, (Pickersgill,) is a kindly old lady seated in an arm-chair, with some remains of keenness in the eyes, the face softened by her own gray hair: in 150 Opie paints her as a younger woman, her face plain and care-worn rather than thoughtful, her thick short hair gray or powdered: in 158 (Miss Reynolds) she is younger still, with a doubled plait of hair down her neck; but the picture is hung in so dark a corner, as for little more to be discernible of this friend of Johnson, and 'chaplain' of Mrs. Garrick's earlier widowed days at Hampton, writer of tragedies and tracts, and unwearied benefactor of the poor. Immediately below Pickersgill's portrait of Hannah More hangs Sarah Kirby, Mrs. Trimmer, a rosy-cheeked old woman, in short sleeves and white mob-cap, her white hair fluffed back, alert, almost quizzical, the bright brown eyes helping to make this untiring writer for the young the very picture of lively old age with all its faculties about it. How quaint the very titles of her works read now—'Easy Introduction to the Knowledge of Nature,' 'Guardian of Education,' &c.

It seems a step into another world to meet with John Keats, (Hilton) 152, a large yet thin-faced young man, with large gray eyes and marked nose, the light reddish brown hair parted in the middle, leaning in a careless poetical attitude, an open book before him. His early death at Rome in 1820, and desire to be buried where daisies could grow upon his grave, are almost as well known as the famous opening to Endymion—'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.' Shelley follows his fellow poet,

Digitized by Google

158, (Miss Curran,) a very young man, small-eyed and sad expressioned, but the painting is a poor one, from which it is perhaps hard to judge fairly of the outward appearance of this perverted child of genius; removed from Eton owing to eccentricity and insubordination, expelled from Oxford, divorced from his first wife, relieved of the guardianship of his own children by the Chancellor on account of his strange and unhappy opinions, finally drowned in the wreck of his own boat on his return from Leghorn to his then Italian home, that close stormy 8th of July, 1822—such is the sad epitome of his life's story: a fortnight later, on the discovery of his body, it was burnt, as had been his special desire, and the ashes interred in the Protestant cemetery at Rome. His second wife, Mary Godwin, we find by a painter named Rothwell some way further on, No. 271: she married Shelley when only eighteen, he but four-and-twenty, and the same year published the strange tale of 'Frankenstein.' She long survived him, dying in 1851. Here she appears as a fair, insipid, almost affected woman, with very thin lips, by no means the beauty one might have expected Shelley to choose, nor giving much outward token of the kindred intellect which perhaps, in this case, the rather attracted him: in 1839 she edited her late husband's poems, writing in the highest terms of his domestic graces, as well as poetical gifts.

Hoppner, 148, gives us William Gifford, 'critic and satirist,' yet by birth the son of a Devonshire plumber and glazier, later a sailor-boy, then a shoe-maker, finally the first and greatest editor of the Quarterly, which he conducted from its commencement in 1809 till within two years of his death, in all fifteen years. 'Who killed John Keats?' asks Byron, to answer—

> '"I," says, the Quarterly,
> So savage and Tartarly,
> "'T was one of my feats."
>
> "Who shot the arrow?"
> "The poet-priest Milman,
> (So ready to kill man,)
> Or Southey, or Barrow."'

But if there were then any doubt as to the authorship of the article, that was said to have helped to lay the sensitive but also consumptive young poet in the grave,—Gifford, at least, was the editor, and thus had once more found 'follies to purge' and 'backs to scourge,' as Byron himself had incited him to do some ten years earlier.

Henry Kirke White, a small profile portrait, hangs just over the catalogue stall, and thus can scarcely be seen with comfort. Mr. Wilberforce helped the once Nottingham stocking-weaver to St. John's, Cambridge, where he died from the effects of over-study when only one-and-twenty:

> 'Oh what a noble heart was here undone,
> When Science self destroy'd her favourite son!'

sings Byron of his humbly-born fellow poet in English Bards and Scotch Reviewers; and later wrote of him, with genuine feeling and admiration, 'I am sorry you don't like Harry White; with a great deal of cant, which

Digitized by Google

in him was sincere, (indeed, it killed him, as you killed Joe Blackett,) certes there is poetry and genius. . . . . For my part, I should have been most proud of such an acquaintance: his very prejudices were respectable.'

Pleasant-looking Dr. Burney, (Lawrence) 155, must complete the notices of the Entrance Hall, which leads us into the Inner Hall, where William Roscoe, the Liverpool banker, sits at full length in comfortable learned leisure in his library, a bust of Charles Fox shewing his political tendencies, his love of Italian literature less visible.

Shute Barrington, 161, (Hoppner,) Bishop of Durham, wins attention from the remarkable, almost Luther-like outline of head, large grey eyes, and general appearance of clear healthy old age. Robert Blomfield, 168, (Hoppner,) who would have found a more fitting place with Keats and Shelley, here wears his own light brown hair around the smooth young face, which is not much like the countenance most familiar to us as that of the author of 'The Farmer's Boy;' whilst Joseph Lancaster, founder of The Lancastrian system of Mutual Instruction, though of a larger build, *is* somewhat like it, stolid and farmer-like in face and figure. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, 175, (Hamilton,) is a ruddy old man, with a bald forehead, wearing a claret-coloured coat: a group of the Edgeworth family is to be found up-stairs, No. 842, drawn in crayon by Adam Buck, 1787, twelve small figures seated round a table, on which lies the roll, the contents of which the father is explaining to the party. The then wife, Elizabeth Sneyd, (Mr. Edgeworth was four times married,) has a babe upon her knee; Maria, the eldest daughter, aged one-and-twenty, sits opposite her father, in a large white hat with a blue ribbon. There is no separate portrait of this celebrated Irish novelist, to whose keen and lively portraitures of Irish society Sir Walter Scott tells us that we are in great measure indebted for the Waverley Novels. The whole picture is but fifteen and a half inches by ten and a half; thus few characteristics of any one of Buck's sitters can be traced in his little crayon group, which hangs with its back to the Horticultural Gardens, as if an addition to the original Exhibition.

The Cambridge University Library lends Henry Martyn to the collection; the young, sad, whiskerless missionary, a palm tree behind, and Indian landscape around him. He truly must have found it sweet to think that he had toiled for other worlds than this, when he came to stretch him for the last in far-away Tokat, after the 'splendid failure' of his devotion of health and talents to Missionary life. As a 'splendid failure'—but as an example, not a beacon—did one select University Preacher in his stern appeal to all to devote all their talents to God's service regardless whether their labours were outward fruit or no, sum up this gifted scholar's career but a few months ago in their common University.

Wilberforce, the successful slave-emancipator, sits rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, quizzical, in an easy resting attitude in his crimson arm-

Digitized by Google

chair, (Richmond) 180. May we wish that we had been enabled to know Wilberforce as he really was from the artist alone, not also cross-legged, and lounging in his easy-chair, in his very monument? Although Dean Stanley seems to find some satisfaction in this philanthropist of the nineteenth century being even in the Abbey thus represented at nineteenth-century ease.

The first bay of the Eastern Gallery introduces us to Lord Raglan, (Pickersgill) 188, as Fitzroy Somerset, and a young man of thirty, with hooked nose, and light brown hair: let us hope that some five-and-thirty years later he found it sweet to die even for an ungrateful country. Frederick Duke of York forms a homely natural picture, spite his splendid uniform, as this 'Soldier's Friend' and monarch's favourite son sits reading at his table, protected from vulgar outward gaze by a thick white window-blind. In 194, Wilkie has a far more intellectual subject, and one more artistically treated—Arthur Duke of Wellington, seated at a table writing by the light of a lamp, which throws but scanty lurid glimmers on the dim darkness surrounding the Duke. Edward Duke of Kent, with little likeness to the present royal family, save in eyes, is painted by Hoppner, 196. In 199, Lawrence gives us Wellington as *the* conventional Duke of middle life, with folded arms, and wearing the ribbon of the Garter. Lords Combermere, Seaton, Anglesea, and many another distinguished officer of the old wars, are to be found grouped around their chief in this first bay of the Eastern Gallery.

In the second, Wilkie paints George IV. at heroic full-length, in Highland costume, when His Majesty was at least forty years too old for such treatment. Queen Caroline and the Princess Charlotte are also full-length figures, (Lawrence) 225; the Queen, in black, a red girdle round her very short waist, a wreath of holly leaves and berries in her yellow-brown hair; she stands tuning a harp; the little Princess, a fair pretty child of seven or eight, more pretty, less bonnie, than one expected to see her, in white frock and blue shoes, with much crossed blue sandals, holds a piece of music towards the luckless mother, who might perhaps have lived and died merely a clever, good-natured, if somewhat vulgar woman, now happily forgotten, had she not been chosen as the bride of a fastidious heir-apparent, induced to marry simply that he might be freed from debt.

In the next bay the Princess Charlotte is represented, (Dawe) 231, as a young woman bearing some little resemblance to her present Majesty, but fresher complexioned, as well as of larger build. Spite of our present gradually shortening waists, this exceedingly short waist of scarcely two inches, still looks so ungainly, that gazing on this picture no one can judge fairly of the personal appearance of the young girl on whose life then hung so much. The dress is of darkish blue, and the skirt falls from but little below the arm-pits, unrelieved by fold or plait, a wreath of large white flowers crowning the short brown hair. Canning, already mentioned 52, re-appears 234, (Gérard,) and 237, (Lawrence,) the latter the more familiar portrait of the scholarly

Digitized by Google

statesman; Gérard paints him old and bald, with iron-gray mutton-chop whiskers. Sir Humphrey Davy's pleasant sensible face greets us in 233. In 242 Lawrence has a very different subject in the well-known 'Master Lambton,' the pretty sentimental boy, in crimson dress and open shirt-collar, playing perilously near the edge of a cliff.

The fourth bay, Nos. 247–270, must be delightful to all lovers of the Waverley Novels; here is Sir Walter as a young man, by Saxon, 247; as an old man, his gray hair combed straight over his forehead, (Grant) 249; as middle-aged, by Raeburn, 252; smooth and fair is the well-known face, as given by Leslie in 263. Is it possible that he is here without a dog? We have made no note of such companionship; but in 247 he is holding a dog; in 249 are two stag-hounds; to his right, in 252, is one of the same faithful friends. In 257, Faed paints him in the midst of a circle of literary friends, Christopher North (Professor Wilson) at once recognizable, as the loosely-made, gray-eyed, large-collared, free and easy Scot, with the flowing gray hair, a few sandy locks left only in the whiskers, with whom Sir J. Gordon had made us familiar in 255. Lauder paints Scott's son-in-law, John Lockhart, in 253; but it is a disappointing likeness of the brilliant writer and editor. The dark hair and eyebrows scarcely suit the sunken mouth and oldish uncertain face. Campbell, 256 and 284, is dark, good-looking, and stiff, if not prim; 259 gives us Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; 260, Bewick, once a worker in his father's North-umbrian coal-pit, whose wood-engravings in his Histories of British Birds and Quadrupeds are still delighted in by both lovers of wood-engraving and natural history: 269, Charles Matthews, the comedian, and nearly a hundred numbers later we meet with him again. Highgate traditions still preserve the story of the notice of so much reward to whomsoever would give information as to the late robbery of his fruit in Millfield Lane, wherewith he sought to preserve his fruit unharmed by convincing any intending thief that there could at least be nothing left worth stealing in his gardens.

Mrs. Shelley is the opening portrait of the fifth bay: here are also many other literary celebrities of varying note. Hartley Coleridge, 272; Horace Smith, joint author, with his brother James, of 'The Rejected Address,' 274; in four small crayon profiles, Lamb, Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, 275, by Hancock, Lamb's pleasant countenance bearing this trying test of real good looks the best; 282, Cary paints him and the sister for whom he sacrificed so much, together a homely pair, in a dark homely picture, all accessories of equal simplicity, and yet romance and tragedy lay deep in the history of both sister and brother; the former in a fit of insanity had killed her mother, in 1796; the brother devoted his whole life to tender care of her, and for her sake died unmarried nearly forty years later. The 'Essays by Elia,' of the one, and 'Mrs. Leicester's School,' by the other, are now scarcely so well known as their joint work, 'Tales from Shakspeare:'

Digitized by Google

both are here hard-featured, of ruddy brown complexion, and elderly; the sister survived her brother thirteen years. Coleridge is also again represented by Phillips, 296, and by Allston, 297; the latter the pleasanter reproduction of the large-faced, white-haired poet, philosopher, and theologian. Phillips gives us a highly poetical portrait of Southey, in an open furred coat; whilst 277 (Pickersgill) is the well-known—may we say somewhat maundering-looking?—Wordsworth, seated under a rock in a crimson-lined cloak.

Caroline Fry, author of 'The Listener,' (Lawrence) 279, is a dark pretty woman, not above sitting for her portrait in a tasteful and becoming white dress and crimson scarf. Anne Mc Vicar, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, is painted by Tannock, 281; but this picture was unfortunately overlooked.

In 285 (Phillips) we return to the poets of the beginning of the century: George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron, at the age of twenty-six, a fine handsome head, most truly, with gray eyes, and crisp curly short hair: Westall paints him again, 302: here, too, is Crabbe, an old man with clasped hands and kindly face, his head almost bald, but still adorned with a few white locks, (Phillips) 287. Pickersgill paints him less pleasingly, 289. Leigh Hunt, a poet of a very different stamp, is next in number, the friend of Byron and Shelley, instead of Burke and Johnson, at one time a political prisoner, but at the last a pensioner of the Crown; here an elderly man with iron-gray hair, dress and general appearance rather those of a dissenting minister than of a theatrical critic and ultra-radical. Thomas Moore, the epitome of a literary beau of the Regency, is painted by Lawrence, 292; and Cary, the translator of Dante, follows him in number. John Murray, the founder of the 'Quarterly,' and publisher and friend of most of the literary men of his day, we find 288. (Pickersgill.)

The handsome marked profile of Edward Irving hangs as 298; a crayon portrait, by Andrew Robertson, of a man most marvellously gifted in both body and mind, of whose later opinions the splendid 'Catholic and Apostolic Church' in Gordon Square is a matchless monument. Wilkie gives us another likeness of the great Scotch preacher in 372, a dark-looking and expressioned and long-haired man; but the light was too bad for the picture to be fairly seen. A second portrait of Hartley Coleridge, by Wilkie, and of Hazlitt, by Bewick, complete this bay; but literary men are still abounding; the great wit, Sydney Smith, large-faced, well-featured, and white-haired, greets us as painted by Eddis, 309; Samuel Rogers, by Lawrence, 312, and again, as a very old man, by John Linnell, 336: Francis Jeffrey, the terrible editor of the Edinburgh, a stern-looking man with crossed arms, faces us in 314: Plumer Ward, author of the once celebrated 'Tremaine,' 317. Then, as a break in the long literary chain, comes Sir Watson Gordon's simple natural portrait of Lord Dumfermline, remarkable as a pleasant picture; and the same may be said

Digitized by Google

of the quiet home view of the late Archbishop Howley, seated in his study, the green of lawn and trees seen through the window softly harmonizing and contrasting with the scarcely cooler grays and browns within.

In William IV., (Shee,) Queen Adelaide, 328, (after Winterhalter,) Adolphus Frederick, late Duke of Cambridge, (Beechey) 330, we return to royalty; the Queen a quiet, upright, very plain old lady, wearing her own gray hair, and a black lace shawl over her brown silk dress; in the Duke lies some resemblance to his daughter, the Princess Teck. Sir E. Codrington, (Lawrence) 333, and Isaac D'Israeli, essayist and historian, son of a Venetian merchant, and father of the present prime-minister, complete the portraits of note within this bay.

In the seventh, Wilkie gives us himself, as a young man, with reddish yellow hair, brown coat, and buff waistcoat, the whole tone of the picture yellow-brown, his hands resting on a sketch-book. Charles Leslie also gives us his own portrait in 347; and those who remember his most pleasant autobiography will be glad to see this pleasant presentment of his person: Sir Thomas Lawrence performs the same office for himself, 353. A little earlier Leslie paints Henry Richard Vassall Fox, third Lord Holland, 'the urbane gentleman, accomplished scholar, and friend of merit wherever it could be found,' as well as ultra-liberal politician; here he, his wife, and intimate friend, Dr. Allen, are represented in the library of Holland House, the then centre of wit and hospitality, whose once wide-spreading grounds are now for the most part laid waste with brick and mortar: Leslie paints the world-known Whig host and hostess with books and pictures around them, a portrait of Addison conspicuously in the front: in 354 the same painter gives us Lord Holland alone, with a large fair face, and genial gray eyes.

But we must hasten on, to find that the eighth bay opens with portraits, by Beechey, of Maria Louisa Victoria, Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria, the former in a low black dress and gauzy sleeves, her dark brown hair worn in curls in front, her eyes brown, complexion red and white; so marked a brunette, that it seems singular that the fair hair and blue eyes of the little child beside her alone find place in her many grandchildren; the Princess, in white muslin and blue ribbons, her fresh young lips as red as the coral round her throat, stands beside her mother, a miniature of her father in her hands. Winterhalter paints the more familiar Duchess of Kent, 369, a quiet, kindly old lady, in purplish laced dress, the now iron-gray hair in loosely plaited bands. Dance gives us the Duke, stout and bald, 370. Phillips paints another royal duke, Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, 373, as President of the Royal Society. The late Archbishop of Dublin, a fine upright old man, painted by Catterson Smith, 375, and the late Archbishop of Canterbury, by Mrs. Carpenter, 380, must be named before we come to the concluding royalties of the bay, the same pair that hung side by side with even more mournful significance in the International Portrait

Digitized by Google

Galleries of 1862: the late Prince Consort, a fair and handsome young man, with all the world as yet before him, and the present Queen, the fair young woman, already gladly imbibing her husband's love of literature, art, and country domestic life; that husband who for one-and-twenty years made her life 'bright and happy.'

Sir Robert Peel, (Lawrence) 386, with whom the next bay opens, is a young man of fair hair and complexion, with rather sleepy gray eyes, in whom one can trace little resemblance to later portraits. Sir Fowell Buxton, brewer, philanthropist, the friend and aider of both Wilberforce and Mrs. Fry, Richmond draws in water-colours, 389, and again in crayons, 392. The same artist gives us Macauley's firm, well-set head, 403, and Sir F. Grant another likeness of the brilliant poet, essayist, and historian, 463. Richmond draws Henry Hallam, 408, with the singularly hooked nose inclining to meet the somewhat pursed under lip, which we see again in Phillips's portrait of the same historian, 494, though in the latter picture he is the younger man.

Just at the conclusion of this bay, is a pencil likeness of Letitia Elizabeth Landon, a pleasant-looking young girl, large-eyed and open-mouthed, with gigot sleeves, and hair somewhat *à la giraffe*, by Daniel Maclise.

We have now reached the Central Hall, and here come upon a collection of arctic and naval heroes generally; Sir John Franklin, with his dark sloping face and bald forehead, 416 (Jackson); Sir John Richardson and Sir James Clark, 418, (Pearce,) in a group picture of the Arctic Council; and Sir John Ross, alone, 419. (Faulkner.) Mosely and Clint paint the hero and heroine of another clime in Sir Robert and Florentia Lady Sale, 417 and 421; Hayter, Sir Edward Parry, 422; and Dixon, Captain Marryat, in the following No. John Braham, the singer, 431, (Healy,) and Daniel O'Connell, 432, (Wilkie,) though by no means a fascinating looking patriot—call for some notice.

We now enter the Western Gallery: here are Mansell, the geologist; Hooker, the botanist; Lord Rosse, the fresh-coloured, happy-looking man of science; Lords Lyndhurst, Clyde, and Palmerston; Joseph Hume, an oldish man, but looking as if he still meant business, 459; and Richard Cobden, 468; Sydney Herbert, one of the many noble spirits lost by over-work, (Grant) 478; Dean Buckland, holding a fossil skull, ammonites beside him, (Phillips) 480; Martin Routh, the venerable President of Magdalen, Oxford, aged ninety-five, (Hartmann,) with long white eyebrows and white wig; Hugh Miller, stone-mason and geologist, a reddish-haired Scot, 482; Whewell, 'the mighty son of unfamed hammerman,' blue-eyed and white-haired and pleasant-countenanced, the academic gown somewhat concealing the stalwart well-proportioned form of one long used to tower physically as well as morally above his Cambridge peers; Michael Faraday, 487, bright and cheerful, another blacksmith's son, of equal talent and gentler temper; the Stephensons, father and son, the son, as a particularly pleasant subject, making a particularly pleasant picture; and

Digitized by Google

Isambard Brunel, the designer of the Great Eastern—all have their interest; and thus we come to another father and son, the Henry Hallam already mentioned, and his eldest son, Arthur—

'My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.'

Here a boy of perhaps fourteen, in blue coat and brass buttons, black stock, high white collars, a white waistcoat striped with narrow blue lines, cheeks and lips pink, the light brown hair tossed about, and scarcely parted; then the talented Eton scholar, now the subject of the noblest literary monument ever raised to a dead friend.

The head of Frederick Robertson, (Basébe,) handsome, brisk, clean, and cheerful, also almost foppish and effeminate, comes but a few numbers further on; yet who can read his wonderful sermons, and not believe the style of dress, &c. of the age, more than the man, to be in fault. The good looks of men, as well as of women, were, as we are reminded equally by Winterhalter's Prince Consort and Egg's John Leech, of a far softer mould twenty years ago than now. Richmond paints Sir Francis Palgrave in his kindly handsome old age, 503; Gilbert, Isaac Taylor, 504; but later we come to a quaint family group of the Taylor family. In 506 Richmond draws Mrs. Fry in her sixty-third year, tall, dignified, and gray-eyed, and with still some remains of the fair beauty as well as the stateliness of her youth—that youth which she had once felt it sad to spend in a round of visits and visitors, fond as she was by nature of many an un-Quaker-like pleasure; here she is clad in a pinkish purple dress, white shawl, and high white cap; two years later all her labours were over for ever, but not their fruit, in the sight of the unwise only the righteous seeming to die. Richmond also gives us the fine bald head of Bishop Blomfield, 507, and simple kindly-looking Keble, 510. Dr. Arnold, 'Tom Brown' has made famous in many a home where otherwise his name might now be unknown, but Phillips's portrait of him, 511, is not prepossessing; the mouth is unpleasing, whilst little but a certain degree of sternness of expression is to be won from the countenance of this giant in his generation. Lomas paints a theologian of a very different stamp in Frederick William Faber, author of how many of our favourite hymns, who ended his days as Superior of the Oratory at Brompton, of which he had been founder; he is here represented in a black clerical gown, reading a letter, his marked warm-toned face softened by the white hairs of premature old age. Cardinal Wiseman, 526, is a Romish priest of a very different stamp; somewhat coarse, though kindly, are his features and bearing, though here doubtless made the best of by an artist who has painted so carefully the magnificent vestments in which his Eminence is arrayed; it is hard to reconcile the acute clever mind of which this genial, not to say jolly, countenance was in part the outward form, with the

Digitized by Google

somewhat butcher-like figure of this late Archbishop of Westminster. Father Matthew, 552, the Romish priest who did more to check the great vice of our lower orders than all other social reformers put together, is also here, his black hair tinged with gray, one arm extended.

With Thackeray we return to a more literary world; Ward, 531, paints him in claret-coloured dressing-gown sitting at ease in his study; elsewhere, 603, we have Samuel Lawrence's crayon sketch of the massive head now so well known from photographs. Ward has a fellow subject treated so as to form a fellow picture in Lord Macaulay, 538; he is also in his study, but in somewhat trimmer literary leisure; the characteristics of both writers apparently cleverly caught: both are small full-length figures. A few naval and military celebrities conclude the down-stair portion of the portraits. We have a somewhat grim Sir Henry Havelock, (Crabbe,) 545; gray-eyed Sir William Peel, his brown hair brushed back, in the blue coat of the Indian naval brigade, a rose-bud in his button-hole, a white toupee in his outstretched arm, he waves on his men to victory, (Lucas) 546; Sir Robert had not erred in foreseeing a second Nelson in this son had he but opportunity; next in number hangs Captain Speke, the African explorer, (Waterhouse,) a blue-eyed, brown-haired and bearded, and somewhat effeminately good-looking man.

And now we mount the stairs, to find ourselves in the midst of artists and their patrons. Robert Vernon, (Pickersgill,) 550, once horse dealer, later bequeather of his valuable collection of modern British paintings to the nation; Mulready, 551, 552, Callcott, Collins, Ross, Lance, and Etty; nor must Flaxman, the sculptor, (553,) be forgotten. A little later we meet with Charlotte Brontë, 569, the well-known crayon sketch whence the portrait prefacing her life is taken; here the expression of pain or discomfort pervading the plain face is more marked than in the better known copy; after her life of poverty, toil, and family losses, does not her dying wonder that when at last so happy in married life she should be called to die, sound most pathetically in our ears? West paints a fellow authoress of earlier date in Felicia Hemans, 576, the face flushed, and mouth a little underhung, and so not quite the pretty woman one expected.

Liston as Paul Pry, Charles Kean as Hamlet, &c., must be interesting to play-lovers; the Rev. Richard Harris Barham, better known as the author of the Ingoldsby Legends, looks somewhat 'cocky' and 'smug' in 586, Lance. J. R. Herbert paints a curious mediæval-like portrait of Augustus Pugin, 588, the great reviver of Gothic architecture, if now his pupils have surpassed him in knowledge and application of this once despised branch of the science; the straight brown hair, and large whiskerless quaint face, accord well with the mediæval accessories and treatment accorded them.

Lucas gives us Mary Russell Mitford, 592, a crayon sketch, scarcely tinged with colour, of the old lady in her cap; 593 and 594 are both portraits by unnamed artists of Thomas Hood, 'poet and humourist,' but with a long grave face and suffering expression, rather befitting the writer

Digitized by Google

of the 'Song of the Shirt' and 'Bridge of Sighs,' than the mischievous bidder to his wife never to buy plaice bearing orange spots, as those so marked were sure to be stale, and player of many another household trick, as well as writer of many a comic poem. Mrs. Trollope, her blue eyes remarkably far apart; Alexander Smith, handsome and healthy, a happy contrast in all save early death to the young poets of the earlier part of the century, Glasgow lace designer, and city-bred poet if he were; lead us on to so vague a sketch of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, (Talfourd,) 600, that but little idea of the every-day outward appearance of the highly and strangely gifted poetess can be gleaned from it; her thick hair falls in loose short curls about her face, and reaches to her shoulders; the mouth appears to recede, the whole effect of the likeness, taken in 1859, is dreamy and unfinished. Adelaide Proctor, 605, (Emma Richards,) is pleasantly simple and natural, however pathetic a figure, standing with sallow suffering face in a black gown, just relieved by a red cord and tassels, against the plain brown back-ground; she died when only nine-and-twenty, after a long illness, and changed faith, leaving how many household legends and lyrics in our memories. Walter Savage Landor, 609, Sydney, Lady Morgan, 610, and Catherine Sinclair, author of 'Modern Accomplishments' and 'Modern Society,' with Arthur Hugh Clough, complete the principal remaining literary characters of the collection. But John Leech—over whose charming domestic drolleries in Punch who has not spent many a pleasant hour?—615, (Egg,) must not be overlooked, slightly effeminate as the long hair and loose neck-tie help to make him, in common with many another man painted some twenty to thirty years back.

With Clough, as before said, this year's Exhibition proper ends: but to eyes tired with the six hundred and twenty-four more or less 'pretty' and attitudinized modern portraits of men and women clad in fashions passed long enough to look affected or ungainly, but not yet—if such is ever to be their lot—picturesque, how refreshing it is thus suddenly to come upon the forcible, however unflattering, portraits of the supplementary collection; such as Holbein's representation of John Reskimer, High Sheriff of Cornwall, 1557, with his long pointed red beard, red moustache, and brick-dust complexion, where we feel that the very man is put before us unadorned and unetherialized; or the same artist's equally forcible portrait of William West, ninth Baron Delawarr, in his black dress slashed with crimson, plumed cap, gloves, and sword. Earlier in number, 626, is a small very curious picture ascribed to Holbein, and said to be Henry Earl of Surrey, and the fair Geraldine, the lover holding a shamrock, the beloved a heart, Cupid, armed with bow and arrow, in the blue sky behind them; the lady has the reddish yellow hair of the period. John Lymden, the last prior of Reigate, is of another style; he wears a diapered gold and black dress and massive gold chain, bears a palm branch over his right shoulder, looks well-to-do, and yet sorrowful; the catalogue tells us that he received a pension of £10 per annum on the dissolution of his

Digitized by Google

convent in 1535, and died 1554; thus, as the picture is dated '1531, æt. suae 65,' the prior's sadness of countenance must have been at the threatening signs of the times rather than over actual present ills. Jane Dormer, Duchess of Feria, (635,) with the pretty red hair and long face of her era, forms a cool refreshing picture as she stands in her elaborately embroidered and jewelled black dress, a high lace ruff about her throat, and laced handkerchief in her hand, 'Æt. suae 25.'

Cranach paints Cranmer, Catholic reformer, but scarcely even in latter years Protestant, and in his death no martyr, as Dean Hook takes care to show us in that most interesting life of the cajoled degraded primate as Archbishop of Canterbury, wherein he considers much of the yielding of his true convictions, at all times, to any stronger mind about him as the consequence of his cowed and brow-beaten life at school. Here he wears on the fore-finger of his left hand a ring,—scarcely that with which our bishops, even in Henry the Eighth's days, were espoused to fealty to Christ's bride, the Church, as it seems that this was worn on the fourth finger of the right hand; perhaps rather the other ring wherewith fidelity was pledged to the Church's bridegroom, Christ;—a dark cap and black scarf over his white surplice; but it is impossible to win more than gravity of expression from this representation of the once widowed Fellow of Jesus, Cambridge, whose opinion on the unhappy divorce question of the day had forced him into most undesired royal favour. Hook looks on him as the one genuine mourner for Henry VIII., for whose soul, assisted by eight other bishops, he sang a Mass of requiem, as on Jane Seymour's death he had celebrated 1,200 Masses at St. Paul's on her behalf; and so far from having been born and bred a Protestant, 'Cranmer was certainly not a Protestant before the commencement of the reign of Edward VI.; and the question may indeed be fairly asked, whether, in the modern acceptation of the term, a Protestant he ever became?' the Papal supremacy being the great error of the day, against which King and Primate joined issue in common.

Queen Katharine Parr, 639, (ascribed to Amberger, but the lower part of the face looks out of drawing,) with brown eyes, red-brown hair, three times a wife, and but for a few short hours a mother, is next in number to Cranmer. Elizabeth, her step-daughter, in ponderous hooped dress edged and powdered with pearls and jewels, stands on an outspread map of England, 642. Elizabeth Throckmorton, Lady Raleigh, in extinguisher-waisted jewelled dress, a spray of artificial lilies of the valley formed in gold and pearl rising from her left ear, is painted by Zucchero, 640. By her own request she shared her husband's imprisonment in the Tower, and there gave birth to her youngest son. Sir Walter is twice represented; as the younger man in 671, where, in white doublet embroidered with pearls, he stands side by side with his eight-year-old son, his face and pose alike firm and good; and in 646, by Zucchero, in pearl embroidered doublet and ruff; the hair and short-pointed beard of grayish sandy, a map of Cadiz in the background.

Digitized by Google

Edward VI., by Holbein, a sturdy and smiling child of two, standing on a green cloth placed on a marble tablet, on which is inscribed a Latin inscription, comes a little earlier. Why, if the boy of whom the Protestant world was once only accustomed to think as sickly, pious, and amiable, did inherit his father's strong will, should he be called all the hard names —'fanatical,' 'wrong-headed,' &c., which the Dean lavishes on him in his godfather's life? when, too, we are told that the Archbishop revered his dying godson as a saint. The other likeness here given of the young king is Holbein's portrait of him as a boy in white dress and maroon surcoat, standing, legs apart, upon a Turkey carpet, a latticed window behind him. Between these two portraits hangs the before-mentioned portrait of Richard II., 'believed to represent the King enthroned on the Feast of the Translation of King Edward the Confessor.' The attitude of the King is natural and dignified, the face smooth, as he sits in his jewelled crown, miniver tippet, a globe in the right hand, and sceptre in the left, against a golden background; the whole drawing of the figure, five hundred years old though it be, free from all distortion. The picture may well be pronounced 'the most important contemporary work of the fourteenth century.'

Holbein opens the third bay with Lady Guildford, wife of the comptroller of the household to Henry VIII., aged twenty-seven, a sprig of lavender on the bosom of her low gold-embroidered dress; and next in number comes Scougall's portrait of George Heriot, 'the jingling Geordie' of Scott's 'Fortunes of Nigel,' and builder of the old Heriot Hospital at Edinburgh. Antonio More gives us a forcible Francis Drake, with long pointed face and crisp brown curly hair growing short and away from the face, in black doublet and white sleeves, 663; an unknown artist, Henry Prince of Wales, the hope of the Puritan party, when a boy of ten,—the silver fringe, edging the dark cloth covering the table to his right, as truthfully painted as the portrait itself. No. 669 is a most remarkable portrait of a lady of the time of Queen Elizabeth, name of artist and sitter alike unknown. The picture is life-size and full length, the elaborately embroidered green under-dress, purplish over-wrap or scarf, and huge gossamer-like pale yellow veil, are as faithfully reproduced as could have been done—and then colourless—by photography itself; apples and a bird are on the tree behind this labour of surely love; could any money have repaid such an expenditure of time and skill on female millinery? alas! no one now can tell, and *vanitas vanitatum* is once more preached from a lady's bravery of apparel. Viscount Dillon is the owner of this, as well as of the fellow portrait of Lady Morton, (Vansomer,) and many another picture of interest; amongst others, of a fresh Mary Queen of Scots, a pale fair woman in a black mantle lined with satin and embroidered with pearl, which does but add to the difficulties, already great enough, of deciding not only what the Queen was really like, but wherein lay the secret of her powers of witchery. The small pale face of Lettice Knollys, Countess of Leicester,

Digitized by Google

is half lost under the huge black hat. The previous number, 680, is a pleasant picture of Anne Vavasour, Lady Lee, one of the beauties of Queen Elizabeth's court, a background of interlacing leaves behind the black dress and exquisite lace cap and ruff, a spray of honeysuckle somewhere about her, memory now refuses to say where, and every hue in the picture whitish green or black, saving the sitter's own red hair and lips, pink cheeks, and the reddish buttons of her dress.

Vandyck, Jansen, and Walker, are conspicuous in the next bay; the first paints Waller, 690, sad-faced, with long grayish brown hair, the hands most carefully drawn; Vansomer, Spelman, 693; an unknown painter, John Tradescant the younger, who bequeathed his valuable museum of curiosities and collections of plants to Elias Ashmole; he is here represented with hyacinths, convolvuli, orange blossom, &c., spread out on the table before him. Dorothy Lady Dacre, Vandyck, 696, is a pretty fair woman in a low black dress, a rose in her right hand. Vandyck or Dobson paints us James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, 700.

Richard Baxter, a hero of a very different stamp, a dark man in a black cap, under which flows the long brown hair, opens the fifth bay. Here are, too, such different men as the pious nonjuring High Churchman, Robert Nelson, Parliamentary Hugh Peters, and almost the whole family of the Protector Cromwell. Oliver himself, a fair-haired child of two years old, in a close-fitting white cap; Bridget, Mrs. Ireton, 727, his eldest daughter; Mary, Lady Fauconberg, his third daughter, 729; both portraits by Jansen. Elizabeth Claypole, the favourite daughter, whose dying reproof is said to have cut the strong man to the heart, is not here; nor Robert, the eldest son, whose loss, I think, Guizot seems to consider equally cost him sore. But Walker paints Richard, Oliver's successor for eight short months, 733; and some unknown artist, Henry, the successful Viceroy of Ireland, with his red-yellow hair, long and flowing, dark gray eyes, and a fairer skin than that of his unhappy-looking elder brother.

But we must hasten to an end. Monk, Duke of Albemarle; Keppel, Earl of Albemarle; Anne Scott, the 'Duchess' of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, with flowing fair hair, and true character in her brown eyes, must at least be mentioned. Zoffany paints Margaret Woffington, 745; Vanderbank, Frederick Prince of Wales, surrounded with some three-and-twenty boon companions, small full-length figures, at a table with fruit and wine, 757, a picture not calculated to increase one's respect for either Church or State, for the chaplain looks even less in his place than the Prince. Margaret Woffington and Kitty Clive are painted by Hogarth, Nos. 754, 759; in 767 (West) we come to General Wolfe, his hair yellow rather than the usual red, with bright dark eyes, taking his ease on a couch, a plan of the Battle of Blenheim before him.

And thus we reach two pictures of special interest, William Cowper, 777, (Romney,) a crayon bust, a wild sad look upon the red face appear-

Digitized by Google

ing below the well-known white cap; and that portrait of his mother, Anne Donne, of Ludham, to which he addressed the lines:—

'Oh that those lips had language!'

Mrs. Cowper had died when her son was only six; three-and-fifty years later, this miniature was sent him by his cousin, Mrs. Bodham, and to her it was returned upon his death in 1808. The unknown painter represents Anne Cowper as a pale and plain woman, the powdered hair drawn unbecomingly off the face to fall in two long curls on or behind the right shoulder. The colour of the low blue dress seems to increase a ghastliness of complexion, perhaps due rather to the fading of time than to the special pallor of the artist's sitter; but there is no need of personal beauty to give extraneous interest to such a picture.

Charlotte Turner, Mrs. Smith, (Romney,) 779, poet and novelist, is a plump good-looking woman, with brown hair and eyes, and an aquiline if retroussé nose. James Wyatt, architect of the Pantheon, Oxford Street, Military Academy, Woolwich, and of many alterations in Windsor Castle, perhaps now regretted, though he was *the* architect of the day, has a fine head, 788. Alexander Pope figures afresh this year, 790. (Hoare.) Sir George Browne, the 'Plume' of Pope's 'Rape of the Lock,' is a fine tall man rather than dandy, 798; his coat much of the sage-brown colour once more coming into vogue in young men's attire. The Rev. Isaac Taylor, 800, introduces us to a family group, of which his daughters, Ann and Jane, (authors of 'Original Poems,' &c.) are the prominent figures, as girls of nine and seven and a half, in tucked white frocks and pink sashes, their hair cut short over the forehead; gay hollyhocks relieving the sombre yew immediately behind them; whilst quite in the distance are the father, mother, and three brothers, Isaac, Martin, and Jeffrey; the mother, her babe upon her knee, within a summer-house, the two elder brothers playing on the lawn in front of the arbour. The hymn, beautiful in its very simplicity,

'Jesus who lived above the sky,'

would alone be enough to give this quaint picture interest in the eyes of all familiar with it.

Hogarth appears once more, in rosy, benevolent, almost jolly-looking, Captain Coram, founder of the Foundling Hospital; some unknown artist, in 804, another portrait of Wolfe, as a young man in scarlet uniform laced with silver, and powdered wig; Hudson paints Wolfe's mother, 806: the intermediate number is that luckless English Admiral, sarcastically said to have been shot 'pour encourager les antres.' We seem to have reached quite modern days in Romney's portrait of Henrietta Countess of Warwick, and her children, 815; the mother a charming simple figure in white satin, from whom the little girl seems eagerly entreating some favour; the boy standing beside my lady's crimson chair, hoop in hand, has doubtless made his sister the speaker, but is outwardly

Digitized by Google

more indifferent. The beautiful Mrs. Gainsborough, painted when Margaret Burr, by her future husband, then but a lad of eighteen, 816, must have been well worth seeing, but was unfortunately overlooked. The same artist paints another beauty, Mrs. Fitzherbert, 821; and yet another, in Mary Robinson, who in part educated by Hannah More, met with such applause when acting in the 'Winter's Tale,' as henceforth to be better known as 'Perdita.' Reynolds paints her, her hands in a muff, No. 6; Gainsborough, in 828, as so exquisitely lovely a woman, that if such sweet beauty ever really existed, one feels that it has now vanished with many another pleasure of the good old days. The low white dress is adorned with yellowish breast-knots, the little black lappet tied under the chin, and powdered hair enhancing a delicate beauty that needed not even such simple enhancement. Miss Heywood, Mrs. Musters, the beauty of 1779, (vide Miss Burney's diary quoted in the catalogue,) has a fine profile, but the picture (Reynolds) is pale and faded. Romney's fine portrait of Archdeacon Paley, in firm bold attitude, three-quarter size, fishing-rod in hand, makes a break in the line of beauties; resumed in Nos. 845 and 849, in Lady Emily Eardley and Elizabeth Gunning. E. F. Burney paints Madame D'Arblay, 856, a fine pale face and grey eyes beneath the huge black hat and powdered hair. Dr. Keneally lends a portrait of Beau Brummel, (Lawrence,) 867, in fur-collared coat and high black cravat, the lower part of the face projecting too far beyond the upper for real beauty, though possessing a fine round chin. This once favourite of princes and leader of fashion died as lately as 1840, in the Hôpital Bon Sauveur at Caën; but there is no need to point the moral of his tale.

Russell and Romney paint Charles and John Wesley, 869, 870, the former and younger brother with keen brown eyes, gown, bands, and gray wig. John is outwardly a man of different stamp, not so good looking, gray-eyed, and wearing his own long white hair parted in the midst, but also gown and bands; who can forget the two brothers' beautiful hymns?

A brilliant scene is made of Henry Grattan moving the Declaration of Irish Rights in the Irish House of Commons, Kenny, 871; the ladies in the gallery in full evening dress of the period, 1782, thus in caps, and not unfrequently with muffs; the red uniforms or gay coats of the gentlemen, both in the gallery and on the floor of the house, adding greatly to the life and effect of the picture, in which one hundred and fifty figures take part. Gainsborough paints Priscilla Trueman, Mrs. Wakefield, and Catherine Bell, Mrs. Gurney, (the mother of Mrs. Fry,) 887. The sisters (so they are called in the catalogue, but the relationship is not explained,) are small full-length figures, one seated, the other standing; the former a handsome fair woman in a pale pink dress, white cloak, and muslin apron, probably Mrs. Gurney; the other a dark, thin, keen-eyed woman, in a fuller-toned pink dress and white muslin apron; the one wearing long white kid gloves, and the other drab. The name of the blue-coated gentleman completing the group, useful as he is in point of colour, is not

Digitized by Google

given. The Rev. William Romaine, persuasive and kindly, looks out from 889. Lovely Mrs. Leyborne, from 896. Josiah Wedgewood, and Thomas Day, the eccentric author of 'Sandford and Merton,' and attempted trainer of a wife to suit him, a red-faced unpleasing-looking man, are Nos. 905 and 906; Wright, of Derby, the painter of Mr. Day. Fuseli brings Dr. Priestly before us, keen, kindly, and alert, 908. Amongst many other portraits marked for mention, but excluded by necessities of space, Lawrence's pretty likeness of the Princess Amelia, as a child with piquant nez retroussé, abundant fair hair falling in waves about her, in a low white frock and blue sash, a rose-bud in one hand, 825, must just be noted. One of George the Third's few lucid intervals after her death was devoted to erecting a monument to a maid-servant who had served this beloved daughter faithfully.

And thus we come to the series of portraits of the Dillettante Society, with which the whole Exhibition concludes. Why the members of a society formed for the advancement of the love and knowledge of the fine arts should, for the most part, have chosen to be taken a wine-glass at, if not in, hand, it is hard to imagine, now that high rank and high art alike, are happily no longer so closely allied to conviviality and excess as was the case a hundred years ago. Among these thirty portraits is no name of special note to detain us longer; and if any portrait be of special beauty as a work of art, our eyes were by this time too weary to discover its merit.

Thus we look our last on a series of loan collections, which, though of unrivalled interest, has seemed the last two years to pall in a marvellous way upon the British public. On the dull April day when these notes were made, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that till two or three o'clock there seemed more policemen than spectators; but, at least, the few spectators there were the gainers by the absence of the genteel crush of most picture galleries; and none the less gratitude is due to Lord Derby, who suggested these chronological collections of national portraits, and to the owners, who have so generously lent their choicest treasures for the enlightenment and delight of an apparently somewhat fickle, if not unappreciative, public.

A. C. D.

ANTIQUE GEMS AND SIGNET RINGS.

Mithridates, Alexander the Great, Julius and Augustus Cæsar, Mœcenas, Verres the rapacious prætor of Sicily, Hadrian, Nero, Heliogabalus, and other rulers of Imperial Rome, were ardent gem collectors, and by no means scrupulous in their method of obtaining specimens which struck their fancy. To them succeeded Francis I. of France, Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Catherine de Medici, Charles IX., Henri IV., Louis XIV., Frederick of Prussia, Catherine II. of Russia, the

Digitized by Google

Empress Josephine, and dukes, princes, and barons by the score. In the little known though very important 'Art Library' attached to the South Kensington Museum, there are many beautifully illustrated catalogues of the chief national and private collections which have been formed from the debris of those which political and family vicissitudes dispersed over Europe during the Middle Ages. A careful examination of these works, or of the original gems whenever my readers are lucky enough to have the chance, would throw more light on the subject of gem engraving, and the various trains of thought which it suggests, than any amount of laboured description which I could possibly compress into these pages; I will therefore, after glancing at the manner in which these collections have been formed, endeavour to set before them as many interesting facts and anecdotes connected with gems themselves, and particularly signet rings, as I can discover.

Of the finest gems in the French collection at the Bibliothéque Imperiale, many have been in France from time immemorial, having formed part of the spoils of Rome deposited by Alaric in the Gothic capital of Narbonne; others were brought by St. Louis and other crusading princes from the East; others again, in the first ages of the Frank kingdom, were presents from Rome and Constantinople to the more powerful monarchs. Carlovingian and mediæval piety devoted the precious stones obtained by them from various similar sources to the adornment of church plate, shrines, copes, pastoral staffs, the bindings of missals, livres d'heures, and other articles of religious use. In this manner, notwithstanding the storms of the Revolution and other earlier troubles which swept over France, such glorious works as the Cameo Apotheosis of Augustus, or Agate of the Sainte Chapelle, brought to Paris by Baldwin II. in 1244; the Apotheosis of Germanicus, also from Constantinople; the Jupiter, or Creator Mundi, of Chartres Cathedral, and the huge sardonyx vase, 'The Cup of the Ptolemies,' or as it was called by the monks, 'Vase of St. Denys,' have been preserved to this day; while those which the kings kept for their own state, have in too many cases been dispersed to the winds. Of course these original and historic gems, the spoils of the later Byzantine and Roman Cæsars, are by far the choicest in the whole collection, which numbered in 1858, 2,540 gems, and has since been considerably increased.

Charles V., and his brother the Duc de Berri; the Duc d' Anjou, who used the most precious camei he could collect, to stud his gold and silver plate; (1360–8.) and Francis I., who employed Primatticio and Cellini to buy up gems for him in Italy—also possessed many of those now in Paris. To such an extent did Francis I. carry his love of art, that Vasari declares Fontainebleau was rapidly becoming a reproduction of Rome; the gem enthusiasm of the King was of course followed by his favourites, till hats, coats, chains of state, armour, weapons of every description, and all the varied robes of 'les dames de la cour' blazed with the choicest gems which their taste could select, or their purses pay for.

Digitized by Google

Henri II., Catherine de Medici, Henri IV., Gaston d' Orléans, Cardinal Mazarin, all in their turn added to the national cabinet. Louis XIV. never hesitated at price to obtain a choice specimen; for one stone long considered the work of Pyrgoteles, he paid the sum of £2,000.

This beautiful gem, a very splendid sard, graven with a many-figured design, supposed when ascribed to Pyrgoteles, to be the birth of Alexander, but now known to be the chef d'œuvre of the cinque cento period, was at one time the private signet of Michael Angelo Buonarotti. There is one story related of this gem, which confirms the old saying, that collectors have no conscience. A certain Baron Stosch, well known formerly as a great gem collector, and also as a paid Hanoverian spy upon the Chevalier de S. George, whose character Pope sketches in the lines—

> 'Annius, crafty seer, with ebon wand
> And well dissembled emerald in his hand,
> False as his gems, and cankered as his coins,'—

was shown over the cabinet in the Bibliotheque by the Academician, J. Hardion. Suddenly the custodian missed this famous gem; dissembling his suspicions, he sent for an emetic by a servant who was in the building, and when it arrived, compelled the Baron under penalty of criminal proceedings, to swallow it. In a few moments, says Dr. King, translating the narrative of the witty President Des Brosses, Hardion had the satisfaction of hearing Michael Angelo's ring tinkle into the basin held before the hapless gem collector.

The oldest cabinet of gems, collected by those who could appreciate their value as works of art, is certainly that formed at Florence by Piero de Medici, and his son Lorenzo the Magnificent. This very beautiful collection was dispersed in 1505; when Lorenzo's cowardly son Piero, who had fled from Florence, was drowned by the upsetting of a ferry-boat on the Garigliano, after the battle of that name, the troops of Charles VIII. of France, the dead prince's nominal allies, and his revolted subjects the Florentines, joined in the pillage of the Palazzo Medici. It had, however, been Lorenzo's practice to have all his gems engraved with his name, so that when the Medici came again into power, and Leo X. was collecting his scattered inheritance, nearly all these gems returned to him, but without their costly settings, the rude soldiery into whose hands they had fallen, having probably melted the gold down into ready money, and sold the stones for a trifle to the Jews.

It is curious that this Florentine cabinet, now amounting to about 3,000 gems, should have received its last considerable addition from an Englishman. A certain Mr. Cowie, resident in Como, who had collected an extremely valuable series, amongst them the masterpiece of Dioscorides, a bust of Io, which he had bought in London for £17, when the Poniatowski cabinet was disposed of, bequeathed them all in 1862 to the Galleria of Florence.

Digitized by Google

This bust of Io would certainly have fetched £1,000, had it not been for the singular folly of the princely Pole, who having inherited from his uncle, Stanislaus, the last King of Poland, an incomparable cabinet of some one hundred and sixty exquisite gems, and having added a few more of like value, suddenly became bitten with a scheme for making this the choicest collection in the world. Gathering together all the great artists of the day, he set them to work on gems of good quality, a long series of intaglio and cameo scenes from the Greek poets and mythology, or carefully designed portraits and single figures, after the best models of antiquity. The collection thus manufactured amounted to 3,000, and all of them were engraved with the names of the great masters of classical days, by Dies, the only man in Europe who could exactly imitate the true archaic signature.

The vast mass of gems in the Zarskojeselo palace, belonging to the Czar, exceeding 10,000, and the 5,000 in the Royal Cabinet at Berlin, chiefly purchased by Catherine II. in the one case, and Frederick the Great in the other, are too modern to have any interest as collections, and contain an enormous proportion of copies, forgeries, and modern Italian camei.

Our own national gem cabinet in the British Museum, originally formed by the legacies of Towneley, Payne-Knight, and Cracherode, has lately received a most important addition by the purchase of the De Blacas cabinet, itself a most choice selection from several famous Parisian collections. The whole number, I believe, is now not far short of 900, and though this may seem small after the continental thousands, yet it must be remembered that it is almost entirely free from forged or doubtful gems. Mr. King affirms that in gems set in their original rings it is richer than any other collection in Europe; one especially worthy of remark is an intaglio of Hercules and the Hydra, very deeply cut in a sard stone, with a huge gold ring of the Lower Empire.

The 'lion ring' of the Princess di Canino, a cameo head of Serapis, and a portrait of Domitian and Julia side by side, or conjugated as the technical phrase runs, are also most striking. A very late-in-life portrait of Julius Cæsar, by Dioscorides, as hard and stern as a suppressed photograph of the present Cæsar of the Tuilleries which I was once fortunate enough to obtain in Paris; a laughing faun, in whose frolicksome face beaming forth from a lovely jacinth graven by Ammonius, Mr. King imagines he sees a likeness to John Wilkes; and a gold snuff-box, the legacy of Lady Holland, to whom it had been left by the First Napoleon, who had received it from Pius VII. at Tolentino, valuable for the splendid onyx cameo which crowns its lid, even more than from its historic associations:—these are only a few of the gems, each deserving a detailed description, in the 'national store-room' of Bloomsbury.

Before closing this rapid notice of the great cabinets of Europe, I must mention one so pre-eminently magnificent, that more than one of our greatest connoisseurs have declared that were they allowed to select fifty

Digitized by Google

of the most precious gems from any one collection in the world, they would choose this, though only five hundred in number, to supply them.

The third Duke of Devonshire formed this rare assemblage of gems, conspicuous both from their intrinsic value and artistic worth; from it Mr. Hancock selected eighty-eight gems, the choicest both as regarded splendour of material and beauty of device, to form a 'parure' for the Countess of Granville to wear as Ambassadress of England at the Coronation of the Czar. The 'parure' consisted of a comb, a bandeau, a stomacher, a necklace, a diadem, a coronet, and a bracelet. The idea of using these more than regal ornaments on an occasion so worthy of them, appears to have been purely accidental. A portrait of Queen Elizabeth, one of the finest cinque cento camei in existence, the chief ornament of the diadem, suggested the complete design, which met with the most unbounded admiration at the Russian court. 'While others,' says Mr. King, who for ten long pages of his almost too voluminous treatise on antique gems, fairly gloats over this fond topic, 'displayed a perfect blaze of diamonds, in which the Russian nobility are particularly rich, no one attracted so much notice as the Countess of Granville, whose "parure" was the triumph of art over material wealth. For while their diamonds if lost might be replaced, each of these gems was unique; and so far has the art been lost, that there exists no artist who could produce anything to compare with the choice works of the cinque cento, much less with the far higher excellence of the best times, and the greatest masters of Greek and Roman art.'

(To be continued.)

THE GEOGRAPHY OF SPAIN IN RELATION TO ITS HISTORY.

History cannot be either accurately learned or long remembered unless it be studied with the aid of the map. Especially is this the case with Spain, a country as remarkable for its great variety of climate as for its well-defined geographical divisions.

Various is the character of Spanish geography, considered both in the relation of its different parts to each other, and in the aspect which the whole country bears to the world.

In a good map of Spain the first thing which strikes the eye is the mountain system, which rises in successive chains from the shores of the Mediterranean to those of the Bay of Biscay. Most of the ranges run east and west, though the ancient kingdom equally with the modern province of Aragon was and is greatly shut out from the rest of the country by a chain running north and south.

The presence of mountains implies that of rivers, and equally, if the

Digitized by Google

ranges are at no vast distance from each other, that the intervening space is occupied by narrow valleys, rather than by vast plains.

Surrounded on nearly all sides by the sea, Spain is in times of unskilful navigation apparently cut off from the rest of the world. But when the sea has lost its terrors, and is looked upon rather as the means of uniting than dividing nations, the position of Spain is unrivalled for commerce with all parts of the world, both ancient and modern.

The whole history of the eight hundred years' war with the Moors, the causes which were instrumental in the Spaniards, at first rapidly, afterwards more slowly, expelling their enemies, the divisions of the Spaniards and the Moors, the rise of the towns, and the tendency of the three principal kingdoms to unite, will be largely explained and better understood, when the physical divisions of the peninsula are fairly grasped.

The kingdoms of Leon and Aragon were both restricted in their boundaries, the one by its neighbour Castile, and the other partly by the same power, and partly by the mountains on one side and the sea on the other. The kingdom of Castile, favourably situate between these, and occupying the very heart of the peninsula, was at leisure to extend downwards and make what head it could against the Moors, the common enemy of all three.

Though Aragon also enlarged its boundaries at the expense of its Mussulman foes, it did not obtain such accessions of territory as fell to the lot of Castile. This it could not do, from the necessity of its geographical position, since it could not push back its western frontier at the expense of its Christian neighbour.

It resembled at its fullest extent an isosceles triangle, whose base was supported by the Pyrenees, while one side was washed by the Mediterranean, and the other formed the frontier of Castile. Aragon could not advance further southward, because it was agreed, when James the Conqueror gained possession of Valencia, the Balearic Isles, and Murcia, that the last should be transferred to Castile, thus effectually barring in this direction the further progress of Aragon. The energies of its kings and people thenceforward were engaged in foreign expeditions, and they played an important part in Mediterranean politics.

The position of these kingdoms was somewhat similar to that of the Heptarchic kingdoms of Kent, Sussex, and Wessex, as the former two could not extend their boundaries, while there was no sister kingdom to prevent Wessex getting the remainder of the south of England into its power.

When the Saracen Empire was first established in Spain, and the greater part of the peninsula had acknowledged the religion of the Koran, the mountains of the Asturias and the Pyrenees sheltered those Goths who preferred exile to living as tributaries under infidel masters. Driven as far as they could be, the Goths made a stand, and in their gradual re-conquest took advantage of physical barriers. Thus the river Douro

Digitized by Google

and the mountains of the Guadarrama formed successively the boundaries of the kingdom of Leon. This kingdom gradually extended itself at the expense of the Moors.

The Pyrenees formed the base of the kingdom of Aragon, whose limits were determined eventually by the neighbouring kingdom, the mountains, and the sea.

As the hill country formed a refuge for the fugitive Goths, so the great extent of the peninsula was the weakness of the Moors. They did not form the entire population, as a large number of Christians existed among them, and they continued to dwell in that part of the country where the Christians had regained the upper hand. The increasing territory the Spaniards re-conquered and their enemies lost, tended partially to reverse their positions; as the Moors, being confined within a narrower space, were able, from their great resources, and the assistance of their brethren on the other side of the strait, to offer a more vigorous resistance, while the tide of re-conquest was stayed until the new acquisitions were effectually peopled by an exclusively Christian population. When at last the Moors were confined to the kingdom of Granada, the best part of Spain, and the most capable of supporting a very large population, two hundred and fifty years were occupied in driving them out from this narrow possession.

If it be urged that the divisions of the Christians were a great hindrance to the final expulsion of the Moors, it is not difficult to see what an important part geography performed in promoting those divisions. Between Leon on the one side and Aragon on the other, gradually arose, from what had been the frontier of Leon, the *land of castles*, the land rescued from the infidels and gradually but surely increasing. Small at first, it figured as a dependency of Leon, and so continued till their separation.

This did not long continue, but when an union was again effected, it was with Castile as the head and Leon as the subordinate partner. Even after this union, the Christian population of Spain was under two heads, the kings respectively of Aragon and Castile, and was in possession of the inferior parts of the peninsula. It was necessary for the whole of Spain to be under one government, before the Moors could be assailed with a reasonable hope of their final expulsion.

The union under Ferdinand and Isabella must not be considered as perfect, but rather as rendering united action against a common enemy possible, by putting an end to mutual rivalry. It bears somewhat the same relation to that under Charles V. and Philip II., as the union of Scotland and England under James I. bears to that under George III.

The rivers of Spain produce valleys rather than plains, as the mountain ranges are too close to admit of more than comparatively narrow spaces between them. This circumstance tended to disunite both the Spaniards and the Moors, and no great empire could be founded, as on the vast plains of Asia and Europe.

At first sight, there seems much plausibility in the view that Spain was

Digitized by Google

isolated from the rest of the world. Situate at the extreme south-west corner of Europe, it was shut off from other European nations by the Pyrenees, and enclosed entirely on three sides and partially on the fourth by the sea. It cannot be denied that the Pyrenees were a substantial barrier, and although they may, and have been passed, both in ancient, mediæval, and modern times, by an energetic conqueror, yet the formation of the different kingdoms on either side of them, and still more the cardinal difference of language, attest the fact. Even then, granted that by these mountains the Spaniards were partially shut off from the world, though by no insuperable barrier, had they no other means of communication?

Even in the very infancy of navigation, in the time when it was considered madness to venture out of sight of land, the south coast of Spain was within easy reach of Africa. At this time, though Europe was sufficiently barbarian, Africa was highly civilized, and had a large influence in the politics of the world.

As skill in navigation increased, Spain, still as accessible as ever to Africa, was more so to Italy, Sicily, and France; and we have only to look at the part Aragon played for years in the politics of Sicily and Naples, to refute the notion that Spain was out of the world.

Again, Castile and Portugal formed intimate matrimonial alliances with England in the reign of Richard II., and England was at a greater distance than either Italy or Africa.

This is indeed, and can only be, a slight sketch of a great subject; and in noticing the mediæval period of Spanish history, the ancient and modern have been omitted. Perhaps that which has been chosen is the most instructive of any, being concerned with the longest war on record. It only remains to add that on the discovery of America, the great seaboard of the Spaniards, and their position on the outskirts of Europe, gave great facilities for conquest and settlement, of which they were not slow to avail themselves. *How* they used these advantages is not within the scope of the present essay to inquire.

RIGHT THROUGH A MOUNTAIN; OR, THE SALT MINES OF HALLEIN.

A TRUE STORY.

Do you remember the story of the poor boy who once went to sleep on a hill-side, and was somehow carried off by the Trolls or Hill-folk into their realm in the centre of the mountain? how he lived among them very happily for some time amid every luxury, till at last he remembered his home, and contrived to get away and to return there? and how he found

Digitized by Google

he had been away for a hundred years, and that only one old woman still lived who remembered hearing in her childhood of his disappearance! How terribly sad he felt when he found not a single one of his friends alive to care for him! I am not sure that he did not go back to the hill-side and entreat the Trolls to take him in again. There was one day in my life in which I almost believed in the truth of this story, for I once went into the very inside of a mountain in the country where it is said to have happened. And first let me premise that though I assert I have been right through a mountain, I am not a steam engine, nor a flash of lightning, nor a trickling stream, but only an ordinary English lady with a love of adventure. Once when staying with some friends in a remote and mountainous district of Austria, near Salzberg, an opportunity presented itself of seeing the fabled haunts of the Trolls. 'Are there any Bergfolke* about here?' was one day asked of the waiter. 'Bergfolke! ja wohl, es sind viele,'—'Miners! yes, indeed, there are plenty,'—came at last in the deepest gutturals, and the mountain of their reputed haunts was indicated.

About three o'clock on a bright summer's afternoon, you might have seen a carriage making its way through the narrow streets of an old-fashioned German town. This carriage, although so small that it was hardly possible for Mr. and Mrs. M. and myself to squeeze in, (besides a boy on a perch in front,) required two powerful horses to draw it. The reason of this soon appeared; for at a sudden turn of the road we left the town, and began to ascend what seemed at the time rather like the side of a house. The horses scrambled like cats, we held on vigorously, and ere long we were far above the town, and the scenery became more enchanting continually. It is said to resemble that of Norway more than any other country, in the singular union of the most delightful greensward, with patches of forest utterly wild, and the impressive black pines which give so peculiar a character to all scenery. Higher, higher, we rose, more and more exhilarating was the air; while the road, no longer so steep, and winding among beautiful varieties of forest and open country, allowed us to look about freely, and enjoy the ever-varying prospects. I thought of poor Hans: was it anywhere here he had lain down? Was it from a trap-door in the side of one of these craggy slopes that the Trolls had come out, and fetched him in to join their revels? It was impossible not to look keenly for such entrances, not to listen sometimes for sounds of little voices below! 'Es sind hier Bergfolke?' stammered I to the phlegmatic-looking youth sitting in front. 'Ja wohl!' in a tone of aggrieved surprise. No further could we get in conversation. Just then a sudden turn of the road, which had lately been through a bleaker and less interesting tract of country, brought us into a clearing and partial excavation, and there stood in the centre of it the oddest little house. The driver stopped in front of it, and handed us out, with an incomprehensible speech about Bergfolke, and departed after delivering us over

* Bergfolke, the old name for Trolls, or mountain spirits, also signifies *miners*.

Digitized by Google

to a woman who appeared on the door steps, and who received us with a volley of patois. Mr. M., acting as interpreter, explained to her that we all wished to go 'darunter,' pointing out of the window. Following the direction of his hand, I saw a hole in the side of the mountain, the much wished for trap-door at last! Mr. M. now disappeared; and the woman proceeded, much to our alarm and horror, to fasten the door on the inside, and then to deprive us of our bonnets, shawls, watches, and travelling dresses, and to array us in long baggy trousers of whitey-brown linen into which all petticoats were tucked, and over this a blouse of the same with a leathern belt. Our adornment was completed by a close-fitting leathern cap and thick gauntlets. Most comical we looked, and vainly did we entreat to be allowed to retain at least a loose wrapping shawl before venturing out again. The tyrannical woman either did not or would not understand a word, but with another volley of patois carried off all our things in a bundle into another room, and showed us out of the house. But there in front, lounging near the entrance to the mountain, was the queerest little figure, (one of the Bergfolke?) in a whitish dress and cap with a flap behind, too odd to describe. We could not go out with that object there to look at us—oh! where *was* Mr. M., and what *would* become of us?

Just as we were looking at each other in despair, the figure suddenly turned round, gazed fixedly at us for a minute, and then burst into a fit of laughter, rubbing his gauntleted hands with delight. It was—yes, it *was*—Mr. M., and no wonder we had not recognized each other in such a disguise. Enduring his criticism as best we might, we set forth to the entrance of the mine, where we were joined by three stalwart fellows in similar costume. Each constituted himself guide and protector to one of us, and presented us with a candle similar to one he held himself; and so we entered the mountain walking in single file. The grotesqueness of the whole scene cannot be imagined—the strange dress, the flaring lights, the broken grumbling patois occasionally exchanged by the men, the certainty that we were turning our backs on light and liberty, and exploring unknown recesses of the earth.

Deeper and deeper we penetrated, in silence. 'And how were we to breathe there?' do you inquire; 'without oxygen, without sunlight, which alone makes air wholesome,' &c. We didn't know, we don't know to this day! Perhaps we *didn't* breathe; 'breathless astonishment,' 'breathless suspense,' and 'breathless admiration,' are acknowledged states of mind; and each of these succeeded the others so rapidly in our adventures, that I think the probability is we did *not* breathe at all! and that is why the difficulties on this head, which perplex my scientific friend, never occurred to us once. In silent procession we moved on along a smooth and slightly declining pathway; the rock over our heads varying in colour and grain, but the salt crystals, for which it is worked, glittering out brightly as the lights flashed by. The passage was roofed, it is true, with rough timbers, but between them you saw the rock salt,

Digitized by Google

with its veins of rich dark red, or a brighter hue, sometimes grey or yellow. Remembering how fruits from fairy gardens had once turned out precious stones, I felt an intense desire to appropriate some of this sparkling treasure; but I had been warned that it was unlawful to do so, and that every poor mortal was searched. Besides which, there was no receptacle anywhere about our tight-fitting garments for concealing such, no pocket, even our very handkerchiefs had to be tucked into our belts! Nevertheless, impelled by an irresistible curiosity, I contrived to clutch at several pieces of more than ordinary brightness, and carried them unperceived on the ledge of my candle.

After tramping on some way, we suddenly halted, though the gallery continued—nay, branched out extensively, as it seemed, in different directions. Here many dim figures, in miner's dresses, each with a murky light somewhere about him, appeared in distant recesses. A mysterious conference took place between the guides in front.

'What a place for robbery and murder!' the thought would rush on the mind. What horrible deeds might not ere this have been done in these realms of darkness! What power of resistance had we? or who could ever know our fate? Had these men fire-arms perchance? How awful would be the report of a single gun down in these solitary passages! enough to madden one to think of! But hold! what are they doing in front? Mr. M. and his guide disappear suddenly, lights and all, gone! but where? We move on, and I become aware of a yawning gulf close to our path; Mrs. M. informs me that her husband is gone *down there*, and she intends to follow him! This is 'darunter' indeed!

With the pluck of a true Englishwoman, and a sort of intuitive comprehension of her guide's wishes, Mrs. M. places herself behind him as desired, and somehow shoots downwards into darkness. I am left alone with my guide, and the jabbering men around, and look down trembling to see twinkling lights disappearing. In order to understand this mode of transit, I must beg of my readers to imagine a very long very smooth trough very slightly hollowed, and wide enough to sit in comfortably. There are grooves for the feet down the sides, and a rope made fast above and below is stretched down the right hand side. Imagine this trough or plank set against the side of a house at a very steep incline, like that of a ladder almost, and yourself *on the roof* about to embark in it, and you will have some idea of this style of locomotion, only it would take many houses one on the top of another to make a descent as long as this was! My guide sat down at the top, holding the rope firmly in his right hand, by grasping which more or less tightly, and leaning more or less backwards, he was to regulate the pace of descent. Then letting himself down a little, he signaled to me to place myself above him, my feet in the grooves, my knees resting on his back, and holding the rope in one hand, the lighted candle in the other. And thus we shot down into darkness, and quick as lightning were fathoms below! It was very exciting, but not unpleasant; the motion gave none of the sensation of falling, yet

Digitized by Google

was delightfully smooth and easy. It is impossible to describe one's sensations at first getting a bird's eye view of one's friends below, and then descending *pounce* like an eagle among them.

We then walked on, through a narrow gallery as before, the rock becoming more brilliant with crystals, and perforated with innumerable passages, like a rabbit warren. Again we shoot down into darkness, and commence a fresh perambulation on a lower level. The sound of running streams comes to our ears; these, we are told, are subterranean rivers for conveying brine to a great reservoir. Another descent! yet another! The darkness and stillness were becoming oppressively monotonous, when suddenly, as we emerged from a narrow gallery, we stood upon the edge of a lake black as Styx. The rock arched darkly overhead, the gloomy depth spread out below it; no light of day, no beam of sunshine, had ever gladdened those waters, no free wind passed over them; there they lay, a death power to vegetation, without even marine growths, yet incorruptible from their very nature. Around those dim shores torches were placed at intervals, and faintly illuminated the waters. Each of these torches, with its reflection in the water below, seemed to glow with an unearthly glare, and only render more visible the darkness which brooded over the rest of the scene. There was something in its whole aspect unlike all other, bringing flooding over one a stream of undefined sensations and memories and thoughts—poetical fables, Charon and his boat, Dante's land of disembodied spirits, Bunyan's valley of the shadow of death; while even the old familiar words of Scripture seemed brought home, with a fuller realization of their significance, by our awful surroundings, as with a strange half doubt whether some mysterious change had not passed over *us*, we could yet rest in the thought that the strong foundations of the earth are the Lord's, that even the mountains and the hills which covered us never conceal His enemies, nor shut out His children from the care of His Right Hand. A 'great gulf fixed' in the middle of the earth, a place of darkness and silence, it was indeed; the gloomy rocks in deepest shade around and above, would here and there assume fantastic and fearful forms. By-and-by a boat guided by a dim figure came gliding between the still waters below, and the slimy damp grave-like rocks which hung above. Into this boat we all stepped, and were launched upon the lake. The impression the first sight had made, did not pass away as we crossed it in silence.

On the opposite bank we found some silent figures waiting to return by the way we had come; and we watched the boat put off again into darkness, and gazed with a strange fascination for the last time on that melancholy scene. Then turning, we found ourselves under the guidance of a hearty young fellow who seemed to preside over this part of this interior of the mountain. We breathed more freely as we turned away from the lake; and as they say 'the sublime is but a step from the ridiculous,' so it proved here, and that step was at once taken. For nothing would serve this lusty imp of the mountain, but that we should

Digitized by Google

all mount on a long form on wheels, which ran on a kind of tram-road, along a narrow gallery. Remonstrances, and hints that we would rather walk, were alike thrown away, the despotic ruler would be obeyed. The absurdity of the command effectually diverted our spirits from somewhat oppressive thoughts, and eventually we all mounted, one behind another, feeling very much as if the days of romping childhood were come over again, and this was a gigantic infernal hobby-horse; when, lo! the creature set off at such a pace! The imp was pulling it, running as hard as he could go, faster than any mere mortal boy could have run; round went the wheels clattering and rattling, our candles were nearly blown out by the draught. Slower—surely we are going up hill—slower still. What is that before us in the far distance? a light calm, cool, steady; is it, can it be the blessed daylight? But it is gone again, the road slopes downwards, the impish guide scampers faster than ever, dragging his extraordinary train clattering at his heels. But a change in the atmosphere gradually makes itself felt, a light again in front; it grows, it widens, we rush towards it, our hearts beat high with joy, and in a moment we dash out of the side of the mountain into the broad daylight; where, deafened, shaken, dazzled, and utterly bewildered, we find ourselves on our queer conveyance sitting under the calm clear light of the setting sun. As we recover ourselves and dismount, how lovely does everything appear! From the bottom of the heart wells up the feeling,

'I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast made
This earth so bright.'

Never before had we prized the sunlight as now, when it streamed down its parting rays on the beautiful forest-clad heights above us; and we gazed till the colours faded away. And here comes the very woman we saw before! was it to-day, or last week, or a hundred years ago? Who could say? such strange things had we seen since! But we gladly resumed with her assistance our familiar bonnets and dresses, and discarded the uncouth costume, which had however enabled us to make the expedition in safety. With kindly acknowledgements to the good Hill-folk, we wended our way thoughtfully into the town, for we had come out at the base of the mountain, having literally been right through it!

W.

LES INSOMNIES, LES INSOMNIES.

'O gentle sleep, how have I frighted thee?'—*Henry IV.*

'KEEP a thing seven years, and you'll find use for it; and if you don't then, why, keep it for another seven; it will be sure to come in for something.'

That was one of our dear old Nurse's sayings. I think I hear her

Digitized by Google

now, with the slight touch of Dorsetshire in her tone, that makes Barnes's beautiful little poems all the dearer to me for her sake.

And I have just had a proof of the truth of this particular saying of hers, which I feel inclined to write down for the benefit of Louisa and Charlie, Tom, Albert, and Annie, Margaret, and little Ada—my god-children; some of whom may think they have done with the Church Catechism now that they are confirmed; and some, who are still learning it, may wonder of what use it will be to them in that dim Future, which is so vast as we look forward, so little as we look back.

My nerve had been a good deal tried, by a severe shock first, and afterwards by the sudden commencement of great anxiety, continued for some days. When this ceased, with the reaction came a degree of excitement, that brought restless wakeful nights. 'A general disturbance of the system,'—so said the family doctor—a want of harmony, in short, between the mind or Brains, and that which Xavier de Maistre calls *la bête*, and Owen Meredith, still less civilly, 'the untamed beast;' but which I prefer to call—as Pascal did, and as Plato did before him—'that other One.'

The Ego, that should have held the balance between the contending powers, was at her wits' end; and as one way of obtaining at least a truce, on one memorable night, on which the doctor had desired an opiate to be tried, she had ordered 'that other one' to read, and the Brains to attend to, some good and thoughtful book; for if the watches of the night are not spent, as they should be, in sleep, they are too precious, and too solemn, for any but the best kind of books. And for a short while there *was* a truce; till suddenly—nobody can tell how—the Brains recalled a letter received that day from a young subaltern, in sultry 'Gib,' in which he had said, 'Poor —— is very ill, and has not been able to sleep for a month.' A whole month of restlessness like this! and that other One rolled over, trying in vain to find a cool place on the pillows. 'Ay,' quoth the Brains, 'and did not B—— say in his letter, "What fun the cousins will have at the Exhibition, and how they will astonish the natives of R—— with the bonnets they will bring back from Paris."' To be sure they will. Alexander of Macedon had one—no, nonsense; it was not Parisian; there was no Paris then. Paris was dead, and Troy was done for, long before *his* time. But anyhow, he *had* a bonnet of a lion's head—there's his picture in Crabbe's Historical Dictionary; fancy Beatrice in a tom-cat bonnet—a 'a capote fourré à la Russe,' it should be called—no, a 'chapeau du chat Thomas.' It would read sweetly in Le Follet, 'Ces charmants petits chapeaux sont très à la mode; les deux pattes de devant s'arrangent sur le front; les deux pattes de derrière restent sur le chignon et la queue pend d'un coté avec une grace inouie.' And wouldn't the Sunday-school children take her for Bogie himself!

Vainly the Ego endeavoured to stop this torrent of nonsense, all the

Digitized by Google

more vainly that it was impossible to help laughing; at length, in despair, she roused all her power, bade that other One sponge her face and hands with cold water, promised her, if she would only try to lie still, an orange, or a glass of iced water, as soon as the household should be awake; and then summoning the Brains, she bade them 'say their Catechism! steadily, straight through, questions and answers and all!'

Now whether the sound of the words, so well known as to require no effort of memory, acted like grave music on the spirits, or whether the deep meaning of those words required serious attention, yet not such as to weary the mind, or whether the Brains were humbled by finding that they could not say 'the hard answer,' (the Ego excused it them, lest the effort to recall it should excite them so much as to arouse that other One,) whether any of these causes, or all combined, produced the effect, certain it is, that the Brains were sobered; and the Ego and her subjects had some sleep, for which none had reason to be more thankful than these same mutinous Brains themselves. And the Ego—who had herself, though valuing the Church Catechism most highly, been hitherto a little inclined to look on it as on the cradle with which we protect a young tree, which, when the tree is full grown, we fling aside as no longer needed—now perceived that to her it still had its use, after seven times seven years keeping.

'Il y a tant de personnes curieuses dans ce monde,'—so Xavier le Maistre says; and as some of these may wish to know what had caused so great a disturbance in the usually peaceful dominions of the Ego, here follows the story, if they care to read it.

One Monday morning, the Ego, having some reason to think herself rather poorly, was quietly drawing, when in rushed the Alter Ego, calling for bandages. Away went the Ego, to find the big bag, which every house-mother keeps, or should keep, and was tearing off a strip, (everybody has a pet economy, and linen rag is hers,) when the Alter Ego snatched up two whole shirt-sleeves, and was off, as Miss Barbara Yellowley would have said, 'like the whif of a whirlwind;' in a moment more, in ran No. 3.

'I don't know what has happened, but poor little Ralph Punnet has cut his hand very badly, and they're bringing him here—and Papa has sent off for the doctor.'

'Run up, one of you, then, and see they don't frighten his mother out of her seven senses.'

Away went No. 1 to the cottage where lived the carter and his wife; but ill news flies fast, and before she got there, the poor mother was gone, arriving at the housekeeper's room—where lay the little fellow more than half fainting—in a state hardly less distressing than his. The Ego and her cook administered a dose of brandy and water to both, and then persuaded the poor woman to go home till the doctor should have said what was to be done.

And the doctor came; and then who was to be surgeon's mate? the family nurse, who would have done it best, was gone to visit No. 2 and her babies, (the babies of the second generation are if possible greater prodigies in the nurse's, than even in the grannie's eyes.) There was no time to lose, and no one else of whom the Ego could feel *sure*, though she found afterwards that she might have trusted to the butler. However, not knowing this, she undertook it, Cook still standing by her

Digitized by Google

gallantly. I say she undertook it, but it was in a strength not her own; she had prayed, as she sat by the poor little fellow, for strength for him and for herself, and the prayer was granted; her hand did not shake—not till afterwards—and almost before all was over, Master Ralph was asleep. In about an hour he woke, to Cook's extreme amazement, declared he was very hungry; and being provided with a good slice of cold mutton, enjoyed it right heartily!

Now, the Ego had always held it right to

> 'Welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
> And frequent sight of what is to be borne;'

so she did not expect to be haunted by the remembrance of poor Ralph's grimy little paw; nor probably would this have been the case, but that on the following night, before she had had her sleep out, the Alter Ego was seized with sudden and alarming illness, and violent pains, only to be mitigated by incessant hot fomentations.

Now the Brains behaved right well, using their good sense in suggesting to that other One all sorts of expedients for applying and retaining heat, and their right training in recalling to the Ego the promise, 'As thy days, thy strength shall be,' and reminding her of that Collect which has been the stay of so many a watcher, and so many a sufferer: 'Give comfort, and sure confidence in Thee.' And that other One also did right well, for she so utterly and entirely forgot the ague—which she *was to have had*, either that Monday or that Tuesday, that it was as if it had never been!

And in due time, by God's help, both patients recovered, little Ralph first; indeed, on the second day of his own illness, the Alter Ego sent him 'a shilling, to spend in play;' so vast a sum, to spend for such purposes, had never before, it is believed, been possessed by any of his brothers and sisters; and in the middle of the night he incurred a reprimand from his mother for waking his hard-working father, to consult how it should be spent. On the following day, he set off with his little brother to the town, luckily but a mile distant, when he bought a box of soldiers for his brother, and a tin fife for himself. Ignorance is certainly bliss sometimes; so the Ego never told him or his mother what *she* unluckily knew well—that it would still be some days before the doctor could warrant him safe from lock-jaw. However, All's well that ends well; on the very next Sunday, little Ralph returned thanks in P— Church, father, mother, and all the family, even to the little brother, accompanying him.

And now the story is told, the Ego thinks it will account for the Brains being a little thrown out of their usual equanimity; and she also thinks that she and little Ralph (whose accident, she ought to have explained, arose from his getting his hand too near the machinery of a water-wheel,) both have reason to repeat those good old verses of Addison's:

> 'O how shall words, with equal warmth,
> The gratitude declare,
> That glows within my thankful heart,
> —But Thou canst read it there.'

R. L. C.

Digitized by Google

THE CRETAN EASTER EGG.

HERE is an egg-shell curiously worked with gold by drilling small holes in it. It has something of Venetian ware about it, but the sight of it does not recall the bright beautiful Venice of to-day, nor the dead Venice which languished under Austrian rule. It brings to my mind a sky more brilliantly blue than the sky of Italy—a city more full of past grandeur than is even Venice, and sufferings from an oppression even more tyrannous than Venetians have ever known.

Easter is a season of rejoicing for members of the Greek Church, as it is for other Christians. There are festivities of all kinds both for rich and poor. In the large white houses, set in gardens, which form the principal streets of Athens, and give it the air of a handsome straggling village or Western American town, there are wont to be music and dancing at Easter time; and away on the mountains, where Daphne may have sported or Pan have piped, there are gatherings of peasants in their picturesque costumes—of men in the embroidered jacket and full white *fustanella* or petticoat of Albania, and of women in richly ornamented head-gear, and with innumerable necklaces of silver drachmæ—necklaces which almost remove the drachma from common circulation.

Such is Greece customarily at Easter time. But the Easter of 1867 in Athens, and throughout the Hellenic kingdom, was unlike other Easters. Who amongst the families of rich merchants in Athens could dance with a light heart whilst a deadly struggle was being waged in the neighbouring island of Crete? What peasant could enjoy his resined wine when he bethought him of the hungry penniless Cretan refugees who crowded Athens and her sister towns? At other Eastertides, as he sipped his wine, he had joined his neighbours in rolling, self-rejoicing talk about the freedom and education enjoyed by his class throughout the independent kingdom, winding up perhaps with oft-told tales and songs of the war when Greece rose up against, and shook off, her tyrants. Now, instead of such happy boasting as all free men, whether Greek or English, love to indulge, the peasants are anxiously discussing the issue of the Cretan conflict, and the possibility of feeding the refugees during another winter.

We go out one bright spring morning at this time, and we notice an unusual bustle in the streets. It is not excitement at the appearance of a royal person, for the palace is in the midst of the little capital, and Athenians are accustomed to see their king daily. Nor are people looking with interest at that passing funeral, which could not fail to attract the notice of a stranger. To them the open bier, and the face of the dead exposed to view, are accustomed sights. Let us ask that Greek in Turkish dress what is the cause of the excitement. He is one of the many Mussulmans who live quietly in Athens, happy and content under a Christian constitutional government. The Arkadi has just come into the Piræus from Crete. Anxious to see the brave blockade-runner, I jump into a friend's carriage, and am driven past the graves of heroes who fought the Turk in 1821, to the old harbour of the oldest of European capitals.

The Piræus is all astir. Carriages full of ladies and children, and

Digitized by Google

crowds of people on foot, have come forth to welcome the Arkadi. She herself is green with olive boughs, crowned by Crete in honour of the help which she brought to the struggling patriots, and of the success with which she has carried off women and children who had before been exposed to the barbarities of a merciless enemy. Her decks are crowded with these women and children, who cling together happy to have reached their journey's end in safety, but perplexed and anxious as to what to do next. Money they have none. The Turks burnt their houses and their olive trees, and slew their cattle, and when they left Crete they had nothing to carry with them.

But we must make way, for here come the gentlemen from the committee for the relief of the fugitives. They arrange to what houses of refuge the suffering folk shall be carried, and at once distribute enough money amongst them to keep them from present starvation. A small pittance will be given to them as long as the war continues. A very small pittance it is, truly, and yet it makes up a large sum when it is multiplied by the number of the fugitives; and we wonder at the generosity which has supported the women and children of Crete during this long-continued war. The refugees themselves listen respectfully to the gentlemen of the committee, though some are crying bitterly.

That pretty young woman with as much of black about her dress as she could manage to procure, gazes earnestly upon the little boys who cling to her whilst tears stream down her pale face. She is a widow. 'Her husband and brothers died fighting the Turks,' she says proudly, and then adds with a sob, 'The Turks are very cruel, very cruel to women and children, and for this reason we came away.'

Three days afterwards, I was preparing for a visit to some friends when I was told that a poor woman wished to see me. It turned out to be the young widow whom I had noticed on board the Arkadi, with the eldest of her four boys, a little lad scarcely six years old. She had brought some Easter eggs to sell. She had adorned them herself with gilt and other quaint devices, and now she hoped to earn a little money by selling them. And as I handled and admired the egg, the widow poured forth stories of Crete, of her husband's little farm, of his joining his fellow Christians in the war against the Turks, and of her own escape.

Such stories of fugitives have hitherto been the chief source of information from the unhappy island. Europeans living in the towns could see but little of the struggle, and to go amongst the insurgents themselves involved much hardship and great personal risk if one were taken prisoner by the Mahomedan. But there were volunteers from various countries, some of whom returned to Athens. One, Mr. Skinner, the writer of *Roughing it in Crete*, we knew, and learnt from him how he had accompanied the patriots, while, with their well-pointed rifles behind the rocks of Ida, they kept off large forces of the enemy—how he had gone, amidst their families, who lay grouped, with their slender stocks in hidden nooks by the shore, looking seaward day after day for the long-coming Arkadi. By a public narration in London and elsewhere in England of what he had seen among these brave Christians in their houses and on the island, he afterwards raised something acceptable in aid of the relief fund, and of the sorrowful industry which works Easter ornaments, and other touching objects, to lighten the wants of the refugees, now numbering forty thousand.

Ελεημοσύνη.

Digitized by Google

CORRESPONDENCE.

WOMAN'S WORK.

Sir,

Will you kindly afford me space in your pages for a few suggestions concerning 'Woman's work?' It has long been under discussion; but no satisfactory conclusion has yet been deduced from all that has been said and written on the subject—no plan as yet devised, which meets the large demand for useful occupation, if we are to judge from the numerous letters and papers still appearing in our serials and magazines, the prevailing tone of which is morbid weariness or restless yearning.

Surely, much of the misery arises from woman's failing to recognize and accept her true position; and I cannot but think that no remedy for this evil, nor any great amendment of the loose tone of morality, now so sadly prevalent, is likely to obtain, until she perceive how vast a work for good remains to be effected by her quiet earnest influence; until, in short, she be convinced (and find through Divine Grace moral courage sufficient to develope such conviction) what deep need there is to bring her life, outwardly no less than inwardly, to a standard more consistent with the Apostolic rule for women: 'That women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety—with good works—discreet, chaste, keepers at home—grave, not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things.'

That this is needed, many will readily admit, who from their hearts detest a state of things which they fain would alter, did they but know how to do it.

Whether it be the craving for work; the endeavour to contest with man his natural sphere of publicity on hustings, platform, or class-room; or the extravagance in dress, the style of which is, in too many cases, neither 'modest' nor 'shamefaced;' in each alike we trace the same restlessness and dissatisfaction with our own true position.

One may take it as a lamentable sign of the times, when so notably gentle a priest as Dr. Pusey should have felt occasion to utter a public reproof to women, in the severe and well-nigh contemptuous tones, which lately fell from his lips,* well merited though we must own such rebuke to be.

Nor is it a less cause for humiliation, that the biting sarcasm of our daily journals should have been brought to bear on the public proceedings of those, who too surely forget that woman is 'to learn in silence with all subjection;' that in the hidden sanctities of the home life, she is to be great; her work is 'to guide the house, and give none occasion to the enemy to speak reproachfully.'

Oh, it is high time that every right-minded woman should faithfully strive to do what in her lies to elevate the moral tone of her sex in general!

How turn to good account the surplus energy of woman?

This question has long been mooted, and partially met by the rapid increase of Sisterhoods, and the many charitable works connected with them. Yet these relieve but the isolated cases of those who feel themselves called to such a life, leaving the masses of our fellow countrywomen restless and unoccupied.

Sisterhoods, for the most part, deal with evil when fully developed; and painful and arduous their work is. The conventual life must of necessity be for the *few*. For the *many*, so far as I know, nothing yet exists calculated to band in the might of concentrated effort for good, those who desire a definite work for Christ.

Does it not remain for the leisure woman, so to speak, bound often by inevitable circumstances to a narrower sphere of action, to work out that invaluable maxim, 'Prevention is better than cure?'

Many a willing worker is prevented from employing her leisure as she thinks usefully, by the necessary claims of society and minor home duties, which render out-of-door work an impossibility.

What therefore seems to be needed, and what with prayerful effort I believe might soon be established, is something of the kind suggested in your January number by 'FF.,' though, if I mistake not, the Confraternity to which he alludes was entirely for out-door works of charity.

Could we not form a Guild, or Confraternity of women? having for its special objects—

1st. The promotion of a high and pure tone of moral feeling.

2nd. Modesty in dress.

---

* 'Our Pharisaism: a Sermon preached at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Ash-Wednesday, 1868.'

Digitized by Google

3rd. Co-operation in active works of charity, already established, for the benefit of girls and women.

In fact, a Community who, *in* the world though not *of* it, shall associate themselves in bands or wards, as centres from which to *leaven*, as it were, the female mind around them; aiming at the mutual encouragement and assistance of its members in maintaining the spirit of the Christian life.

What a scope is here for bringing under helpful influence domestic servants, dress-makers, &c., who might also become members of the Guild, and, thence learning to emulate their superiors in something better than fashion and flirtation, try to influence in their turn their relatives and friends.

It is a sad yet notable fact in the statistics of penitentiaries, that by far the larger proportion of their inmates are composed of domestic servants. Yet, alas, it is not among the lower and working class only that the great need of a good and helpful influence exists.

Let those then who are pining for definite work, consider how much they may find ready to hand on every side. Verily 'The fields are white already to harvest, pray we therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.'

To this end, let a central Guild be formed, in connection with which it is hoped that Branch Guilds may in time be established all over the country.

All details of practical interest, rules and regulations, must be discussed hereafter; but I would here suggest, that one chief rule of the Guild *must* be a pledge on the part of all who join it, to adopt modest attire, both as regards out-of-door and evening costume. I do not advocate any singularity, but would strenuously urge all avoidance of the disgusting extremes sanctioned by the height of fashion.

Membership in a solemn compact will render a combined attempt at reformation easy, where solitary efforts would meet with difficulty. A silent, unobtrusive, yet persevering effort against a state of things abhorrent to many, is what we want. A short form of prayer should be in daily use by the members, for a blessing on their undertaking.

It would also be well to seek, if possible, the advice and sympathy of the district clergy, in the formation of the Branch Guilds.

One of the main objects of this Guild being to afford useful and definite occupation, it would seem that there need be very little expense attending it in the way of printing, &c.

'Aim high and you will strike high,' is a good maxim for us all.

Apologizing for the length of this letter,

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

GRETA.

[We insert this letter as a suggestion to be thought over and possibly matured. Meantime, in another number, we have something to say to friends who kindly work for objects indicated in the Monthly Packet.—ED.]

HINTS ON READING.

WE have received two publications on the subject of Music. The first is, *A Guide to the Musical Tuition of Very Young Children*, by 'An Old Lady.' (Augener and Co.) We are delighted to be able to give the 'Old Lady' our warmest and most cordial sympathy. She has evidently a thorough love and appreciation both of good music and of the little ones, and betrays a deep knowledge of all the possibilities and difficulties of Musical Tuition. We most earnestly wish we could obtain so good a tutor for our own little ones, but we fear this is beyond hope, inasmuch as the system which 'An Old Lady' recommends, demands three points of character which but rarely exist in combination, *viz.* brains, temper, and patience, to say nothing of intimate knowledge of the subject.

The other publication alluded to is a number of a little monthly periodical called *The Church Choir-master and Organist*, (F. Pitman,) which is also worthy of commendation. It is nicely got up, and well printed; and, what is of more importance, the papers are written with great ability, and if maintained at its present standard, may be of great service to the cause of Church Music. It seems to advocate the use of the best we can offer, whether of ancient or modern music, for the Service of the Sanctuary. No better principle can be adopted, no other ought to be.

Digitized by Google

Notices to Correspondents.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Can any of your readers tell me the origin of the following line:—

'All things come round to him who will but wait.'

Can you recommend me a good book on the Types? I have all the numbers of The Monthly Paper, *but they do not exactly answer my purpose.*—J.

A. M. L.—*The Thirteenth Number of* Events of the Month. *There is no sequel to* The Lost Brooch.

S. E. A. *would be glad to know what hospital or charitable institution would care to receive odd numbers of periodicals, and also at which of the Railway Stations there are boxes placed to receive them.*——*The Gravesend Mission to Sailors in the Thames is always anxious for such periodicals. Parcels sent by South Eastern Railways, addressed to The St. Andrew's Waterside Gravesend Mission, are delivered free of expense.*—Ed.

Extract from Impressions in Spain *declined for want of space.*

Isabel.—*Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More.*

T. L. *thinks* Manuella *will find that simply dipping the crayon drawing into pure cold water is the best method of* fixing *the crayons. It should then be* suspended *to dry. She will find the Italian mineral crayons have a most beautiful effect. Though not so* intense *in shade as the French chalks, they are capable of minute manipulation and the finest point. Both as regards the mode of* fixing, *and also as to the kind of crayons to be used,* T. L. *speaks only of black and white chalk drawings, not of* coloured *crayons.*

The Sisters of the Poor, Shoreditch, *acknowledge, with many thanks, a gift of postage-stamps from* Z. A. B.

Mr. Allnutt acknowledges with thanks 2s. 9d. *from* Alphega; *and the Rev. T. D. Platt,* A Parcel of Clothes and Toys *from* An Old Friend; *for* The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, at Portsea.

Tyn.—*There is an* Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini *in Italian, in three vols. A translation, by Nugent, in two vols. 8vo. was published in* 1822; *and in a cheaper form more recently.—Elizabeth, the mother of St. John the Baptist, is not in the Calendar of the Western Church; St. Elizabeth, a German Abbess, is canonized on the 18th of June; St. Elizabeth of Hungary, on the 19th of November; St. Elizabeth of Portugal, on the 8th of July. Probably no English church is dedicated in this name.*

The small paper of Fern Fronds, sent by Constant Reader *for the inspection of* Filix-fœmina, *consists of miniature specimens of the species,* Lastrea filix-mas, Polystichum angulare, *and* Athyrium filix-fœmina. *To ensure specimens being rightly named, well-preserved matured fronds are necessary.*

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

Digitized by Google

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 32. AUGUST, 1868. PRICE 1s.

MEDIEVAL SEQUENCES AND HYMNS.

No. VIII.—ON THE CROWN OF THORNS.*

(Florem spina coronavit)

THE thorn hath crowned the Flower now,
Hath crowned its own Creator's brow,
The Flower of Mary born;
The Flower from Whom the rugged wood
Alone receiveth all its good,
The Flower without a thorn.

Though wounded by its cruel points,
He the invading thorn anoints
With oil of holiness;
The Tree of Life bears living boughs,
Whence healing to the nations flows
Under the sting's distress.

More rich than gold, more fair, more good,
This, in the Lamb's life-giving Blood,
Doth blossom as the rose;
A mighty helmet it is made,
Whereby in man's estate arrayed,
Our God doth foil His foes.

More fragrant than the shittim wood,
Of which the ark constructed stood
In the most holy place,
Strive we Christ's Crown to honour so
That He may ours on us bestow
After this day of grace. Amen.

* A Commemoration of our Lord's Crown was formerly appointed to be observed, both in England and France, on the 11th of August, for which day the original sequence was written.

Digitized by Google

THE HILL COUNTRY.

'And Mary arose in those days, and went into the hill country.'

MARY! maid-mother! O take me with thee;
Let me, I pray, in thy company be;
To the hill country I fain would arise—
Follow in spirit my up-gazing eyes.

O the sweet stillness of that Priestly home!
Saintly Elisabeth! bid me to come;
I will not bring one faint whisper of earth,
I will but ponder the wonderful Birth—

Ponder the mystery made known to thee,
How the great GODHEAD Incarnate should be;
In deep humility manifest here,
As in great glory one day to appear.

Lowly He came to His cradle of hay,
Lowly He comes to our Altars to-day;
Few cared to kneel on that rude stable floor,
Few tarry now and His Presence adore!

Lord, to the hills I lift up my sad gaze,
Weary with watching the world's tangled ways;
Let my heart follow, and gather repose,
Calm in the midst of unspeakable woes.

Borrow the stillness of Mary the blest,
Who the great mystery hid in her breast,
Far from the questionings, struggles, and strife,
Of the vain crowd in this valley of life.

Lo! in a 'hill' is outspread the great 'Feast,'
Spread for 'all nations' from west unto east;
Hither, in 'heart and mind,' I would ascend,
Find in this riven Rock peace without end!

Visitation of the Blessed Virgin. E. W.

A THOUGHT AMONG THE BLACKBERRIES.

WHEN banished first from Paradise,
Eve closed in sleep her weary eyes,
Her slumbering thoughts to Eden turned,
For Eden's bowers her spirit yearned—

Digitized by Google

'Ah me!' she cried, 'my native bowers,
No hand now tends your cherished flowers,
But wheresoe'er my way I wend,
Must thorns and briers my steps attend.'
But while she slumbered, near at hand
Stood Uriel from the eternal strand,
Who touched her hand, and said, 'Sad Eve,
For vanished bowers why vainly grieve?
Though thorns and briers shall round thee spring,
God blessings from the curse can bring—
The thistle's flower shall richly blow
More bright than sunset's warmest glow,
While brambles shall prepare a feast
For travellers in the desert waste.'
She woke: and lo, there crowned her bower
The regal thistle's purple flower;
While grew, from out its barren root,
The bramble's black nutritious fruit:
She learnt that God, amid His ire,
Rich fruitage brings from stubborn brier;
And turns to flowers of brilliant dyes,
Each thorn that in our pathway lies.

JANET.

THE USE OF THE PSALTER IN THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

BY THE REV. H. V. H. COWELL, B.A.

THE Psalter or Book of Psalms is so arranged, and such portions of it are appointed for Morning and Evening Prayer each day, that it is sung through every month.

Before the Reformation it was so divided as to be gone through every week. But practically only a few of the Psalms were then recited, because this system was interrupted by frequent Festivals.

Now, while it seems to be employed more sparingly, more of it is really used. And indeed, with our present arrangement, the prominence given to the Psalter is striking; so much so, that we may well ask why a book of Jewish origin should be woven more largely than any other part of the Bible into the Liturgy of the Christian Church. The answer is partly supplied by the saying of Bishop Horne, that 'The Psalms are an epitome of the Bible, adapted to the purposes of devotion.' Their comprehensiveness justifies their entering into our services in so great a proportion. This book rehearses the chief events of the history of the

Digitized by Google

Old Testament; it pictures in vivid colours the future of the Church, by its types and prophecies; it reveals to us the choicest experiences of God's most exalted servants in most varied circumstances; and it abounds with practical precepts pointedly put. So that, as Bishop Horne somewhat quaintly says, 'This little volume, like the Garden of Eden, affords us in perfection, though in miniature, everything that groweth elsewhere.'

There is no book corresponding to it in the New Testament, and we need none, because of what has been called its universal character. Facts are peculiar to times and individuals; feelings are echoed from age to age, from heart to heart. 'A touch of nature makes the whole world kin;' and the Psalter abounds with such touches. And just as the chime of old Ocean repeats itself continually, so that its voice to-day has the same tone as it had thousands of years ago; so the heart's emotions break with the same moans and are shattered into the same sighs now, as in David's day, and our emotions readily express themselves in words that came forth first from the mouth of Moses or in the age of Hezekiah. As the heart of the child flutters with the same fears, the soul of youth is buoyant with the same hopes, the spirit of manhood is shaken with the same conflicts, in whatever age or country our lot may lie; so the Psalms find responsive states in devout men everywhere and always, because 'they address themselves to the simple intuitive feelings of the renewed soul.'

Again, the typical and prophetical character of a large proportion of the Psalms fits them for a foremost place in Christian liturgies. The wanderings of God's people in the wilderness are emblematic of our heavenward journey; the life of David with its strange vicissitudes prefigures that of 'Great David's greater Son.' The victories over Moab, Edom, Philistia, strike the notes that the Church can take up in her spiritual triumph; because all these occurrences of old were arranged in anticipation of their antitypes. For, it has been well said, 'In allegories framed by man, the ground-work is generally fiction, because of the difficulty of finding one true series of facts which shall equally represent another. But the Great Disposer of events, "known unto whom are all His works" from the beginning to the end of time, was able to effect this; and the Scripture allegories are therefore equally true in the letter and in the spirit of them.' This fact not only gives appropriateness to the large employment of the Psalms in Christian worship, but it also has enabled the Church to select certain psalms for special seasons with striking propriety. Thence we have the jubilant notes of the eighty-ninth Psalm at Christmas, the pathetic wail of the twenty-second Psalm on Good Friday; the triumphant tones of the twenty-fourth on Ascension Day; the trumpet-like outburst of the sixty-eighth on Whit-Sunday, when we commemorate the sending forth of the gifts for men which Jesus received on His Glorification, and His consequent conquest of the souls of men. The Messianic reference in these psalms is at once an evidence of the fitness of the Psalter as a Christian book of devotion, and an illustration of the more mystic meaning that we should seek beneath their surface, when singing them from time to time.

Digitized by Google

And this leads me to remark, that the two great purposes subserved by the saying or singing of these Psalms in our services, are the exciting of emotion and the expression of emotion.

It is most important that there should be an element in our services tending to excite emotion. For 'we not only need to think aright, but also to feel warmly about holy things. We need the Psalmist's fire as well as the Apostle's doctrine.' 'We need this daily.' If truth is to do more than lie on the surface of our souls, if it is to tinge our actions and permanently colour our character, then must we have it applied by the Holy Spirit, with some medium that will make it penetrate our nature. The Psalms furnish such a mordaunt. They make the facts and principles of religion, which else would be coldly received, bite into our being. Therefore, most appropriately, the singing of the Psalms precedes the reading of the Lessons from Holy Scripture, and each of these Lessons is succeeded by a Canticle in which we thankfully appropriate the message that has been delivered to us.

But these Psalms not only directly excite holy emotion, they also still the strife of the soul, and deaden the vibrations within, that would otherwise neutralize the effect of God's Word and God's worship upon us. They not only arouse devout feelings; they also banish evil emotions from the breast, as David's harp dispersed the evil spirit that haunted the soul of Saul. So that when the quiet of our spirit has been disturbed; when sin is holding us in its spell, or the world is resting as an incubus on our hearts, crushing down their aspirations, we turn to the Psalms and ask for

> 'the harp that David swept,
> At whose divine entrancing sound,
> The Evil Spirit distance kept,
> While holier visions hover'd round.'

For the holy strains of the Psalmist hush all jarring strings within us, and make our hearts' chords vibrate with sympathetic notes of calm confidence, as they soar through the troubled clime of earth to the clear light of Heaven, and assure us 'while cloudness and darkness are round about' the Almighty, 'righteousness and truth are the habitation of His throne.' A traveller pressing up a Swiss mountain through dense mist, found the top bathed in sunshine, while the thick vapours rolled as dust beneath his feet. As he stood there a little bird soared through the shrouding cloud, and darting up into the light, shook its wings and poured forth sounds of sweetest melody. Thus the Psalms seem to rise out of the troubled atmosphere of earth and to pour forth clear notes of confidence in the calm of Heaven. They bear us up on their wings for a while, and when we sink back again to the perplexities of earth we are enrolled among those

> 'With whom the melodies abide
> Of th' everlasting chime.'

Digitized by Google

Therefore it has been well said of the Psalms of David:* 'He only who knows the number of the waves of the ocean, and the abundance of tears in the human eye, He who sees the sighs of the heart before they are uttered, and who hears them still when they are hushed into silence—He alone can tell how many holy emotions, how many heavenly vibrations, have been produced and will ever be produced in the souls of men by the reverberations of these marvellous strains, of these premeditated hymns, read, meditated, sung, in every hour of day and night, in every winding of the vale of tears. The Psalter of David is like a mystic harp, hung on the walls of the true Zion. Under the breath of the Spirit of God, it sends forth its infinite varieties of devotion, which rolling on from echo to echo, from soul to soul, awakes in each a separate note, mingling in that one prolonged voice of thankfulness and penitence, praise and prayer.'

But I said that the Psalms also serve to express emotion. Now we all know what it is to have a multitude of thoughts swarming within, and yet to be unable to pour out our plaints and to ask sympathy and counsel from God or man. We all know what it is in effect to cry in an agony of convulsed effort to give vent to our feelings:—

'And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.'

At such times the Psalms come to our relief; they lift the flood-gates of the soul, and set free the swollen torrent of thought and feeling, which for want of an outlet spread over the surface of our souls, and submerged all our powers of mind and heart.

Whatever the feelings may be, the varied utterances of the Psalms assist us by articulating them. They catch and reflect every shifting phase of grief or of gladness. And however deep our emotion may be, we find it is equalled by the intensity that the Psalmist's personal experience affords. Whether then we are depressed with sorrow or transported with joy, the Psalms can interpret and syllable our emotions. We think our phase of feeling a peculiar one, perchance, till we come to the house of the Lord and hear the Psalter rehearsed: then we find that another heart has agonized in just the same way. This it is which makes the Psalms so generally loved. This it is which has made men, so diversified in character and condition, find in them the best antidote to their ills. This it was that led those who were exposed to the alarms and anguish of our Indian Mutiny to say: 'There is not a day in which we do not find something in the Psalms that appears written especially for our unhappy circumstances, to meet the wants and feelings of the day.' This makes the Psalter prized alike by the prince, amid the perplexities of exalted position, and by the peasant out of employ, not knowing where to turn for the bread that shall sustain dear life; by the philosopher who, troubled by thoughts that have run up into mysteries, lights on the

* Gerbet. Quoted in Stanley's Jewish Church, Part II. p. 152.

Digitized by Google

sentence, 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him;'* and by the simple man who, pressed down by the weight of want and woe, finds a fitting message for him in the words, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee;'† by the youth who starting in life appropriates the sentence, 'O satisfy me early with Thy goodness, that I may rejoice and be glad all my days;' and by the veteran Christian who, feeling that he must soon relax his grasp of things earthly, says with the Psalmist, 'My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.'‡

Every pang that wrings, every pleasure that rejoices the heart, finds here a parallel.

And the Psalms not only enable us to speak forth for the relief of ourselves the feeling which else 'whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break,' but they also teach us to soar into the Divine presence to utter all our emotion: then they bear us up with rapid stroke to the throne of God, that our feelings may be hallowed by communion with Him, that our joys may be sanctified and our sorrows sweetened, by fellowship with the Father of Spirits. If we are merry, they supply us with carols; if we are sad, they give us 'hearse-like airs.' If we are in prosperity, they teach us praise; if in penury, they teach us prayer; nay, they teach us 'in everything to give thanks;' for whether darkened with desolation, or delighting in deliverance, the Psalmist's voice speaks gratitude, because he argues from the fact of past goodness and mercy that these shall follow him all the days of his life. So, soaring sublimely with all his flutterings of heart he finds a rest in the bosom of the Father, where he can sing forth songs of thanksgiving and speak words of trustful confidence. Thus, whatever our state, the Psalms enable us to rise to God and to worship Him in worthy words.

And who of us has not, at times at least, felt that 'ordinary language of praise will not suffice—is not elevated enough to express our feelings? We want poetry, the language of feeling, of ecstasy; we want better words than we can originate, we want God to teach us how to praise Him.' Let us be thankful to Him, then, for having given us this through men of like passions with ourselves, *holy* men with more heavenly aspirations than we ordinarily have. Let us prize greatly our Psalter—that Book of Common Praise in the body of our 'Book of Common Prayer.' And as we are about to use it let us 'call upon our souls, and all that is within us, to bless His holy Name'; for we may each assuredly say, 'My soul shall be satisfied, even as it were with marrow and fatness, when my mouth praiseth Thee with joyful lips.'§

S. Michael's, Coventry.

---

* Psalm xxv. 14. † Psalm lv. 22.

‡ Psalm lxxiii. 26. § Psalm lxiii. 6.

Digitized by Google

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO LXXXIX.

THE INNOCENT KING.

1435–1442.

ALL the time that Henry the Fifth's legacy of war was raging in France, his only child was growing up in England, in a sweet dreamy gentle pious life, little disturbed by the fierce turmoils that passed around him.

Apparently there was no deficiency of understanding in Henry; he made good progress in all branches of study, thought much, and loved books and poetry; and he had a deep love for his people and sense of duty, derived from his fervent love of God, which could not but result in love of his neighbour. His piety was intense; he was never so happy as when in prayer or meditation, and he was probably one of those happy persons, few in any station, but fewest of all on the throne, who never knowingly committed a sin. A king ere he could speak, an orphan in his earliest years, surrounded by fierce unscrupulous statesmen, his education would have seemed such as to ensure evil results, as the like situation had done with his grandfather Charles VI., whose very constitution he inherited; and yet such was the grace that was with the young Henry, none of these dangerous surroundings seem ever to have hurt his purity, meekness, and humility. Indeed, as we have seen, his education had not been soft or indulgent. At seven years old, he had been placed in the hands of Richard Beauchamp, the Good Earl of Warwick, with full powers of discipline, even of personal correction, which the Earl used so freely that the poor child was moved to entreat the Council of Regency to interfere. The Good Earl had probably formed his notions of management on wild high-spirited young pages. He would also no doubt have striven to drive the boy when he could not lead him to martial fervour, and it is certain that Henry regarded his tutor with more fear than love.

In his ninth year, his uncle of Bedford sent for the royal child for his coronation at Paris, and kept him for some time with him at Rouen. On the young King's return he was received in London by a wonderful pageant, beginning with a giant on a draw-bridge, and then representing all manner of allegorical maidens, the first seven of whom thus sang:—

'God thee endow with crowne of glorie,
And with the sceptre of cleanness and pitie;
And with a sword of might and victorie,
And with a mantell of prudence clad thou be;
A shield of faith for to defend thee;
An helm of health wrought to thine encrease,
Girt with a girdle of love and parfite peace.'

Digitized by Google

The pageant conducted him to St. Paul's; and similar splendours adorned his return to his palace. Warwick seems to have been displeased with the persons who surrounded his charge, for in November 1432, he requested the Council to give him authority to appoint or dismiss the members of the royal household, to forbid strangers speaking with the King, save in the presence of one of the four knights of the body, and to remove him from place to place at his own judgement. Also, he requested the Council to admonish the King to be obedient, and to engage to support him (the Earl) should the King conceive a dislike to him.

The boy's chief companions seem to have been Gilles, the second son of the Duke of Brittany, and his own two half-brothers, Edmund and Jasper Tudor, whom Queen Katherine, on her death in 1437, most piteously entrusted to his charge. Both they and their father, Owen Tudor, were much attached to him, and served him faithfully.

The gentler influences of his court must have been chiefly monastic, for of ladies there were few. In the year 1436, the young widow of Bedford, Jaquette de Luxemburg, was found to have become the wife of her handsome groom, Sir Richard Woodville. He was at first imprisoned for his audacity, but was afterwards released, and created Baron Rivers. The Duchess of Glocester was detested for her pride and avarice, and Henry lived chiefly with either statesmen or with clergy, and was evidently kept back from becoming acquainted with public business.

At fourteen, Henry made an urgent entreaty to the Council to be allowed to be present at its sittings, and learn how affairs were conducted, but the answer he obtained is on record, and informs him that though he is as well 'endowed with understanding and feeling as ever they saw and knew in any prince, nevertheless to quit them truly to God, to the King, and to his people, they dare not take upon them to put him in conceit or opinion that he is yet endowed with so great feeling, knowledge, and wisdom, the which must in great part grow of experience, nor with so great foresight and discretion to separate and choose, namely in matters of great weight and difficulty, what is expedient and behoveful to him and his people, from what might be prejudicial, perilous, or harmful.' Therefore the Council chose to exclude him even from learning the art of government. As the document was not signed by the Duke of Glocester, it is most probable that he had encouraged if not prompted his nephew's petition, in the hope of obtaining a fresh influence against Bishop Beaufort.

At seventeen, Henry renewed his entreaty to be allowed to sit in the Council, and this time the very reasonable request could hardly be set aside, though still he was almost discouraged from attendance, and told he need never come unless it pleased him, although he was to be permitted to pardon criminals, to present to benefices, and to decide in all matters where the minority in the Council was above a third. This arrangement lasted till he was of age, and by that time it would seem that he had

Digitized by Google

made up his mind that of the two parties who divided the Council, the most to be trusted was the peace party headed by Beaufort, rather than the war party headed by Glocester.

All the popularity was, however, with the latter. To the people, Henry Beaufort appeared the proud ambitious statesman Bishop, living a life of worldly aims such as the Lollards had taught the people to disapprove in a Churchman, lording it over his superiors in the English hierarchy in virtue of his Roman Cardinalate, endeavouring to destroy the glory of England in order to save the money that he was supposed to hoard. Ambitious no doubt he was; licentious he had been in early youth; but at present, in his mature age, he does seem to have been wisely and soberly anxious for the real good of the King and country; and his wealth was continually advanced to serve the impoverished treasury, as well as laid out in alms, and in adorning his Cathedral and his favourite hospital of St. Cross. If he erred at this time, it was from his undue eagerness to put forward his nephew, the Earl of Somerset, and his family; but his inability to do real good was the effect of his earlier sins. The King seems to have been much attached to him, and spent a good deal of time with him at Winchester, examining into the working of the statutes of William of Wykeham for his College of St. Mary, Winchester. It was the dearest wish of the young King's heart to carry out a plan of his great father, Henry V., of founding such another pair of places of education as Wykeham's colleges at Winchester and Oxford; and in the year 1440, his desires began to come to good effect, when he founded his college of Eton, on the banks of the Thames, close under the towers of his beloved birth-place, Windsor Castle, so that he could constantly watch over and superintend the progress, first of the buildings and then of the scholars, who as they grew up were transferred to his other establishment of King's College at Cambridge; both being endowed out of alien priories, confiscated in his father's time. Other boys, sons of gentlemen and nobles, soon began to take advantage of the facilities for studies that were provided for the King's own scholars; and thus it was that to one of the English Kings, whom the world most underrates and despises, is owing that mighty institution which has done so much towards forming the very highest stamp of our national character. William of Waynflete, a Wykehamist, was the first Provost of Eton, and was frequently in consultation with the King, by whom he was greatly beloved.

This is the character of Henry given by one Blackman, a Carthusian monk. The following particulars are taken from his account:—

He was a man of pure simplicity of mind, without the least deceit or falsehood; he did nothing by trick, he always spoke truth, and performed every promise he made; he never knowingly would do an injury to anyone, he made rectitude and justice the rule of his public conduct.

He was very devout and fond of religion; he disliked the sports and business of the world, he thought them frivolous; he loved to read the Scriptures and

Digitized by Google

the old chronicles; he was assiduous in prayer; he was fond of exhorting his friends and visitors, and especially young men, to avoid vice, to pursue virtue, and to attach themselves to piety. His demeanour was peculiarly reverential; he would sit indifferently down, or walk about as was then the fashion, but with an uncovered head and bent knees, or with his hands raised to heaven, he performed earnestly his devotions, and meditated deeply within as the Scriptures were being read.

He would not allow swords or spears to be brought into church, nor contracts to be made, nor conversations to be carried on there.

He was in the habit of sending epistles of advice to many of his clergy, full of moral exhortations, to the amazement of many. A bishop who had been his confessor for ten years, declared that he knew nothing wrong—confessed only venial faults.

He delighted in female modesty, and when he saw some young gentlewomen dancing in dresses which left their necks uncovered, he turned away to his room, exclaiming, 'Fie, fie, for shame, forsooth ye are to blame.'

He was very liberal to the poor; he never oppressed those subject to him with immoderate exactions, as other great men did, but he was fond of living among them as a father among his children. His kindness of feeling was so great, that hearing that a person of his household had been robbed, he sent him twenty nobles, with an admonition to take more care of his property, but with a request not to prosecute the thief. When the scholars from his college at Eton came to Windsor Castle on a visit to some of his servants, he was fond of going to them and giving them moral exhortations to be steadily virtuous. He usually added a present of money, with this sort of address: 'Be good lads, meek and docile, and attend to your religion.' But he did not like to see them at court, from his dread of their being contaminated by the dissolute examples of his courtiers.

His dress was plain, he would not wear the up-pointed horn-like toes then in fashion. He frequently rebuked lords for their violent oaths. His only affirmations were, forsoothe and forsoothe.

Coming one day from St. Albans to Cripplegate, he saw a quarter of a man impaled upon a stake there for treason. He was greatly shocked, and exclaimed, 'Take it away, I will not have any Christian of noble birth so cruelly treated on my account.' Having heard that four gentlemen of noble birth were about to suffer for treason to him, he sent his pardon with an earnest expedition to the place of their punishment. During Sundays they were always subjected to devotion and to corresponding reading. His other days were passed in some public business, or in reading the Scripture or history, to which he was greatly attached. In all the Church preferment that he gave he was very careful to select proper persons.

He was very affectionate to his two maternal brothers, and had them carefully brought up under the most honest and virtuous ecclesiastics.

All this time, however, the nation's devotion was to 'Good Duke Humfrey,' as they loved to call Glocester. He must have had all the charm of address for which Henry V. was so remarkable; and he was certainly a man of much ability, well read, and a great patron of learned men. He had studied at Balliol College, and is said to have been the first to found at Oxford that library which bears the name of the Bodleian from its great benefactor Sir Thomas Bodley. An historian who bore the ambitious name of Titus Livius was regarded as his poet and orator; the first English book of heraldry was published by Sir Nicolas Upton under his auspices; and the poet Lydgate, who translated Boccacio's Fall of Princes by his command, cannot say enough in his praise, not only because

Digitized by Google

'His courage never doth appall,
To studie in booke of antiquitie;
But because as a statesman he is
Eyed as Argus with reason and foresight.'

It is on the authority of Sir Thomas More that Shakespeare gives the droll scene where Glocester convicts Simpcox, the pretended hero of a false miracle at St. Alban's shrine, by an examination into the too perfect familiarity with the aspect of colours, black and red, cloaks and gowns, disproving his having been blind from his birth, and then by a threat of a flogging, himself curing his lameness. It is no unlikely scene, for Glocester had little love for monks or miracles, and no doubt gladly disabused his nephew's facile credulity.

Glocester's private life was corrupt and disgraceful; but though his English admirers were severe on both his very questionable wives, Jaqueline and Eleanor, they seem to have overlooked all guilt on his part, and passionately espoused his cause against the Beauforts.

He was as unwilling that the war should cease as the Cardinal was that it should continue, and the English policy fluctuated according to which of them could lead a majority of the Council, or talk over the King. The liberation of the Duke of Orleans became the great point of debate. Taken at Agincourt, he had been a captive ever since, and had only visited his native country for those conferences so abruptly broken off at the instance of Glocester. Orleans was a very clever man, and besides his graceful poems on the death of his wife, our little Queen Isabel, he wrote political poems, which shew much observation, and that not of a favourable kind, on his English captors. He continued eagerly to represent to the King and Council that on his return he would do his utmost to obtain a lasting peace, which, Henry being of age, could now be concluded, and ratified by a marriage with a French princess. Glocester violently protested against releasing Orleans, Beaufort as strongly pleaded his cause. Henry bade them both send him their opinions in writing, and decided in the captive's favour. He was to pay a ransom of twenty thousand nobles, and a chivalrous colour was given to the transaction by professing that he was granted to the intercession of Isabel of Portugal, the Duchess of Burgundy.

This was the best mode of gratifying Duke Philippe, who liked to believe himself a sort of umpire in the great game of chivalry, as it was the fashion to talk of war, while all the time it had become very earnest gambling for gain and plunder. However, Orleans' ransom was fixed at two hundred thousand crowns, of which forty thousand were to be paid at once on his liberation, the rest was guaranteed by the French princes to be produced at ten months' end.

On the 3rd November, 1440, the Duke of Orleans took leave of Henry VI. at Westminster, and under the escort of John Cornwallis, set forth for Calais. At Gravelines he met the Duchess of Burgundy, into whose hands he was given up; and soon after the Duke of Burgundy arrived,

Digitized by Google

and the two cousins embraced in the most affectionate manner, and Orleans swore to observe the Treaty of Arras. Then, going to St. Omer, he married, on the 28th of November, the Demoiselle de Cleves, niece to the Duke of Burgundy; he was made a Knight of the Golden Fleece, with all the splendour befitting that magnificent order; and at the end of twenty-five years absence, he entered Paris with his bride, and repaired to his own estates.

Still, in spite of this concession, peace was at a great distance. Charles VII., in his fresh access of vigour, besieged Pontoise with his whole force. The Duke of York, with Lord Talbot and Sir Richard Woodville, endeavoured to relieve it, crossing the Oise on boats made of boiled leather, and did their utmost to bring on a battle, but this Charles avoided, and according to the best tactics, held them at bay, so that their money and provisions were consumed, and they were forced to retreat into Normandy.

The next year, Charles marched into Gascony, and there gained several successes; and in the summer he sent the Dauphin to relieve Dieppe, which was besieged by Talbot, who had just been created Earl of Shrewsbury by Henry VI. Louis succeeded in breaking up the siege just before the Duke of Somerset arrived with reinforcements.

It was one of the greatest misfortunes of the English in France, that ever since Bedford's death there had been a continual change of Protectors there, according as Glocester or Beaufort prevailed in the Council. When Duke Humfrey had the upper hand, Richard of York led the English troops; when Cardinal Henry could lead the majority, John of Somerset was governor; and what was worse, each party always hindered proper support from being sent to the rival representative abroad, and thus the valour of Shrewsbury, Suffolk, and their brave men was cruelly wasted, while an implacable hatred grew up between York and Somerset.

The King, as he grew older, shewed increasing inclination to the peaceful party, among whom William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, was becoming a leading influence. Descended from a great Hull merchant who had greatly assisted Edward III. in his money matters, de la Pole had become head of his family by the deaths of two brothers in France, and was married to Alice Chaucer, granddaughter to the poet; he was himself a gallant and chivalrous captain, and from his knowledge of war was the more convinced of the hopelessness of maintaining the struggle. Glocester hated him bitterly; but Glocester, with all his graces, was beginning to be distrusted. The populace had always resented his disgraceful marriage with Eleanor Cobham, and the lady herself appears to have been a clever but foolish woman, who gave great offence to the nobility by assuming royal airs, and never forgot that her husband was next heir to the delicate and as yet unmarried king.

In June, 1443, there was a great scandal. It was declared that Roger Bolingbroke, the Duchess of Glocester's own chaplain, had, together with two other clerks, and one Margery Jourdemain, called the Witch of Eye, compounded for the Duchess an image of wax in the likeness of the

Digitized by Google

King, which was to be slowly roasted before the fire, causing its unfortunate model to pine and decay simultaneously with it!

Margery had been in trouble about witchcraft ten years before, but had been released on her husband giving bail. Bolingbroke was a very learned man, deep in the sciences of astronomy and chemistry, and in those times the former study was sure to be linked with astrology, while chemistry was closely allied to alchemy, and therewith came magic. The lines had not been defined between the natural and the supernatural, and the spiritual and demoniacal world were felt to be so close that those who dealt in occult sciences often deemed the wonderful results they could not trace to be wrought by such agencies, then made incantations, and attempted the impossible, always with a sense of the unlawful, since magic was forbidden by the most stringent commands of the Church.

Glocester, out of opposition to Beaufort, had not been unfavourable to the Lollards; Eleanor, a kinswoman of the wife of Sir John Oldcastle, had had her submission to the Church unsettled; and Bolingbroke likewise was suspected of Lollardism. On examination of his abode, the trappings of a sorcerer were discovered; and the unfortunate man was arrayed in this strange fantastic garb, and placed on a platform at St. Paul's Cross, sitting in a chair, with a sword in one hand and a sceptre in the other, and on each corner of the chair a sword, on whose point was a copper image.

On hearing of this exposure, the Duchess of Glocester withdrew into the Sanctuary at Westminster, but was obliged to come forth to be confronted with her chaplain.

On the trial, he declared that it had been at her instigation that he had studied magic; and it further appeared that she had dealt with Margery Jourdemain for love potions to secure Duke Humfrey's affections, and that of late she had caused spells to be cast to discover how long the King would live, and what her own future station would be, and then had followed the making of the waxen image.

Bolingbroke was hung and quartered at Tyburn, denying that he had attempted anything against the King's life, but confessing that he had been guilty of the black art, which was no doubt an exceeding temptation to these early inquirers into science. The wonderful results produced by certain combinations would no doubt appear the work of spirits, and the next step to conscious invocation of them was but too easy. Clairvoyance and mesmerism, whatever they may be, (and our naming them has by no means explained or justified their mysteries,) were then regarded as the produce of sorcery, and formed the temptation of the inquirer and the allurement of the weak; who both alike regarded them as connected with evil spirits, and therefore dealt with them sinfully because against their conscience. Of the other two clergymen, one died in prison, and the other was pardoned; while the two women were tried before an ecclesiastical court, at which Archbishop Chicheley presided, but held back from active measures, which were chiefly taken by Cardinal Beaufort.

Digitized by Google

Margery Jourdemain, as a relapsed witch, could hope for no mercy, and was burnt. The Duchess was arraigned on twenty-four points; she confessed some and denied others, but after hearing the testimony of some of the witnesses, she withdrew her plea, and commended herself to the mercy of the court.

The condemnation was meant for mercy, but it must have been terribly galling to the proud woman who had aimed at royalty. She was to walk bare-headed and bare-footed, with a taper in her hand, as penance, through the streets of London, and afterwards her disgrace was to be hidden in the wild and distant Isle of Man, which was then a tiny kingdom, whereof Thomas Baron Stanley was the crowned king.

Shakespeare has a most effective scene, in which Duke Humfrey, in a mourning cloak, comes out to watch and soothe his unhappy lady's penance.

'Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender feeling feet;
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind endure
The abject people gazing on thy face
With envious looks, and laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.'

This bitterness must have been infinitely increased by the long standing dislike of the London women to the Duchess. May only those who had once petitioned against her have held back from taunting her in her misery.

Glocester seems to have stood free of all suspicion of being concerned in his wife's guilt, and to have retained his place at the Council board, as well as in the affections of the English, who regarded him as the victim of Eleanor's love potions.

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'IVON;' 'MAIDEN OF THE ICEBERG,' &c.

VI.

THE BLIND KING.

A.D. 1114 TO A.D. 1141.

At a time when the prosperity and progress of a country depended so very much more than now, on the personal character of its sovereign, it was most unfortunate that the wise and far-sighted Kálmán should be succeeded by a child of thirteen, István II. who inherited few if any of the great qualities of his ancestor and namesake, the first Magyar king. The regents, during his minority, were the Nádor, or Palatine, and

Digitized by Google

the Archbishop of Grán; but these men did not understand Kálmán's plans, and did not appreciate the advantages of the newly acquired sea-coast. Consequently, we soon find Venice renewing her intrigues, and with some success, for she at length recovered Jadra and the Dalmatian Islands.

István attained his majority when he was fifteen or sixteen, but soon showed himself incapable of governing. He manifested particular love for the Kumans, some of whom settled in Hungary in his reign, under their chief Tatar, and by their robberies of the Magyars occasioned endless jealousies and disputes. István loved to spend his days among them, leading an easy gipsy sort of life in their tents, and leaving the cares of government to others. In 1127 he involved himself in the quarrels of the Russian dukes, who were incessantly warring with one another, and led an army into Russia, where he gained one victory, but not contented with this, insisted on pushing his way on to Kiew. Here, however, he had reckoned without his host, for the army, which had never favoured the expedition, refused to follow him; and, in spite of his anger, he was obliged to return home. The most important event of this campaign was the acquaintance begun between the King and Borics, son of Kálmán's Russian wife. István gave him the Princedom of Halics, or Galicia, which he had won from the Russians, and induced the Duke* of Poland to give him his daughter in marriage, probably without any idea of making him his heir, but only touched with compassion for his misfortunes. Many of the nobles, however, looked on him with other eyes; and those who were not inclined to receive blind Béla, the son of Almos, as their king, determined to stand by Borics. Discontent indeed was rife in the land, occasioned partly by the Russian war, partly by the cruel vengeance taken by the King on those who had opposed its continuance, which had roused feelings of horror and hatred against him, and partly by his own careless and self-indulgent life. There was a conspiracy to set a noble on the throne, in the room of Istvăn; whether or no Duke Almos was concerned in it, does not appear, but being doubtless afraid lest suspicion, just or unjust, should alight on him, he fled to Constantinople, leaving his son to the care of the Benedictines of Pécsvárad.

Irene, the daughter of László I., and wife of the Emperor, received the fugitive with great kindness, giving him the town of Constantia as a residence for himself, and the nobles who afterwards joined him. István felt aggrieved at the kind reception they had met with, and sent to require the Emperor to give them up. This being refused, István led his army across the Danube, and attacked the Greeks. The war lasted for some months with varying success, till the death of Almos paved the way for a reconciliation, and peace was concluded, with the loss to the Hungarians, however, of Belgrade and Semlin.

* Boleslaus III. In consequence of the crimes of Boleslaus II., his brother and successor Uladislaus had been forbidden by the Pope, Gregory VII., (A.D. 1082.) to assume the title of King, which remained in abeyance about 250 years.

Digitized by Google

The death of the unhappy Duke seems to have softened István's heart, for he charged Bishop Fulbert of Kalócsa to fetch the body back to Hungary, where it was buried with all honour in the Cathedral of Stuhlweissenburg.

A change seemed to come over István at this time. He could not but be sensible of the rising discontent of the people, and the repeated attempts on the part of the more ambitious nobles to place the crown on their own heads. His own health was feeble, he had no child, and he began seriously to consider whom he should choose as his heir, so as best to secure his own position, the continuance of the line of Arpád, and to save the country from the tumults certain to arise, if he died without leaving a successor. He communicated his anxiety to two confidential friends of his father's, Count Othmár and Bishop Paulus. They at once seized the favourable opportunity, and informed him that his cousin Béla, who, ever since the flight of his father Almos to Constantinople, had been supposed to be dead, was still living under the care of the monks of Pécsvárad, and had grown up a promising young man. He was the only representative of the House of Arpád, and as such he was now recognized by the King and most of the nobles, who felt that to have preferred the claim of Borics would have been to cast a slur upon the memory of the late King Kálmán.

Blind Béla was therefore drawn forth from his obscurity, and presented to the people as heir presumptive to the throne. The next step was to find him a suitable wife, one who by her wisdom and strength of character might in some measure make up to him for the loss of his eyes. The lady chosen was Ilona, (Helena,) daughter of the Prince of Servia, a handsome and determined woman, whose good qualities were unfortunately dimmed by her love of power and fierce temper. The marriage took place at once, and the young couple set up their court at Tolna, while the King withdrew more and more from the business and gaiety of his position, and devoted himself to meditation and works of piety. He founded a monastery at Grosswardein for the Prœmonstratenses, a new order of Monks which had lately sprung up in France, (1120,) and, as he felt his end approaching, according to the pious custom of princes in those days, he laid aside everything that could remind him of his earthly rank, and adopting the dress of a monk, was admitted into the order. He died in 1131, in the thirtieth year of his age, and according to his desire, was buried at Grosswardein, at the feet of his much-honoured great-uncle, László.

Blind Béla was crowned at Stuhlweissenburg without delay, and soon discovered that the great men of his kingdom were divided into two parties. Many doubted whether a man, blind from his childhood, could be capable of ruling such extensive dominions with firmness and wisdom; others considered Borics to be the victim of injustice, and the rightful heir to the throne; while others again, who had been high in Kálmán's favour, and had advised him to measures of severity, were rather uneasy

Digitized by Google

as they beheld the crown on the head of one who must feel that he had them to thank for his own and his father's misfortunes. All these, as may readily be understood, would have preferred to see the crown on the head of Borics. The other party, which favoured Béla, consisted of all those who had suffered for their adherence to Almos, and were but just returned from exile, hoping to be rewarded for their fidelity; with these were of course united the clergy regular and secular, who, having saved his life and brought him up, naturally looked on the new king as their protégé.

The two parties had not as yet, however, come to any open breach, and a wise firm ruler might have held himself aloof, and reconciled the malcontents in the course of time, by his impartial justice; but Béla had not the strength, wisdom, or generosity, to adopt this elevated line of policy, and consequently suffered himself to be made the leader and very often the tool of the party friendly to himself.

In the autumn of 1131, or the spring of 1132, it is not quite clear which, the Diet was summoned to meet at Arad.

On the banks of the Maros, beneath the open sky, appeared the Magnates with their gay banners flying; a crowd of nobles on horseback were advancing across the grassy plain, while the tri-colour standards of the different counties, each displaying its own peculiar arms, might have been seen waving in all directions. On an elevation in the midst, stood a tent with crimson curtains, round which were grouped a dozen courtiers glittering in brilliant uniforms and bright armour, with their heron plumes nodding and waving in the breeze.

Presently, a distinguished-looking company approached through the lines of people, and went up to the tent. These were the bishops, the Palatine, the Ban of Croatia, and the Vajda of Transylvania. The courtiers at once undraw the golden-fringed curtains of the tent, and the joyous multitude beholds a sight in which splendour and misery are strangely united. There on his gorgeous throne, with the holy crown on his head, sits the King, a handsome young man, scarcely two-and-twenty, with his fair hair curling down his shoulders. But he is blind, he has not seen the light of the sun since he was a child. He tries to smile as he hears the shouts of the multitude, but the smile is so sad that the bystanders burst into tears. Neither smiles nor tears will ever again be seen in his eyes.

Then a woman steps forward, a tall stately woman. The diamonds in her crown flash like lightning, her face burns, her breast heaves, and her eyes are bright with tears. This is Ilona, the blind king's wife. She points to her husband, who leans on her arm, unable to guess what is going on, and trembling at the murmur which rises from the crowd, like the ill-omened mutter of an approaching storm. But the Queen begins to speak, and at sound of her voice the murmur at once ceases.

'See!' she cried passionately, 'you can all look at him, while he cannot see one of you, cannot even see his own children. God called

Digitized by Google

him to be a king, but men made him a beggar; and the doers of this deed are here among you with smiling faces! It was they who advised Kálmán, and hastened to carry out the cruel decree; and they hate the King, who is powerless because he cannot see.'

The closing words of the Queen's speech were lost in the tumultuous uproar which followed. The blind King heard the clash of swords, shrieks of woe, and groans as of the dying, and fell terrified into the arms of his wife, who stood on the steps of the throne, condemning those who had blinded her husband to death by a motion of her hand. Some forced their way to the throne for protection, and were slain at the Queen's feet, while the entreaties of the poor, blind, frightened King were lost in the uproar. At length, when sixty-eight nobles lay dead on the plain, the storm passed away, and cries of loyalty again broke forth—*éljen a király! éljen a királyné!**

Besides the nobles slain, many were thrown into prison, many of those who were absent were banished, and the estates of all confiscated. It is scarcely credible that the King should have known nothing of the terrible plot concocted by his wife; but on this point we have no very certain information. Certain it is that it was not regarded with the horror it deserved, even by the clergy, who uttered no word of protest, and even accepted great part of the confiscated estates as an endowment for the Bishopric of Neitra. But, from this day, Béla's throne was insecure. To strengthen himself against the danger which threatened him, he made treaties with his two brothers-in-law, Sobeslaus of Bohemia, and Leopold III., Margrave of Austria. Meanwhile, at the court of Poland were gathered together the friends and relations of those who had fallen at Arad, and all who had contrived to save their lives by flight. With hearts full of hatred and desire of vengeance, they called on Borics to place himself at their head, and assert his claim to the throne of Hungary.

As soon as Borics with his Russian soldiers had arrived, Duke Boleslaus led the united armies into Hungary, in the autumn of 1132, crossed the county of Zips, and advanced to the River Sajó, on the opposite side of which was Béla with his army waiting to receive them. The King's army was the larger of the two, but was its fidelity to be relied on? There were many hearts in Hungary which remembered the Diet of Arad with shuddering horror, and looked to Borics as their deliverer. Moreover, the nobles took every opportunity of flattering the Queen, and where flattery is, treachery is not far off. But she was far too clever to be deceived by their fair speeches; and being determined to clear the army of traitors, one day summoned all whom she suspected to appear before her. She then asked them 'whether or no they approved of Kálmán's conduct in repudiating his wife?' Those who were faithful to King Béla answered, without dissimulation, in the affirmative; while the traitors, wishing to be on their guard, and knowing that Ilona hated

* Jókai Mór. 'Long live the King! long live the Queen!'

Digitized by Google

Kálmán for his cruelty to her husband, thought to please her by condemning him. But their very anxiety to be guarded made them overreach themselves; for, 'of course,' argued Ilona, 'if they disapproved of Kálmán's conduct, they must consider Borics to be his legitimate heir.' No sooner, therefore, had they given their answer, than the faithful adherents of Béla sprang up, and, being unarmed, fell upon the self-betrayed traitors with their chairs and fists. Many were slain, and the rest, together with those who had not happened to be present, made their way with all speed across the river to Borics. Among these was a certain Count Samson.

A few days later, as the King was resting in his tent after dinner, he was suddenly startled by the entrance of a man, who, in most insulting language, summoned him to resign a crown which did not belong to him, and return to the monastery, which he never ought to have left. This was Count Samson! The attendants were so taken by surprise at this sudden apparition, that the Count had escaped, and was on his way back to the enemy's camp before they recovered their senses. When, however, they did come to themselves, one of the pages instantly sprang to horse, pursued the Count, overtook and slew him just as he was crossing the Sajó.

Though separated only by an inconsiderable river, the two armies did not come to blows. Thuróczy, the Hungarian historian, relates that the Hungarians sent a message to the Poles, requesting them 'not to meddle with their affairs, as they must know best who was their lawful ruler;' and that the Poles returned home in consequence of these representations. What, however, seems more probable is, that the Duke of Poland withdrew without a battle, because Béla's ally, Sobeslaus of Bohemia, had attacked Silesia, which at this time was still part of Poland. However, Boleslaus did not give up the idea of making his protégé King of Hungary, and in the following year, returned with a larger army. An important battle was fought, and won by the Hungarians, assisted by some Austrian troops, but the place is not exactly known. Still, without a formal treaty of peace, Béla did not feel himself quite safe from Boleslaus; and he therefore sent an ambassador to the Emperor Lotharius II. Accordingly, when the Duke appeared at Magdeburg (1135) to do homage for Pomerania and Rügen, the Hungarian ambassador came forward with rich gifts, among others two beautifully caparisoned white horses, and presenting them to the Emperor, prayed him to make peace between his vassal and the King of Hungary. Sobeslaus of Bohemia also appeared as mediator, and a contract of peace was made.

The fortunes of the unhappy Borics grew worse and worse. He was driven out of Galicia by some Russian princes, fled to Poland, tried to recover his estates, but was utterly defeated; and on the death of his patron, the Duke of Poland, he became a homeless fugitive, wandering from one court to another, finding a welcome whenever some pretext was wanted for hostilities with Hungary, and turned adrift as soon as he had served his turn.

Digitized by Google

Henceforward, Béla lived in peace, but the country made little if any progress under his rule; and we find nothing to compensate, in any degree, the scenes of horror enacted at the beginning of his reign. He was a benefactor to the Church, or perhaps we should rather say to the clergy, whom he greatly enriched; but though his misfortune might excite pity, his character was not such as to win respect; and though chroniclers praise his piety and gentleness, they also record that he was addicted to drinking, and in his fits of intoxication, not only squandered his property among the courtiers, but one day ordered the execution of two monks. He died of dropsy, brought on by drinking, when he was little more than thirty, and was buried by the side of his father at Stuhlweissenburg.

(To be continued.)

ROSA FERRUCCI.

RARELY have we met, either in English or foreign biography, with a sweeter picture of maidenhood than is to be found in the life of the young girl whose name heads this article. Her life by her bereaved mother is perhaps the most pathetic piece of Italian prose which has appeared since the publication of Pellico's 'Le mie Prigione,' but like that prison-idyl, it shews us glimpses of Italian home-life as tender and pure as could be found even in domestic England. That, through all her political miseries, Italy has had within her bosom homes such as these, is a good augury for her future happiness.

Rosa Ferrucci was born at Pisa in 1833. From her birth she appears to have been endowed with the rarest gifts of mind and heart, but unlike too many of her countrywomen in whom the rich soil becomes unproductive for lack of proper cultivation, she had the advantage of parents not only affectionate but wise, and in every way capable of directing her intellect and forming her character. Her mother, the Mrs. Chapone of Italy, is well known throughout the peninsula, as the author of moral works for young ladies—a class of literature which we in England possess *ad nauseam*, but with which our *ultra-montane* sisters are less favoured. Between Rosa and her mother subsisted one of those rare attachments, in which the tenderness of the tie between mother and daughter is combined with an intensified sort of friendship, and all the confidence and sympathy of two sisters. Even in her letters to Dr. Orsini, the young man to whom she was engaged at the time of her early death, Rosa spoke of her love for her mother being her strongest affection—an affection, which, by the pain which it caused her at the prospect of their separation, diminished to a certain extent the delight with which she anticipated her union with him. Little did either mother or lover predict

Digitized by Google

that the separation, when it came, would rend her equally from both. Great part of Rosa's childhood was passed in Switzerland, her parents taking up their abode at Geneva when she was very young. Perhaps it was the fact of their having spent so many years out of Italy, which caused Signor and Signora Ferrucci's ideas on education to be so far in advance of those generally held in that country. No convent walls separated the little Rosa from her parents; no ignorant nun stultified her mind and limited her ideas to the manufacture of bonbons and the elaboration of priestly vestments; but she was allowed to share her brother's studies, and though carefully instructed in the feminine mysteries of needle-work, became early mistress of Latin, English, and German. French, from her residence at Geneva, became naturally as familiar to her as her native Tuscan. Very pleasing is the description given by Signora Ferrucci of her daughter's childish delight in the beauties of Swiss scenery.

'She would stand,' writes the mother, 'silently in her little room, enjoying the delight of beholding again in imagination the woods, mountains, and valleys, which she had just been gazing upon with so much pleasure. . . . . I was her inseparable companion; and I, to whom she was in the habit of confiding her utmost thoughts, I alone knew what love these natural beauties awoke in her heart towards Him who has created this ample universe, when she contemplated its marvels. Nature was not mute for her; from infancy she heard its mysterious voices, and her heart ever responded to them. Not once alone, but many and many a time have I heard her talking to herself when we had left the city behind us, and she was running with all the eagerness of her age along the paths which lead through the fields around Geneva. And on my asking her with whom she was conversing, she would reply, "I'm talking to the birds, the trees, and the flowers, and you can't think what beautiful things they're saying to me."'

This juvenile enthusiasm for nature continued to be a passion with Rosa through life. In her letters, and in the graceful *novelle* which she penned for her own amusement, one constantly meets descriptions of forests of pine, of the twittering of swallows, the song of nightingales, and the hum of bees. This may be considered a very trifling matter to record, but want of feeling for the beauties of nature being a frequent charge made against the Italians as a nation, the smallest amount of evidence against it becomes valuable. The poet Guisti, indeed, expresses himself in his letters with an enthusiasm for his native hills 'worthy,' as says a reviewer in the Christian Remembrancer, 'of Wordsworth or Ruskin.' We could adduce other Italian instances, but think these two sufficient to disprove the sweeping assertion which involves a whole nation in the charge of indifference to God's works in creation, where they do not minister directly to wealth or physical enjoyment.

Next to her love of nature, enthusiasm for literature was Rosa's greatest passion. Her mother taught her to read in three months;

Digitized by Google

at the age of six she could read French, Italian, and German with ease, and when somewhat older, she learned Latin in two years. When she was a very little child, her father, going into her room late at night, was surprised to find her still awake. He asked her if she felt ill.

'No,' she replied with great simplicity, 'but I lay awake because I wanted to say over to myself that part of Grecian history which I have been reading lately.'

'What she did as a child,' writes her mother, 'continued to be her practice when grown up, for whenever she finished a book, it was always her custom to re-arrange it in her own mind, separating the leading idea of it from those which were merely accessory, and again sub-dividing these according to their subject and quality. Hence it was that she made what she read so completely her own, and possessed so marvellous a faculty of giving the *resumé* of any book she might be talking about, however long or difficult on account of its abstract or generalizing style it might be.'

We much wish that our time and space permitted our giving extracts from Rosa's 'farfalloni,' as she modestly called her literary compositions. They were generally written to surprise her mother, in honour of birth or fête days. Her fictions are elegant, but lacking in variety; *invention* scarcely seems to have come within the category of her gifts.

'Had not my book,' says her mother, 'been specially intended for the perusal of young girls, I should have inserted in it some of Rosa's learned studies on the Iliad and Eneid. She composed them at the age of sixteen, and when I examined them attentively, I was astonished at the information she possessed at so tender an age—at the excellence of her taste, and the justice and acumen of her judgment.

* * * * * *

'Besides the Paradoxes, and a large portion of the *Naturæ Deorum*, the *Legibus*, the *Amicitia*, and other philosophical works of Cicero's, translated elegantly into the vulgar tongue, my daughter rendered into Italian many chapters of Livy's history, and the *Ars Poetica* of Horace. She translated from the German a discourse of Schiller's on universal history, and an academic treatise of Herder's, on the utility and pleasure of the study of Geography. She made these translations at the age of fifteen and without a master, and offered them to me in token of her delight at my return from an absence. They are written in a very graceful and simple style. She wrote also the life of Scipio Africanus, and that of St. Louis of France, enriched with many learned notes.

* * * * * *

'Clear and well arranged is the compendium which she made of the history of Italian literature, and her abridgment of Rollin's treatise on study is compiled with great judgement.'

Rosa learned Latin in two years, and was able, at the age of fourteen, to repeat accurately the royal tables of the Lombard kings and the Dukes

Digitized by Google

of Spalato at Benevento. Yet that she was no unpractical blue-stocking is evinced by the fact of her being able at the same age to keep house for her mother in an absence of Signora Ferrucci from home. The literary compositions given in the volume are brief essays on Rome, Egypt, Assyria, the Stoics, the Academiciens, a masterly dialogue on Dante, a series of letters on charity, and a translation from Schiller.

But all these intellectual gifts which so distinguished Rosa, were nothing to the beauty of her character, and in particular, the exquisite forgetfulness of self which was her special trait. From her childhood up her great delight was ministering to the poor; and her mother relates many pleasing anecdotes on this subject, which anecdotes, though they do not immediately concern the part of her life to which we are now alluding, may yet very properly be related here.

'In the winter of 1855,' writes Signora Ferrucci, 'I perceived that she ate but little bread, and that she was in the habit of taking what was placed before her into her own room. Guessing her motive, and fearing lest her health might suffer, I resolved one day to speak to her about it. She blushed when I alluded to the subject, and said earnestly, "Have I done wrong! I hope not. If I *have*, pray forgive me; but I thought I might do as I have done without displeasing you. Bread is so dear! and there are so many poor people who come to ask for it at our door. I could not give to everyone, but I thought if I kept my share for one of them, it could do no harm, for I have so many other things to eat." . . . . . At Florence, a destitute orphan, eleven years of age, came under her notice. She resolved to place this friendless little one under the care of the Sisters of Charity, who had opened a refuge for orphans and necessitous children. Her charitable intention proved successful, and this orphan, rescued by her from a life of beggary, was Christianly educated by these pious women. . . . . About the same time, my daughter relieved another family which had fallen into the deepest poverty. She discovered that they were unable to pay their rent. Full of grief, she came to me and besought me to give them some help. I refused at first, not from want of sympathy, but from prudential considerations. Almost in tears, she then said to me, "You promised me a new dress and bonnet. I don't want them, I don't care about them, I don't wish for them. Spend for these poor people the money you were going to spend on me!" Who could resist such entreaties? Who would not blush not to have followed the impulses of so ardent a charity?

'Some time after this Rosa accompanied her brother to Florence, intending to purchase music and other things, but returned without them. On my asking her *why* she had not bought them, her reply was, "I found these poor people as badly off as ever, and I paid their rent for several months, for I could better afford to spare superfluous things than they could do without necessary ones."'

Such was Rosa Ferrucci: but her mother draws no ideal portrait of faultless excellence, disguising from us all her defects, and thereby im-

Digitized by Google

pressing one with the idea of a panegyric rather than a memoir. On the contrary, she allows that Rosa had a natural tendency to self-will, saying of her, 'She submitted her will to ours with so much meekness and docility, that you would have declared the sacrifice to have been made without any internal struggle, had it not been for the heightening colour in her cheek. But it was in her far more the effect of principle than of natural softness and pliancy of disposition. The slight tendency to pertinacity, which she had had as a child, shewed itself in her after years under the form of firmness and perseverance. Whatever she wished for she desired with her whole heart; but then she never desired anything but what was good.'

So conscientious was her nature, that even after she became engaged to Dr. Orsini, she implicitly obeyed the will of her mother in all things. On one occasion, when her lover asked her opinion of some passage in Dante which he much admired, she replied,

'I have not read that part, Mamma desired me not.'

Her early education seems to have been conducted on what we should call somewhat *Puritanical* principles.

'I never permitted her,' writes her mother to the Archbishop of Genoa, 'to read romances or love poetry, and should have considered myself in the highest degree culpable had I taken her to theatres and to balls, where the young and inexperienced either lose their innocence altogether, or learn almost unconsciously to practise the arts and wiles of flattery.'

If we are inclined to condemn Signora Ferrucci as being a little strait-laced in these particulars, we must call to mind the difference between English and Italian society, and between the temperaments of the two nations. In the inflammable nature of an Italian girl's heart, one romance might work more mischief than a whole course of novel-reading upon one of our soberer northern lassies. Nor do we suppose that *all* works of imagination were put in Signora Ferrucci's 'Index Expurgatorius,' for Rosa's letters contain allusions to 'Evangeline,' Schiller's 'Maid of Orleans,' and 'Fabiola,' and we feel quite sure she must have been permitted to read the 'Promessi Sposi' of her friend Manzoni.

In 1844 she returned with her parents to Italy. Poor child! she had often, like Goethe's Mignon, longed to see her beautiful fatherland. When only six years of age she had been observed by her mother to look sad. On being asked the cause, she replied,

'I was born in Italy, and I know Italy is the most beautiful country in the world. I love Italy, and yet I have to live away from it. All the little children that I know here have their grandpapas and grandmammas, and so many relations. I'm away from all mine, I should like to see them and I can't, and that's why I'm unhappy.'

From her earliest youth enthusiasm for her country seemed to share in Rosa's heart the affection which she gave her family.

'She bewailed the misfortunes of Italy,' writes her mother, 'as the

Digitized by Google

misfortunes of Rome were bewailed by the hermit of Bethlehem, and more *than* our misfortunes she lamented our discords and our errors.'

There may be something a little *high-flown* in comparing a girl in her teens to St. Jerome, but it must be remembered that female patriotism is a very different thing in Italy from what it would be in England, where we enjoy so much peace, prosperity, and liberty, that our indignant sympathy is never roused for our country as a nation, and where public spirit, therefore, takes the form of efforts on behalf of individuals and of classes, rather than of our fatherland as a whole.

Such was not the case with Italy, ten years ago. Then, that heart must have been insensible indeed, which, whatever the abstract opinions of the head, refused sympathy to her struggles and her sorrows. Rosa's staunch Catholicism might have prevented her becoming (had she lived to witness his efforts for Italy,) a thorough-going partizan of Garibaldi's, but her enthusiasm for Charles Albert, and his brave but unfortunate son, the Duke of Genoa, shews on which side lay her political sympathies.

Her life at Pisa, where the family went to reside on their return to Italy, seems to have been a very happy one, though perhaps natural cheerfulness was not one of the gifts with which she was most richly dowered. Her grandmother, to whom she was much attached, came to reside with her parents. Her brother continued to be the director of her studies till his marriage with a young lady, whom Rosa always regarded in the light of a very dear sister. She was, moreover, happy in possessing the warm and intimate friendship of several gifted young women of her own age and position; and her letters to these friends as well as those to Dr. Orsini when they were engaged, shew us her mind better than any mere description could do. Her chief friends were Matilda Manzoni, daughter of the poet and novelist, Maria Bussier, a Sister of Charity, Maria Bosio, a German girl of the name of Louisa Vogl, and Henrietta Munichi Fedeli. The two former died before her. The letters are all so beautiful that it is difficult to make a selection, but it will perhaps be better to translate such of them as bear rather on general and literary, than on personal, topics.

To Louisa Vogl she writes in German:—

'For many months I have had no opportunity of speaking your beautiful language, and Mamma is afraid lest I should forget it. Notwithstanding which, I read a great number of your poets, especially Schiller, who is my prime favourite. During the last few months I have been reading 'The Maid of Orleans,' and the two tragedies on Wallenstein, over again. Thekla has greatly touched me, and Max appears to me to deem himself happy "*opportuno exitu*," as one of the ancients expresses himself. The Maid of Orleans is too romantic. I think Schiller has given her a character *ideal* rather than *historical*, for his Johanna has not the simple, candid, and devout mind of the French heroine. Notwithstanding this defect, I consider the tragedy as an extremely beautiful one, and have read it with an infinity of pleasure.'

Digitized by Google

To Maria Bosio, Rosa writes on the same subject.

'I have lately been reading Schiller's "Maid of Orleans" for the second time. How beautiful it is! The farewell of Johanna to her beloved mountains, to the tranquil valleys of her country, affected me deeply; sublime too, is the scene in which, after having lost her way in the forest, and being chased away by the charcoal burners, she falls into the hands of the English. What heart would not be touched by poetry so pathetic? Beautiful also is the prayer which she utters for her family, and her last words are noble indeed. Notwithstanding all which, the real Jean of Arc, who had no love save for God and her country, and who died at the stake uttering the adorable name of Jesus, seems to me greater than Schiller's heroine. She was a devout child of simple and innocent nature, and *as such* ought the poet to have represented her. Thus is it that she appears to me, in that statue erected to her by the Princess Mary of Orleans. There, as you know, she is represented as clad in armour, while to her noble and pious heart she presses her cross-hilted sword. All the vain ornaments of her sex she has thrown aside, and the grand soul which shines out from her serene countenance does not seem to be moved either by the ingratitude of the France she has saved, or the tardy homage which would be paid her by posterity.'

To her German friend Rosa writes:—

'I must now speak of my studies. I am reading the histories of France and Italy. I have been learning a great part of "La Divina Commedia" by heart, and reading a good many of Uhland's poems. You know how fond I am of that poet, he is so pathetic and melancholy; but among his beauties I discover some things which I do not like, whereas everything in Schiller pleases me. He is my supreme favourite. Had I lived in Greece I should have called him the friend of the gods and the favourite pupil of the Muses.

* * * * * *

'I am delighted with Longfellow. What can be more pathetic than the story of that young girl, who only meets her lover again in time to see him die! In the New World nature has found her Theocritus in Longfellow, and her painter in Bernardin de St. Pierre, but the unwritten poetry of the human heart is even more vivid and more pathetic.

* * * * * *

'Pray read very attentively the "Paradiso" of Dante. It is the most beautiful portion of the "Divina Commedia," but also the most difficult. . . . . I have begun reading Klopstock's "Messiah." . . . . After having read "Paradise Lost" with G—— I became very anxious to know something of the Christian Muse of Germany; but I am convinced that in no poet are to be found the beauties of "La Divina Commedia." . . . But Klopstock in all his verses, many of which I recollect having read with you at Genoa, shews a lofty genius and noble and true affections. He had a beautiful soul, and seemed formed for converse with the angels.'

Digitized by Google

And again in another letter:—

'I am delighted with Klopstock's "Messiah." The ideas in it are sublime—it is poetry which seems to me entirely Christian. The angels speak a Divine language, such as mortal ear never heard, but which at the same time the heart understands. The speeches put into the mouth of the Jews are terrible from their pride and vindictiveness, but they bear little resemblance to the too oratorical discourses of Milton. Notwithstanding which, it must be owned that the demons of the latter poet have about them a certain degree of fearful sublimity..... The Heaven of Milton is entirely Homeric; in that of Klopstock one perceives originality of fancy, ideas imbued with the true spirit of Christianity, and the holiest and most exquisitely pure representation of the love of God.'

The following letter to Maria Bosio, from the sea-side, is less literary, but is written in a style of graceful playfulness which is very pleasing.

'Antignano, July 29th, 1853.—Pleased as we are with this pretty village, there is one thing in it which it is still lacking to us; it is your own dear company, the want of which makes us really quite melancholy in a place where last year we were so happy. These words, I assure you, come from my heart. How I should enjoy having you here! Come back to us then, dear friend! The wood, in which we passed so many happy hours, the trees, the fields, the sea, all call you, dearest Maria. A few days ago I heard a wave singing to you—"Come and bathe here—come, bathe here, from the shore bright with blossoms; come then down to the cool tranquil ocean; come then down, for the sun doth command it, as his rays on the earth burn so hotly, and the air is enkindled—" Here Kange's chant was interrupted in consequence of my poor wave being broken against a rock; her sister, who had joined in the invitation, met with the same fate. I meanwhile felt pensive and somewhat sad, seeing in these fragile billows an emblem of so many of our hopes, which, remaining fruitless, are to us only the occasion of greater sorrow. But a sweet voice at length whispered into my ear, "Why so sad? Cannot thy friend return? I am the companion of thy life. I am Hope; and I promise thee that next year Maria will be with thee. I am certain, Maria, that my companion was not deceiving me, and that I should see you at Antignano. Excuse, my dear friend, this long and senseless lucubration, and look upon it as merely a proof of my affection, which I desire to shew you more plainly than ever. But now let us quit the regions of imagination and fancy, and return to those of reality.'

Rosa Ferrucci's engagement, though completely one of affection, illustrates curiously the difference between Italian ideas on such matters and our own. We will relate the circumstance in her mother's words.

'Rosa was not beautiful, if she alone deserve the epithet who possesses perfect symmetry of form and feature. Yet she had a loveliness which is superior to all art. For in her large brown eyes—now sparkling with divine enthusiasm, now veiled by an expression of gentle melancholy,

Digitized by Google

and often raised to Heaven with a look of holy ardour—could be read both the purity and the rapidity of her thoughts. Her mouth opened with the gentlest smiles; on her serene forehead shone a lively fancy, and the most charming innocence. She had black and very thick eyebrows, good teeth, a quantity of long hair, a very white complexion, and a healthy colour. She was of a medium height, and was deemed elegant by those who consider the truest gracefulness of a young girl to be modesty. Her mind was always to be read in her countenance, so that her expression constantly varied according to the variations of her thoughts and feelings. In conversation she was amiable and sensible, sparing of her words, easy to please, though withal a little melancholy. Her extreme modesty of manner produced a certain sense of reverence in all who approached her. Up to the age of twenty, she had never admitted within her breast that sentiment which, with so many girls, arises with the dawn of womanhood. And when at length it entered her heart, it came as no impetuous passion.

'I had for some time been exhorting her to seek for light from above in deciding as to her future destiny, beseeching her to consider the duties which belong to our sex, and counselling her to weigh well her own inclinations, and to have in such important matters no other end in view than the sanctification of her soul. At the end of several months, I questioned her as to what she had decided upon doing. Her reply was, "I have prayed to God, and have examined my own heart. My one desire is, to do some little good. Had I their exalted piety, I would willingly become one of the Sisters of Charity, but *for that* I am too imperfect. And I would gladly remain single, could unmarried young women in Italy do as they do abroad, that is to say, devote themselves to the task of relieving the poor, and instructing the ignorant. As this, however, would be inconsistent with our national habits, and as I do not wish to postpone the fulfilment of my great desire to a *distant* and, from the instability of life, an *uncertain* period, I will enter the state of matrimony, knowing that married women can do much to further the perfection both of themselves and others. As to the choice of a companion for life, I will leave that to you and Papa. I am young and inexperienced; you love me, and are wise; make the choice for me; I only ask permission to say yes or no. In the meantime I shall live peacefully in solitude with my studies." In order to understand better what she really felt, I said to her playfully, "If you do indeed wish us to choose you a companion for life, tell me what you would like him to be." Her reply was, "I would have him religious, courteous in manner, intellectual, devoted to literature, or engaged in some useful pursuit. I don't care about his being rich; external gifts are of little importance to me. I shall be quite contented if I can live in the same condition in life in which I was born; for I am sure that if I do right, and fulfil my duty, I shall be happy whatever my future."

* * * * * *

Digitized by Google

'In the autumn of 1855, we left Florence for Pisa. Rosa was extremely fond of the former place, in which there was so much to admire, both in nature and art, and where her heart was thrilled with so many sublime reminiscences. She was, notwithstanding, delighted to return to Pisa, where she could always have the society of her father. Here she devoted herself with fresh ardour to her studies. She occupied a little room close to my own, and became so fond of it, that she declared she would not change it for a palace, it was so quiet and peaceful. But the first time she entered it, the idea darted into her mind—"If I were to die in this room, where would be the altar on which I should receive my last Communion?" She mentioned this to a friend while in the bloom of youth and health. Mysteries of the human heart! who shall attempt to explain you? More than two years before her death, she had this secret presentiment, that in that very room she would die, and that there, before her death, she would be consoled by the mystical presence of her Lord, Who would from thence convey her to the everlasting bridals of Heaven. . . . .

'During the two years passed at Pisa, Rosa grew rapidly towards perfection. She became more and more fervent in charity; and not only obeyed me to the letter, but, divining my most secret wishes, conformed spontaneously her own will to mine. Her temper was always equable, her gentleness invariable. She continued much longer in prayer than had been her former wont; and when in our private conversations she opened to me her heart, I had indubitable evidence that she habitually walked with God. . . . .

'It was at this time that she received several offers, all of which, for very sensible reasons, she refused. When, however, she was informed of Dr. Orsini's proposal, she accepted it from admiration for his piety and goodness. Several days passed before the engagement was finally arranged; and while the affair was pending, she said to me more than once, seeing me appear distressed at the thought of our future separation, "You are looking as if the idea of my leaving you afflicted you. If my absence will be too great a sorrow for you to bear, I will give up the idea of being married, and will live only for you and Papa. Don't be afraid that I shall be unhappy. I assure you, I shall find it sweet to consecrate my life to you, who have done so much for me."

'I replied as a mother should do. We fixed a time for the wedding to take place: festivity reigned in our house; and we rejoiced that so sensible and excellent a young man was to become the husband of our dear daughter. Notwithstanding which, I often became deeply melancholy at the thought that soon she would be no longer beside me, and one day could not refrain from bursting into tears in her presence; on seeing which, she embraced me affectionately, and exclaimed, "Why, dearest Mamma, did you not accept my proposal? It came sincerely from my heart. But now I am afraid it is too late. I love my betrothed; but yet there is no sacrifice which I would not make for you, and should be

Digitized by Google

ready to give up for your sake an affection which is very dear to me. But I cannot supersede it by another, and have, as you see, already pledged my faith."'

In this little narrative we see quite an illustration of Italian manners. That Rosa's affection was genuinely given to Dr. Orsini there can be no doubt; but long before his proposal was made, she had, on deliberately weighing the for and against, chosen married life in preference to single, giving her parents permission to choose her a husband, and only stipulating to reserve the *veto* to herself. And the reason she gives for this choice of matrimony over celibacy is, that unmarried women cannot, in Italy, devote themselves to a life of charity unless they enter a cloister. This is a state of things existing more or less in all Roman Catholic countries; the Sisterhoods, valuable as they are, absorbing too much the charitable work, to the exclusion of the lay female element, if the expression be allowed us. This is certainly the case in France. But the whole question of marrying and giving in marriage in Italy, is treated in a half oriental, half mediæval character, contrasting oddly with the nineteenth century ideas on other points, so fast gaining ground in the peninsula. Rosa viewed her engagement in the highest and purest light, as the preparation for a solemn sacrament, by which she was to be advanced in her endeavours towards perfecting her character. This longing after perfection was the key-note of her whole mind and feelings.

We quote again her mother's words:—

'Love was to her a new means of attaining Christian perfection. She loved God in her betrothed, and her betrothed in God.'

Again she says, as a proof of how solemnly this new event in her life was viewed by her daughter—

'During the whole time of her engagement she would not go to the opera, a pleasure which she usually allowed herself two or three times each year during the Carnival. She told me, that being, as she was, on the point of receiving so great a sacrament, it was her duty to live in greater retirement than usual.'

But from Rosa's letters to Dr. Orsini, her ideas can best be learned. From the first in the series, we translate the following extract.

'I believe that the best step we can take towards the attainment of perfection, is to hate and shun those little daily faults which appear nothing to us, and yet which are so displeasing to the Lord's infinite perfection. Be sure that I shall receive all your advice as it ought to be received, from one who will have to stand in the place of my parents.'

Again she writes, on the 17th April, 1856—

'I am persuaded that the true mode of preparation for the reception of that sacrament, by which we shall be united for time, and I hope also for eternity, is to do all that in us lies to attain that state of perfection for which God intended us. I am also persuaded that even if we never quite reach that point towards which we are aiming, yet we can at least kindle within our hearts the flame of that divine charity, which embodies

Digitized by Google

all the precepts of "the Law and the Prophets." You will be my guide and example; and we shall be always of the same mind, loving each other in God, in Whom all affections are sanctified.'

Again, on the 30th of April—

'Certainly, none can attain the prize without having merited it. The battle (and life is a continued combat) must precede the victory. Let us not resemble those feeble cowardly soldiers, who aspire to conquer without meeting the enemy; and let us endeavour to win that eternal felicity which can alone fulfil all our desires, by means of the performance of our duties, by bearing through love to God every trouble, be it great or small, and by exercising ourselves, as much as in us lies, in good works. Thus the desire after Heaven will be to us no argument of vain speculation, but will sanctify our whole life, which life (I hope so, especially in your case) will be sufficiently long to enable us to serve God with that constancy which by Him is rewarded.

'I believe that, without placing before us an ideal standard of perfection, much may be done if we render our will firm and vigorous. We must be careful, therefore, even in the smallest things, that it be not warped to the service of what is evil. Let us remember the beautiful words of our favourite Thomas-à-Kempis: "*If every year we corrected but one defect, how much better might we not become!*" Resignation is absolutely necessary to us in the *small*, even as in the *great*, affairs of life. It appears to me, therefore, that in *it* is to be found the true virtue of a Christian; for what can be more pleasing to God than to see our wills conformed always to His?'

* * * * * *

'Do not forget to entreat that God may bestow upon us that light and grace which we need, in order to serve Him and to love Him with all our hearts. He alone can aid us so to order our lives, as that our souls, loving each other as they do on earth, may also love in Heaven. This is the goal towards which we should be constantly aiming. Let us remember, that in order to reach it we require a resolute will, entire trust in God, and indeed an utter abandonment of ourselves to Him. When I use the expression *abandonment*, do not think I wish to suggest to you any *mystical* ideas; I merely mean that resolving everything into one fixed aim, which should sanctify our life and strengthen our weakness, exciting in us a sincere zeal for what is good. . . . Those simple affections, which raise the mind to God, are much sweeter than the fancies, which, not satisfying the soul, but merely contenting the intellect, chain us down to this world, which, if it were not a place of probation, would have no existence at all for us.

'An affection which does not draw its being from the love of God, would not make us happy. Let us study therefore to consecrate our lives to Him, Who has done so much for us. I believe atth as the pomp of worship is not accepted if it be dissevered from real fervour, so external good works cannot win the favour of God, unless they be

Digitized by Google

prompted by the sole desire of pleasing Him, and by the sincere intention of the heart. You can understand therefore how it is that I often endeavour to raise myself from the visible to the invisible, perceiving in what is before my eyes a sort of image of that which can only be perceived by the heart and the mind. In this way nothing is silent for me; the trees, the hills, the birds, the sea, tell me things of which I should never have thought, had I not seemed, as it were, to listen to the voices of nature. And I shall always continue more and more to admire the goodness of Providence, which by so many thousand ways calls the human mind to the thoughts and affections for which it was created. You speak of the Duke of Genoa. Poor young man! Seven years ago, at this very time, how beautiful did life, how glorious did the future, appear to him from the rock of Peschiera! But it was God's Will to render him worthy of a better world. And therefore it was that a few months afterwards he was at the mercy of an ungrateful populace, prepared to sacrifice for his father that life which he had consecrated to Italy. And wherefore else were the last desperate battles and the long sufferings which that noble spirit had to endure, permitted? Dying himself, he was called upon to close the eyes of his mother; and he died thinking on the comrades who must so have longed to carry him to the field of honour. If Heaven had no recompense in store for virtue and patiently endured suffering, what lot would be sadder to contemplate than that of the Duke of Genoa?

'I have been carefully reading the two last cantos of Dante over again, noting by Mamma's desire the comparisons, the descriptions of the angels, and the transformations of Beatrice. The "Paradiso" pleases me more and more. I do not think human intellect could raise itself to a loftier height.'

July 28th.—'To-day is a melancholy anniversary. Poor Charles Albert! Exactly at the hour in which I am writing to you, God took to Himself that soul, oppressed with so many sufferings, but always retaining his confidence in the Divine justice and righteousness. Certainly, the angels must have received with festive gladness that soul which so loved its Lord, and suffered so much. I think with compassion on his royal son, remaining to weep in solitude over the graves of beloved ones descending one by one into the grave.'

* * * * * * *

August 4th.—'We should endeavour to order our affections in such a manner as that no one of them should overbalance the others, but that all forming together a sweet harmony, might raise themselves to Him who created us, and in whom we should live. He should be the end of all our thoughts and actions, and then we should not find labour wearisome, or our duties irksome; our acts would be good, our intentions pure, and we should, even while here below, taste of that inward peace, which none but they who *have* tasted it can comprehend. I have given you an ideal picture of our life, yet have but faintly sketched it, not liking to

Digitized by Google

preach to you as to what you *will* be and what I *hope* to be, if the grace of God, for which we must always be asking, be not withheld from us.

* * * * * *

'Yesterday evening I was sitting quietly at work, when I heard the beloved sound of the postman's bell. Ah, how happy your letter made me! I read it, I re-read it, and for the rest of the evening was in a laughing humour, quite different from my mood during the early part of the day. And how could I be cheerful, when all day long something kept suggesting to me melancholy thoughts? At nine o'clock, Angiolina* came in with some flowers; and almost directly she saw me said, with tears, in a tone which might have awakened sympathy from stones, "*These flowers are for my sister, who died last night.*" Thankful as one felt to hear that the poor girl's sufferings were over, one could not but sympathize with the sister who mourns her, and who has been to her as a mother. We were by that time beginning to look forward to the arrival of the post, hoping that Grandmamma would have the letter from my uncle for which she has been so longing; but that letter did not arrive. Mamma had one of her bad head-aches, and was in torture for some hours; and from not having heard from her sons, as well as from witnessing the sufferings of my mother, Grandmamma was every now and then in tears, and looked so sorrowful, that I could not but be sad myself. After dinner Mamma became a little better; but she desired me to write to that poor Madanese bride whose mother has been ill so long, and is now, perhaps, dying. You can fancy with what heart I obeyed her. I could not, in writing to one so afflicted, bear to allude to the prospect of my own wedding.

'Dear October is approaching. If I am unable this year to have any *villeggiatura* myself, I shall still delight to think how you will enjoy yours. You will see your beloved mountains, and the pine-woods which you loved from childhood, and amidst flowers, herbage, and trees, you will think of Him Who has created us capable of loving the good and the beautiful, and Who, this year, has opened before us a new road, one that will never, I trust, be strewn with thorns and briars.

'Do you know what the Lord requires of us? It is that we should be gentle towards ourselves, and that we should not be too much perturbed when our natural infirmities oppose themselves to our good resolutions. For in those moments when we are bewailing the recollection of some little casual fall, Jesus Christ says to us, as He said to the disciples at Emmaus—"What manner of communications are these which ye have with one another, as ye walk and are sad?" He Who is called "The Prince of Peace" wishes us to *be* at peace, even with ourselves, compassionating in us the feebleness of our nature, so that if at any time we fall a prey to melancholy, being discontented with ourselves for some trifling fault, let us make use of the prayer which I transcribe:—

* A poor girl whom she taught.

Digitized by Google

'"*Behold, sweet Jesus, the fruits of my garden. I love Thee with my whole heart, and repent me of the offences which I have committed, and with the aid of Thy grace, I am resolved to commit them no more!*" *

'I have not read the passage of which you speak, but Mamma has read me the beautiful verses of Manzoni's by which it is preceded. They recalled to me so many things as to affect me greatly. And when I returned to the lines, I seemed to hear the sweet voice of my Matilda, as she recited them full of enthusiasm for her father's genius. We were at Viareggia; it was a beautiful evening, the quiet of the starry sky seemed to communicate itself to our hearts. Matilda said to me, "If you only know the first line of that beautiful poem of my father's, I would repeat it through." I tried, tried again, sought through and ransacked my memory, and at last said "*Soffermati*," which one word proved sufficient to enable Matilda to repeat the whole long poem. And now she is no longer with us, and I cannot see her more. I parted from her, saying, "We shall meet again in a few days," instead of which I ought to have said, "We shall meet again in Paradise!"'

The next letter we translate is in a lighter style.

'To return to "Paradise Lost." Do you know how you made me laugh by comparing yourself to Pluto! If you had indeed been, to your misfortune, "the ruler of the murky depths beneath," you wouldn't have persuaded me, who wish to live in Paradise, to become your wife! Instead of conducting me to Leghorn or Cucrigharia, you would have shut me up in the "Terra Sconsolata," in the City of Dis, whose walls are

"Of vermeil hue, as built of living fire."

Mine *would* have been a charming marriage! I wonder who would have said, "Allow me to offer my congratulations." Fortunately, if I have not, as poor Rossini said, "the eyes of Proserpine before she was carried away, you haven't either the trident or the sinister looks of Pluto, and Mamma won't utter the pathetic exclamations which the great Schiller puts into the mouth of the disconsolate Ceres. Notwithstanding which, she feels the idea of our parting very much. She has so dearly loved me, poor dear! God alone has loved me more than she has. I comfort myself, however, with thinking that the affection of us both, and the visits which we shall pay and receive from her, will console her for my absence. Certainly I shall suffer much in leaving her, but Mamma will feel it more, for she will be alone—alone. I was saying that to her last evening; and her answer was, "But God will be with me." I send you her lines to the Madonna, which I am going to learn by heart.'

To postpone as long as possible the parting so dreaded, Rosa insisted upon her engagement lasting eleven months, though to please her lover she consented that it should be shortened four months, a year and a quarter being the period originally fixed on. She had one of those

* St. Catherine of Genoa.

Digitized by Google

sensitive natures to whom the strong affections of home are avenues of pain as well as of pleasure. As an instance may be given the melancholy with which she was oppressed during the evening of Twelfth Night, (when Italian children have their *Beffania* or distribution of gifts, like the German Christmas Eve,) on account of the absence of her beloved little nephew, Pippo. We have selected the foregoing letters almost at random, the whole collection being so beautiful as to make one reluctant to omit any; but as we approach nearer to the period of her death, they derive additional interest from being written, all unconsciously to herself, on the verge of the tomb. On the New Year's Day of that year 1857, of which she was to see barely five weeks, she thus writes to Dr. Orsini:—

'The bright sky makes all nature look cheerful, and also cheers our minds, which seem to see, as it were, the reflection of the Light of God in that of the sun. I am not superstitious, and had the year commenced amidst lightning, thunder, and rain, I should not have looked upon it as portending evil for the future. But now, contemplating, as I do, the quiet and purity of the sky and the horizon, I ask of God that our life may resemble this beautiful day, and that nothing may ever come to trouble that peace in our souls which springs from Him as from its eternal fountain.'

January 6th.—'Those words of Middleton's which you have copied out for me are beautiful from their poetry, so evidently from the heart. He was, as you must be aware, a learned man, who, studying as he did all his life, the literary monuments of ancient Rome, became, I hardly know whether to say, a Quirite or one of those conscript fathers whose history he chronicles. Enamoured of Cicero, he writes his life in four volumes, from whence you may learn how many villas he possessed, who were his friends, what was his private life, what his personal appearance, &c. Notwithstanding which, this very learned Englishman tore himself from his books to betake himself to that house in which "there breathed an atmosphere of benediction," and there, causing his mind to *rest*, he only followed the promptings of his heart, resembling in that respect him who, flying from the tumult of cities, seeks among the mountains and in the stillness of the country and the sea-shore that peace which tranquil nature communicates to our souls.

'Yesterday, after you had gone, I received a letter from my Louisa. Really very few women have so much intellect as she has. If you knew with what vividness of style, with what beauty of imagery, with what unconscious poetry, she describes to me the sublime scenery of her native Bohemia, when the snowy mountains and frozen fields have amid the silence of night and in the tremulous moonlight, an appearance both majestic and melancholy, you would certainly be astonished. . . . . You wish to know how I have been spending the last few days. I had succeeded in spoiling some paper with some of my usual follies. *(farfalloni.)* I have finished the sixth book of the Eneid, the various beauties of which I can never sufficiently admire, and I have gone on

Digitized by Google

with Klopstock, a poet who, from the mystical tenderness by which he knew how to raise himself from earth to Heaven, truly deserves the epithet *Christian*. And as I always like to have in reading some good book of Italian prose, and have almost finished Dino Compagni's Chronicle, I have taken up a volume of "Fieretti di San Francesco," which I knew but little, and which is full of grace, naiveté, and charming simplicity. The evening I spend in music, work, and reading good Ulurateri.'

January 22nd.—'I am now wishing to read, without giving up my Eneid, some of Cicero's philosophical works, and his "Offices," which I know a little already. To-day I have been reading the Dream of Scipio, and am so much struck and fascinated by the sublimity of the ideas, that I said to myself, "I will read this again with Gaetano."'

In the same letter she says, alluding to a sudden death of which she had heard, 'It is indeed needful to be ready to die when and how God wills, and to love Him infinitely more than the things of this world, which will pass away with our transitory life. Our immortal soul is not made for this world, in which all is brief and mutable, and by its very constitution it requires Heaven. But as for me, living or dead, in this world or the next, I shall be your Rosa, in that affection which God owns and blesses.'

Touching words to be her last, for on the 25th she was seized with her mortal illness. Her mother draws attention to the fact of her evidently perfect health at this time, as indicated by the unabated delight she took in her studies. We give the rest of the narrative in Signora Ferrucci's own words; they alone can estimate their pathos who have seen a sun go down at noon under similar circumstances. We trust too much to the true catholicity of our readers to offer any apology for translating, without comment, one or two passages which plainly indicate to what branch of the universal Church this Christian family belongs.

'Similar to these letters were the conversations which my daughter was in the habit of holding with her betrothed. She read with him the English, French, and Latin classics, and she talked with him of God, of the poor, and of the sweet pleasures (lit. *sweet-sweetnesses*, "soavi dolcezze") of the active useful Christian life. . . . Whenever in Thomas à Kempis, or any other devotional book, she met with any passage which she considered likely to console him in sorrow, or strengthen his mind, she would entreat him to read it, beseeching at the same time, that God would bless their union.'

* * * * * *

'On the 27th January, 1857, Rosa woke with a severe cold in her head. During the two following days I persuaded her to remain in bed to prevent fever coming on. On the morning of Wednesday she was getting up at the desire of her medical attendant, when I perceived an appearance of redness upon her neck. A tremendous suspicion seemed to freeze my blood. "It is," I thought, "possibly miliary fever—perhaps death!" My fears were but too well grounded; it *was* miliary fever, and though it appeared slight, Professor Fedeli told us that causes for

Digitized by Google

apprehension *might* arise. We tried to conceal the truth from the invalid, by giving another name to her disorder. She appeared to believe us, but soon after said, in a tender and melancholy voice, "Take my little desk, and keep it as a memorial of me." It rent my heart to hear her say these words, which were doubtless said under a foreboding of her approaching death. Until the evening of Thursday, the 29th, my daughter appeared to be having the fever in a mild form. But suddenly she was taken with such a palpitation of the heart as to have scarcely the power of respiration left her. Oh! the inexpressible anguish of that night, when I beheld her prostrate and deadly pale, and when I heard her committing herself and her sufferings to God. "I am afraid, dear Mamma," she said, "that I am going to die. I feel so very ill." . . . . Two highly talented professors, Fedeli and Bartolini, made use of various remedies, and did, during that night, all which science, compassion, and friendship, could suggest; . . . . but in vain. At eight p. m. on Friday, it was said to me, "Let her receive the Last Sacraments; if we delay, perhaps it will be too late." A mother alone can enter into the feelings into which I was plunged by these words. Putting, however, a violent constraint upon myself, . . . I said to my daughter, "Human means are efficacious, but divine ones yet more so. If you receive the Holy Eucharist, I trust that the Lord Jesus may grant you a return to health." Her reply was, "I should like to communicate, but have just eaten an ice." On her physician's reminding her that the sick were exempted from fasting on such occasions, she replied, "It is, then, the Viaticum—life must be in danger!" Yet she was not agitated, but said, turning to me, "Kneel down, Mamma, and recite the *Confiteor*, for I should like to prepare myself for confession." She then asked forgiveness of her grandmother and myself, and received the Sacraments with such humility, reverence, and devotion, that her countenance was that of a saint. . . . . Her father exclaimed several times, "I have always loved and esteemed my dear Rosa, but I did not before know that veneration was what I ought to feel for her. Her little bed has become a pulpit of Christian wisdom, and she appears, when she speaks of God, like a new St. Theresa." The invalid grew better for a time, and said, "This has been a memorable day; if I recover, I shall never forget it. What a sublime thing is the Viaticum! How sweet, how comforting, is the religion of Jesus Christ! Believe me, dear Mamma, whatever dread of death one may have beforehand, it vanishes when one has received the Eucharist." Calling her betrothed, she addressed him in the following words, "If it pleases God, we shall yet be united. He can cause me to recover; but if He have disposed of us otherwise, we must submit and adore His Will." She expressed a hope of recovery out of compassion to us; but that she was even then already certain that she would die, the following fact is a proof. The very same day she said to Dr. Orsini, "In my English book of prayers there is a thanksgiving for one who has received the Viaticum. When I am a

Digitized by Google

little rested, I shall like you to read it to me." The prayer is for one who has offered up his life as a sacrifice to God. She expressed a great wish to see her brother, and begged that he might be sent for, but did not wish him to know that she had received the Communion. "Why should we afflict him?" she said. "Poor Antoine! It would distress him too much! He has always loved me so dearly." And in order that he might not perceive my little chest having been turned into a temporary altar, she begged that what had been there before might be placed upon it again. . . . . During the whole day she held my hand in hers, and every now and then spoke to me of the joy she had experienced when she received the Saviour within her heart. She would then turn the subject to her longing to see her brother; but she scrupled to have him admitted into her room, lest he should catch her illness. . . . In point of fact, my son and daughter-in-law *had* been sent for on that very Friday, but the medical men, fearing that any agitation might prove dangerous, did not permit them to see my daughter, and she did not know of their arrival. We did not give up all hope till the expiration of four more days. . . . . During the short period of her illness, my daughter gave constant proofs of her rare piety and goodness. One day she remembered that she had been intending to send relief to some of her poor people, and could get no peace till it had been conveyed to them. She complained of not being able to change her couch. But soon after she exclaimed, "I am wrong to murmur, the poor are always worse off than I am." She was afraid of being impatient, though she never uttered a word but what indicated true resignation. Turning her thoughts again to the Lord, she said, "If Thou willest, Lord, that I should honour Thee by suffering, by suffering will I gladly serve Thee." From me she tried to conceal her true state, endeavouring to persuade me that her youth and good constitution would ensure her recovery. But if I left her for a little, she would say to the good Sister of St. Clara, who then took my place, "I cannot deceive myself; I am dying, certainly dying. I am too ill to recover, nor should I regret that I am to die, were it not for the thought of how my poor parents and my other dear friends will mourn." She then prayed, "Cause me to recover, O Lord, if Thou seest that by Thy grace I shall become a true Christian wife; but let Thy Will, not mine, ever be done." Seeing that I sat up all night, and that my countenance bore the traces of fatigue and grief, she exclaimed several times, "How *heroic* mothers are!" accompanying her words with affectionate caresses. With the highest gratitude she spoke also of her betrothed and of her father. "What care they take of me!" she would exclaim. "They deprive themselves of sleep, they never think about themselves, but all their care is for me. Poor Papa! He has called in three doctors, and requested that one or other may never be absent from my room. How kind he is! how dearly he loves me! And what can I say, Mamma, of my Gaetano? Surely, if I recover, I must indeed be happy with him, for I see he loves me almost as much as you do. What *can* I do for you all? Nothing,

Digitized by Google

I think, except love you, and obey and submit to you." . . . . . I heard her once reciting in a low voice the prayers for the dying. And as I was then feeling certain that she was better, and feared lest mental depression might weaken her already enfeebled frame, I said to her, "Why do you admit these thoughts? you will soon be well again, do not distress yourself, my child." To which she replied, "To-day I have been thinking a great deal about death; if Jesus calls for me, I desire that He should find me ready. . . . . Once when she was complaining of head-ache and pains in various parts of her body, Dr. Orsini said to her, "Remember what the Lord suffered." Her reply was, "Thank you for your words. I am truly grateful for them." Before the dawn of the 3rd February, feverish action of unusual violence set itself up in the invalid's frame. We were greatly alarmed; but she remained tranquil; tears and desolation were throughout the house, she only being calm. . . . . That night the fever becoming stronger, she became delirious. For six-and-thirty hours she continued to wander, uttering such words as, "Good-bye, dear Mamma, we must depart;—my home is not here, it is on high;—we must depart, farewell." She repeated those words constantly, sometimes in French, sometimes in Italian. Then suddenly she exclaimed, "Why do you force me to lie on the bare ground, under the open sky? Do not you see that I am burning with fever, that I am crippled in every limb? Pray for pity's sake, lay me on my bed. Why is it, my own Mamma, that you, who have always loved me so much, should now deny me a little rest? Have pity upon me, love me once again. I want nothing but your love!"

'My God! my God!' continues the poor mother, 'Thou alone knowest what I suffered during those hours of interminable anguish. She for whom I would have given, not one, but a thousand lives, deemed in her delirium that my love for her had failed. Gradually, by kisses, caresses, and such fond words as only the lips of a mother can pronounce, I succeeded in making her understand the truth. Growing calmer for a time, she said, "I've been dreaming; I am in my own room, I see; yes, I am in my own bed and in your arms, and you still love me." But she soon became delirious again, and it was an evidence of the purity and holiness of her mind, that she never uttered a word which did not shew Christian resignation, ardent longing after Heaven, sympathy with others, stainless innocence. Now she was compassionating a widow, now lamenting beside the cradle of a forsaken orphan. . . . . Once she imagined that she was gazing on the mystic ladder of Jacob, and exclaimed in tears, "How shall I become sufficiently pure to ascend there with the angels? How can I, who have been preparing for an earthly marriage, have a share in their dances? Afterwards, becoming still more oppressed with fever, she cried out in evident terror, "The evil spirits! the evil spirits!" I tenderly embraced her, and assured her that no malignant spirits surrounded her bed, but angels waiting to aid and comfort her, because she had always loved God, shewn pity to the poor, and been a dutiful obedient child. Coming then to herself, she said, "Hush, do not

Digitized by Google

tempt me to pride." And her face became composed into an expression of humble resignation. . . . . Before dawn on the 5th February, my daughter appeared so changed and exhausted that all hope forsook my heart. . . . She became again delirious, and endeavoured to rise from her bed, exclaiming, "Jesus calls me! let me go, I must go to my Jesus!" And when we tried to restrain her, she lamented her inability to obey the Will of God. My words were powerless to calm her, but I appealed to her heart. And the heart understood me when reason ceased to listen. "Dearest," I said, "I am very tired. I need sleep, and I should like to fall asleep with my head resting upon your pillow; be silent, that I may be able to rest." She became instantly quiet, and for some time remained, by a violent effort, perfectly tranquil. This was a proof of affection which will be engraven on my heart as long as I live.' Convulsions followed, leaving her, of course, so exhausted as to appear as if already dead, but a brief interval of reason and tranquillity returned. 'Looking round her, she said with tears, "Must I then die—must I leave my home? But I hoped to have made my bridegroom happy." And as if he were still present, she exclaimed, "Farewell, Gaetano! we shall never meet again."' . . . . . .

During that day she was anxious again to receive the Holy Communion, but that privilege being debarred her by the dread that was felt of a return of the convulsions, which had prevented her swallowing even a drop of water, she begged that Extreme Unction might be administered to her, and appeared to feel edified by this Last Sacrament of her Church. She thanked her parents for having caused her to receive in time the Holy Sacraments, and with eyes raised to Heaven, exclaimed, 'My God, I thank Thee; how happy I am!' She uttered a most fervent and affectionate benediction upon her mother, entreating God and the Blessed Virgin to grant her comfort and aid. While arranging for the distribution of small legacies and relics, she took off her engagement ring, and giving it to her mother, said, 'Give this back to one whom you know; he has a holy soul.'

'She did not,' says Signora Ferrucci, 'pronounce his name, nor utter a single word which might indicate earthly attachment. In life it had been his *soul* which she had loved, nor did she cease to love it in death; and to the bereaved young man she gave in these few words the purest testimony to her affection, an encouragement to him in his Christian life, and an anticipation of reunion in Paradise.'

She sent a remembrance to her beloved friend Henrietta, commended to her mother some widows and orphans, and besought her especially never to forsake the orphan girl who had been her attendant.

'She was not yet aware,' writes her mother, 'of her brother's having arrived. But reverting to him in her heart, she called him by name, "Antoine! Antoine!" How much affection, how many memories, sounded in that cry! Doubtless she reverted in thought to the pleasures of their childhood, to their common studies, to happy hours passed in his society—

Digitized by Google

to the many proofs of their mutual affection. Antoine and his amiable wife now entered the room. Rosa was delighted to see them, took a hand of each, and asked after her Pippo and Paolino. She then gave a glance at myself, at her sister-in-law, her grandmother, her father, her brother. "Ah! I have you all," she said with joy, "I have you all round my bed."'

She then prayed earnestly for the whole city, for the Church and its ministers, for sinners, for heretics, for those who trust in God, and those who believe not on Him.

'She repeated'—we resume her mother's narrative—'these prayers several times, alternating them with passages from the Gospels and verses out of the Psalms. . . . . She called me by various tender names, and seeing the sorrow that was depicted in my countenance, said, "Remember St. Felicitas," and entreated me to imitate her fortitude. She then said within herself—"I have no fear of hell, because I so love my Jesus. Oh! what pain I am suffering! My Jesus, let it be for Thy glory. I feel as if I were in the fire—my side is burning. Oh! my Jesus! kindle in me the flame of Thy love!" . . . . Death was now near at hand. A deadly pallor overspread her countenance, and a mist was over her eyes. She refused to take any more ice, but received it from me from obedience, thus proving herself a dutiful daughter to the very close of her life. . . . . With the eyes of her body she could no longer see, but those of her soul were already opening upon the invisible world. Several times she exclaimed, "My God! I behold Thee! yes, yes! I behold Thee! I see the heavenly Zion. Ah, what multitudes of angels! how beautiful it all is!" . . . . Her last words were these—"Yes, yes, my God! willingly! Dear Mamma! *Mon Dieu! ah! mon Dieu!* Where am I? My God! let us go! let us depart!" She could say no more, but she frequently made the sign of the Cross and kissed her crucifix. Soon after, the last struggle came on, but it was as placid as a sleep. At twenty minutes to three p. m. she departed with a smile still upon her countenance. . . . She was wept by the whole city. Persons of every rank requested to follow her to the grave.'

JANET.

THE ABBEY FARM.

BY AUGUSTA HAYWARD.

CHAPTER IX.

'THERE never was such a Christmas as this!' sighed Annie; 'how *is* one to get on with these horrid things, Arthur?'

She was sitting at the school-room window, her big desk open, and parish books all around her, trying to write, but spending most of her time in looking out idly on the dreary prospect of the dusk of a rainy

Digitized by Google

afternoon. Arthur lounging in the only arm-chair, with a poor pretence of reading by the dim fire-light.

'Nice holidays for you, poor Arthur!' went on Annie, almost pettishly; 'it is hard, the very first time you have come home.'

'Oh! don't bother about me!' returned Arthur gruffly; 'I knew how it would be; Mr. Hatherly told me that day of our Harvest Home. I wish he was here!'

'Yes, everything goes wrong,' said Annie; 'why should he have gone out just at this very time?' as if Mr. Hatherly's absence were another aggravation of her troubles. 'Oh, Arthur! I can't bear it!'

Poor Annie's complainings generally ended so. She had tried to bear up, and had really been braver and more patient than she believed; but that cry of almost despair would not be kept back. 'I can't bear it! no, I can't bear it!'

For the actual presence of the gloom that we call the 'Shadow of Death' is a fearful test, a terrible probation; and from the time when the last hope of recovery had been given up, that strange Shadow—not altogether a dark one—seemed to have been brooding over the Vicarage, acting on everyone under its influence, yet in how different ways!

'I can't think how Papa has stood it,' said Annie, a little relieved at being able to pour out her troubles to Arthur; 'he has been just the same as usual all this while, a little bit quieter, and so kind—poor old Pappy! And that Aunt Catherine has just sent me wild! crying a little bit when anyone looked at her, and then wiping her eyes with the corner of her handkerchief, and saying something like a Moral Reflection! oh dear!'

'And how have you been getting on?' asked Arthur, in a rough tone that was intended effectually to hide his sympathy.

'Me! oh, I've done nothing but get cross with everybody; and, Arthur, it's been so miserable! and it's getting worse every minute. Every minute, Arthur! It can't go on much longer now.'

'Hadn't you better cut up to her?' said Arthur; 'don't let Aunt Catherine bother her too much.'

'Not I! Papa's there now. Reading to her. Arthur! if those wretched little carol-singers aren't coming! send them off, do!'

'Don't bother; they won't disturb her,' answered the boy.

'No, but I can't endure them! Don't you remember last year, I was so naughty about it, and never taught them a single thing? and it vexed Mamma. And now I've been taking so much pains to teach them that one she wanted, and they're come to sing it! Stop them, do!'

'All right,' said the boy, getting up wearily, and pushing open the window with a 'Run off, children!'

He was too late.

'The very one!' said Annie, shrinking back as the words came distinct and clear through the open window; 'let them finish!'

Digitized by Google

The children were not at all unwilling to show off their performance, and sang on with a hearty good-will.

'Listen, Arthur!' said Annie softly, 'the very words she showed me last year!'

The little voices went on—

'Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as in the ages past,
And the song of Christmas blessing
Softly sinks to rest at last.'

'Shut the window!' she moaned; 'what a Christmas, to be sure! will there ever be another happy one again, I wonder!'

'Oh, yes!' said Arthur, trying to begin his work of consolation in earnest now that Annie's tears were streaming down uncontrollably. He had a boyish horror of seeing her really cry, and had no idea of the relief she was feeling from it.

'There! I'm better now!' she said, quite brightly; 'I'm glad the little wretches finished their carol; it did me as much good as your "Dona nobis" did once. The worst of it is, that the worst isn't come yet. What shall we do then, Arthur?'

The worst, as she called it, did not come for three or four days; not till the very morning of Christmas Day. And then it was not terrible, only solemn.

'I can hardly believe it,' sobbed Annie, rushing out of the sick room to give way; 'she looks just the same as usual! and as cheerful as if—oh, Arthur, it can't be true, but they say it's very soon— Papa's getting ready for the—last—Communion—'

Instead of the rejoicing Service of the Nativity, there was but that last Sacrament for the little Vicarage party. It was well for all, that that Service, with its deep peace and pledge of eternity, took the place of the earthly farewells, that, at the last moment, would have been bitter indeed. That, when the final words of benediction had been spoken, the change—not the end—came; and at the very time when the Church was sending up her exulting hymns of Christmas joy, the eyes that had looked so bravely and hopefully on the sorrows and sickness of long years, closed into their deep calm sleep. And in Paradise, the eyes of those who sleep in darkness have surely seen a great Light! and on them the Christmas Light has shined.

But the Christmas days were very sad to those who were left. The dreadful blank! and nothing—Annie felt—to fill it now. Instead of the loving interest that had centred, sadly perhaps, in the sick room, there seemed nothing but a dreary excitement, that kept her from falling into the dull apathy of sorrow that was threatening her, and gave her a restless strength that made her equal to the duties that, even in her great desolation, would not let her give way to idle grief.

Now, more than ever, she must exert herself; the whole charge of the

Digitized by Google

household was on her shoulders, and she alone—she thought of it with a little complacency even in her misery—was able to take her mother's place. The thought of one of her duties haunted her through the first day and night of bereavement—the mourning.

It must be looked to, there could be no delay; yet Annie shrank from the first mention of it, hardly so much from the natural repugnance to speak of it, as from a feeling that was very like remorse. She could not help remembering, how sadly! some little fits of impatience that the rare occasions of deciding on a new dress for herself had often given rise to; how she had, more than once, rebelled inwardly against her mother's quiet taste in respect of 'dowdy' colours and *not* extreme fashions; and how she had almost let herself wish for an entire independence on such matters. And now, the first use she would make of her liberty of choice was to buy black—and for her!

Her father was the first to mention the subject.

'Will you come to the study for a few minutes, my dear?' he asked early on the following morning; 'there will be something for you to arrange.'

Annie went into the little dark room that was called the 'study.' There, to her great surprise, sat Aunt Catherine's upright figure, perched on the stool that had been Arthur's.

'Why does he let her hear about it?' thought the girl indignantly.

'About—' Mr. Marvin hesitated—'new frocks for you, my dears.'

'Yes, Papa,' interrupted Annie, roused by Aunt Catherine's presence into much of her ordinary manner, 'I will see to it all. I will be very careful,' she added, in a lower tone, seeing her father look as if he were going to speak, and thinking bitterly, 'How hard it is to have to think of money even in such a thing as this!'

'No; wait a moment, my dear.' Annie was retreating. 'I was going to tell you. Your aunt has most kindly offered to take the expense of your—things from me; she will talk to you about it.'

'Yes,' began the old lady, with the corner of her handkerchief at her eyes, 'I am sure your father would not be able to put all you great girls into such mourning as I should like for my sister; it will be a great expense to me, but I do not mind that. We must be as economical as possible.'

It was a generous offer of Aunt Catherine—more, Annie knew, than she could well afford to do. But why will some people do generous actions in such a repelling way?

Annie could hardly muster up gratitude enough for a tolerably warm 'Very kind of you, Aunt Catherine.'

'I was going to ask you, Papa,' she continued, 'there will be no need of Susan's having it?' Susan was the only regular servant at the Vicarage; the youngest children were looked after by a school-girl.

'No mourning?' said Aunt Catherine, in one of her shrill little screams; 'of course she must have mourning. And little Eliza, too.

Digitized by Google

I never heard of such a thing as not putting the servants into black, in a family of our rank! Come with me, my dear; I have sent for the dress-maker, and we will settle it all. *I* mean to look well after you, Miss Annie!'

It was said in a would-be joking way, and Annie knew was intended to comfort her, by not letting her think that she was quite left to herself; but it had a very contrary effect. The weight never pressed more heavily on the poor girl's heart than it did then. Mamma gone! and Aunt Catherine putting herself in *her* place!

'My dear child, she is good and kind at heart; she has shown herself very generous to us,' pleaded Mr. Marvin, when, after a long painful closeting with the dress-maker and Aunt Catherine, Annie came back to the study for a little relief, perhaps—was her thought—to cheer up her father a little in his well-borne loneliness.

But she could do nothing but cling to him in her loving way, and mutter between her tears, 'I will be good, Papa darling! I will bear it as well as I can! but it is all so different! And Aunt Catherine?'

'We must think of her real kindness,' repeated poor Mr. Marvin. *He* felt the difference.

'She does her kindnesses in such a horrid way,' sobbed Annie, losing her self-command, or she would not have brought her worries to her father now; 'the way she talked to Miss Brown!'

Aunt Catherine had certainly made the details of the mourning more painful than they would have been without her presence at the consultation. Annie had to stand by helpless, and listen to the various orders, given in a solemn voice, and with great use of the pocket-handkerchief, and utter disregard of anything beyond her own decided determination to have 'everything as plain and as economical as possible, Miss Brown.' Annie submitted for some time, with a dogged feeling of 'What does it signify?' and made not the slightest remonstrance to the old lady's anxious remarks about her dress—'Not so long, Miss Brown! dear me, what *is* the use of those long trailing skirts? sweeping the ground, indeed! *much* shorter than that; mourning is not for show!' But when poor little tiny Edith, Mamma's 'little pet,' was told that she was an unfeeling careless child, because, in the unusual excitement of having a new frock, the chubby face brightened into a smile, Annie could bear it no longer, and rushed away.

And that was only the first of those few days, that seemed in some strange way to drag themselves out into a perpetual evening in the darkened cheerless rooms—days, when the poor children wandered about idly, as if they were in some strange dream; and Annie and Arthur, crouching over the fire in any room where Aunt Catherine happened not to be, talked in hushed voices of anything besides the one subject that was in all their thoughts.

That would not bear much speaking of yet, even from Annie; while Arthur's boyish reserve would never permit a greater display of

Digitized by Google

his feelings than an occasional gruff 'I say, isn't it bad without her?'

Longest and saddest of all, the last day of the old year passed away at last, and the funeral was over.

Annie was sitting by herself the next day in the school-room, her pale face white enough to make a strange contrast with the heap of black around her, and every look and gesture expressive of the only thought that possessed her—'The worst is come now, and I can't bear it! And the whole world is as empty as this house!'

The children were in the garden, moving about very quietly, for the awe of the past week was still upon them; and Annie tried to make up her mind that she ought to go up-stairs, put on her hat, and take the little ones for a walk.

Before she could resolve to make such an effort, an interruption came. The front door opened, then the drawing-room door, and then the school-room, and Mr. Hatherly walked in. It was the first time he had been in the house since Christmas; he had been away from the Abbey on business. And now the unexpected sight of his familiar face came to poor Annie like a rush of fresh bright air into a sick room.

'Arthur told me I should find you in the house,' he was beginning; but a glance at the changed white face before him made him hold out his hand, with a sentence that sounded more like 'My poor little Annie!' than the formal 'Miss Marvin,' which she had received of late from him.

Annie jumped up from her low chair, hardly knowing what she was doing in the first impulse of relief.

'Oh! I have been so miserable!' she cried hysterically; 'do forgive me!' and in another moment she was clinging to his arm, hiding her face on his sleeve, as she might have done years before, forgetting her old pride, her follies—everything but that he was there, true and good as ever, and that just at the time of her greatest misery he had come to help her. And she was no longer alone in her sorrow.

CHAPTER X.

'I HAVE had my long promised interview with Mr. Salterne,' said Mr. Hatherly, coming in as usual, one spring afternoon, at the time the Vicarage tea began. His manner showed that the result was not quite a satisfactory one.

'What is decided on?' asked Mr. Marvin, with interest.

The winter that had just gone by had had a visible effect on the Vicar in added age and weaker health; he was beginning to look almost an old man since his wife's death, said the parish gossips. But his

Digitized by Google

sorrow had not weakened his interest in his parish duties; and he listened as anxiously as he had always done to the account Mr. Hatherly gave of the new failure of his hopes for the Abbey Hamlet Church.

'As far as Mr. Salterne is concerned, the whole thing falls to the ground,' was the unsatisfactory answer.

'I always said so! what a horrid shame!' interpolated Annie.

'No. He is hardly to be blamed,' said Mr. Hatherly. 'I am very glad that he spoke as openly as he did. I am afraid I should have done him as little justice as Annie, if he had not given me an insight into the obstacles in his way. Yes, I am very glad he did so, though it must have been a painful thing to him.'

'Ah! the son refuses consent to the alienation of property, I suppose?' said Mr. Marvin.

'Worse than that,' returned the tenant, speaking low: 'the real state of the case is, that there is *no* property to alienate besides the entailed lands; and the mortgages on them are almost ruinous.'

'And with all that luxury?' said Annie, whose quick ears had caught the confidential talking. 'Then they may have as many bothers about money and such things as we!'

She looked grave; it was a new light to her. Then all her envy had been for nothing!

'I have still a plan that I should like to talk to you about,' continued Mr. Hatherly. 'I will walk over to-morrow.' And went on, 'I left Arthur hard at work at his classics,' turning to Annie. There was evidently some joke about the Latin and Greek. Mr. Hatherly never forgot to allude to it, with a meaning look, that made Annie rather cross at times. She was afraid her coldness about Arthur's going to the Abbey was not quite forgotten or forgiven.

That night, when prayers had ended, and Aunt Catherine had been seen safely out of the way in her own room, Annie went into the study.

'I want to talk to you, Papa,' she began, pushing her father's chair into a more cosy position, and coaxing the fire into a little flame, to enliven the room. It never had looked so desolate as this a few months ago. 'I've got something to tell you,' she repeated nervously, 'about Mr. Hatherly.'

How she longed for her mother! It was no easy thing to tell him her little secret; he would not understand, and would ask her such direct questions!

'Yes, my dear.'

'About Mr. Hatherly. We have made it all up, Papa.'

'What! has there been anything unpleasant between you, my dear? I am sorry for that.'

'Oh, *don't* you know what I mean?' cried Annie. 'Why—we are engaged—at least, we want to be. Why won't you understand better?'

'Engaged to Mr. Hatherly!' said her father. 'I thought you had refused him, my dear.'

Digitized by Google

'Oh dear!' said Annie, redder than ever; 'can't anyone change one's mind?'

'I am surprised,' said Mr. Marvin, taking it in by degrees. 'How long has this been so, my dear? I have seen nothing of it.'

'Just like you, dear old Pappy, not to see anything of the kind close before your eyes! I should think it was pretty evident: he has been here nearly every day this spring. Who in the world did you think he came to see? Aunt Catherine?'

'Well, I did flatter myself that he came to see me occasionally,' said Mr. Marvin.

And Annie laughed, almost with her old merriment.

'Tell me about it, my dear. When did all this happen?'

'Yes, I want to tell you. It was that dreadful, dreadful New Year's Day, Papa.'

He felt her tremble as she spoke.

'*That* day, my dear!'

'Yes. I do believe it was half my doing,' said Annie, colouring up again. 'It was just when I was at the very very worst; and he happened to come in; and I don't know how, but he comforted me, and somehow it all came right. And, Papa dear, I don't know whatever I should have done these last three months without him!'

'I am very glad, my dear,' said her father tenderly.

And Annie went on, through her tears—'I *couldn't* say anything about such a thing then, Papa, you know. And I don't think I should have told you anything about it now, if there had been any chance of—if I had had to leave you soon: I couldn't do that *now*. But I sha'n't be able to go away from you for—no one knows how long; so I don't mind telling, because you won't have to vex about losing your silly little Annie; and you'll only be pleased, won't you?'

'*Very* pleased, my darling,' was the hearty answer to her pleading question. 'But about your not having to leave us, how is that?'

'Something about that church. Mr. Hatherly wants to tell you all about it to-morrow. *I* don't see the use of fidgeting about it as he does,' said Annie, honestly: 'but you'll hear all the history of it from him.'

'Annie,' said her father, after a little pause, 'does your aunt know of this?'

'I should think *not!*' Annie fired up instantly; 'as if I should tell *her!* She might have seen it for herself, if she had been more polite to him. But she always goes and shuts herself up in her room when he comes, horrid old thing! I am glad to be rid of her; only I know why she does it—as if he wasn't good enough for her!'

'Hush, my dear. I think you had better tell her.'

'I do believe you are afraid of her, Papa,' laughed Annie.

'No, my dear, certainly not. But she has been very kind: she has helped me a good deal in some ways.'

Digitized by Google

'And bothered you a good deal in others! I wish she would go somewhere else with her kindness. We might have had some peace, even in this trouble, mightn't we, Papa dear? and now it is nothing but crossness and fuss.'

'Hush, my dear,' repeated Mr. Marvin; 'she is your dear mother's sister, remember. I would rather you told her of this.'

'Very well. The very next time she says a word against him she shall hear it. I shall have plenty of chances. And good night, dear old Pappy!'

'God bless you, my dear,' said her father, holding her in his arms. 'You miss your dear mamma now, don't you? I am a very poor exchange.'

'You are not. You are the best papa in the world! But oh, I *do* miss her, always, always!'

He could only bless her once more, and send her away, happier for having told him her secret. While to him, the even distant prospect of having to give up his 'little girl,' added considerably to his loneliness, much as he rejoiced in her engagement. Another separation in the little household was no slight thing; and Annie, with all her little follies and quick temper, was dearer to him than ever now.

He waited for Mr. Hatherly's promised visit with no small anxiety, and began upon the subject at once, in his point-blank way.

'Annie has told me of your wish to be engaged to her, but hinted at some difficulty.'

'I am in a great difficulty,' said Mr. Hatherly, looking thoroughly uncomfortable. 'When I spoke to Annie, I believed that I was able to offer her as good a home as you have a right to ask for her. You know I am not a poor man; and the money appropriated as my share to the church on the Abbey estate was secured, independently of what I should have asked you to accept for her. Yesterday, all my plans were changed. I told you what I heard from Mr. Salterne.'

'Yes.'

'Well, that church *must* be built. It is such a sacred duty, in my idea, that if no one else can help by giving the endowment, it comes to this—that *I* must.'

'But, my dear fellow, it is impossible for you alone!' remonstrated Mr. Marvin.

'As I said, I am not a poor man; and I have been laying by money—from Church property, remember—for this very purpose. At the rate I have been able to accumulate this sum, I believe that in a very few years, I should be in a position to offer enough to induce the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to complete the endowment. I know what this involves; I have no right to ask you to consent to an indefinite engagement, and I am ready to withdraw my proposal, if you wish it.'

'What would Annie wish?' asked the clergyman.

'She is willing to agree to the uncertainty of waiting for four or

Digitized by Google

five years; but I doubt whether it would be right to let her do so; I am afraid sometimes that it would hardly be much of a sacrifice to *her*.' His face and manner shewed plainly what kind of a sacrifice it would be to *him*; and Mr. Marvin saw it, with a feeling of almost reverence for the man who could so simply and entirely put aside his own happiness, and act up to his own words. '*Everything* must give way to the higher claim.'

Mr. Marvin waited for a moment before answering.

'You agree with me?' said Mr. Hatherly.

'No. I only hope that my little girl sees your conduct as I do! she ought to think herself fortunate in being able, in any way, to take part in such an act. My dear boy, you are acting nobly!'

Mr. Marvin had seldom spoken so strongly before; and Mr. Hatherly felt it.

'Thank you,' he said. 'Then we may go on?'

'As far as I am concerned, with my most earnest wishes for you. Perhaps,' with a little smile, 'I am not sorry to put off losing my little Annie. She is very much to me now.'

'And she would hardly have left home yet,' returned Mr. Hatherly; 'that was a stipulation from the very first. And now I will go into my projects for the church. It will be easier work now, than I imagined an hour ago.'

He was evidently thoroughly happy, in his own quiet way, and went into the long details of business matters, with as hearty an interest as if every figure he set down had not implied the renunciation of his own wishes. The only shade upon his enjoyment, was in the feeling that made him say, 'The delay will not be much of a sacrifice to her.'

And he was tolerably right. Annie was as yet quite sufficiently heart-whole to be very contented with the present arrangement. It was very pleasant to have Mr. Hatherly coming over daily to see her, and make much of her; very pleasant to feel 'I am engaged;' especially it was delightful to wear a ring—for the first time in her life—and to call it 'my engaged ring.' 'I like it better for not being like a common engaged ring,' she said, in great delight, when Mr. Hatherly produced the tiny jeweller's box; 'how good of you to get *this!* To think of your having Mamma's hair in it.'

It was a plain pearl ring, with a box for hair, and *there* was a silvery-white little curl that she knew well, and a date 'Christmas.'

'I thought I knew your taste well enough to know that you would rather have that,' he said, pleased with her open gratitude.

He ought to know her tastes well, for he studied them sufficiently; and Annie, who had oftener had to give up her own will in her elder-sister care of the little family, found it very delightful to have her fancies consulted, and to be the first in everything. Indeed, she liked it almost too well for his satisfaction.

'It is very nice to be engaged,' she said more than once, in her frank

Digitized by Google

childish way; 'and as to anything else, I don't mind how long it is put off. I couldn't leave home now, even if you had not got that church to fidget about; so it's all for the best.'

It was kept very private; not even the children were to know of it yet, Arthur excepted. He, in consideration of his proprietorship of Mr. Hatherly and the Abbey, was informed of the wonderful fact, and received the news very coolly; being a little jealous of Annie's coming to share his dignities, perhaps even to assume her old authority over him! And he meant it as a generous acknowledgment of her, and a very decided compliment, when he told her gruffly, that after all she was *nearly* good enough for Mr. Hatherly!

Annie soon had an opportunity of enlightening Aunt Catherine on the affair.

'Dear me! is he gone at last?' said the old lady, coming into the dining-room, exactly as the hall-door closed behind Mr. Hatherly. '*What* a time he stayed!'

'He hasn't troubled *you* much, Aunt Catherine,' began Annie, quite ready for the fray.

'No, my dear, because I have been sitting in my own room, as I usually do when he comes. He gets quite welcomes enough from all of you; there is no need of my being troubled to entertain him. Hark! eleven o'clock, I declare! Why can't he stay at his *farm*, instead of keeping us all up in this way. I shall speak to your papa.'

'Aunt Catherine! what do you mean?' said Annie, her temper on fire; 'Mr. Hatherly will come here as often as he likes, and stay as long as he likes! The longer the better!'

'Dear me!' said Aunt Catherine, with the shrill little laugh that was Annie's especial dislike, 'one would think he was quite a particular friend of yours, Miss Annie!'

'So he is! I am going to marry him!' was the matter-of-fact answer that astounded Aunt Catherine into silence for the next half minute.

Annie knew what was coming; she could have foretold the very words.

'Marry a farmer! one of *our* family marry a farmer! What would your poor dear mamma have said? But I am not surprised. You are not like *her*.'

The sarcasm, which Aunt Catherine had intended, fell harmlessly in the direction she meant, but told in another way.

Annie was *not* like her mother, in her patience and sweetness of temper; never less like her than at this moment, as she felt remorsefully.

'Aunt Catherine!' she began, regularly at bay, 'understand I *won't* hear a word said about Mr. Hatherly; not one word. And Mamma *did* know of this, and liked it; and so does Papa; and if I have his consent, I don't care a fig for anyone else. There!'

'My dear,' said the old lady, in the meek way that was more provoking to Annie's present temper than any outbreak could have been, 'your

Digitized by Google

papa can hardly be expected to feel so strongly about it as *I* do. Why! *our* family came over with the Conqueror!'

'I wish some of them would go back again!' muttered Annie, as the old lady took out her handkerchief, and repeated, 'Marry a farmer! dear, dear! what *will* people think? I can hardly believe it! what will your friends the Clunes and Salternes say?'

'I don't care!' said the indignant Annie; 'very likely they will call me a lucky girl; as I am!'

And she could bear no more, and ran off to have a passionate fit of crying in her own room, and to sob out her old bitter cry, 'Mamma! Mamma! I do want you so much!'

The world was very empty to her that night.

'Is anything wrong, my dear?' said Mr. Marvin, when, the next morning, Annie followed him into the study, bent on an honest confession of her impatience.

'Only a row with her,' said the girl.

'I was afraid so, from her manner.' And indeed, Aunt Catherine's demeanour of depression and meekness had been very trying during breakfast. 'I hope you have not been rude to her.'

'I have, horribly. But I *couldn't* help it, Papa! I told her about Mr. Hatherly, and she never said one word of kindness, or good wishes, not *one!*'

'Possibly you did not give her the opportunity, my dear. I can quite fancy that you were not very much inclined to tell it pleasantly.'

'True enough,' said Annie, laughing at the recollection of the combat; 'I was rather cross when I began.'

'Then, my dear, you only have to tell your aunt so, and apologize.'

'Now, Papa!' pleaded Annie, 'when it *is* her own fault!'

'All the better for you, if it is so,' was the decided answer. 'I must have you do it, my dear. You acknowledge that you have been a little rude—'

'Very rude indeed!' interrupted Annie, with a little laugh of defiance.

'And we cannot let a guest be treated with rudeness, can we, Annie?'

'I wish the guests were obliged to keep to the same rule!'

'It would be better; but we must be forbearing. You are very happy with Mr. Hatherly, my dear?'

'Oh yes!' said Annie lightly; adding, on second thoughts, 'if it wasn't for *her*.'

'Then, my dear, your happiness ought to make you feel very pitying towards your aunt's sorrows and loneliness.'

'So it shall, Papa dear!' returned Annie, with all her own good-humour; 'I'll go and say all sorts of nice things to her this minute!'

She went through the ceremony conscientiously, but it was as great a penance as she expected.

'No, my dear, I do not bear malice,' was the aggravating answer to Annie's frank beginning—

Digitized by Google

'I was rather rude last night; I hope you won't think any more of it.'

'It does grieve me to see one of your poor dear mamma's family lowering herself—'

'Aunt Catherine!' interrupted Annie, in a tone the reverse of apologetic.

'But I shall say no more,' continued the old lady. 'I have tried to take your dear mother's place, and I *did* hope I should have met with a more Christian return. I see we shall never agree in many points, and I can hardly expect it from you, you are so unlike *our* family; so the less we have to say to each other on such subjects the better. I shall not allude to this again. I hope you will not.'

It was Aunt Catherine's way, after a little quarrel, to make it up by a kiss, which she accordingly volunteered to poor Annie. *Such* a kiss!

'Like herself!' said the indignant girl, 'cold and formal, and without one bit of kindness in it.'

The old lady, well-meaning as she was, had yet contrived to do the greatest mischief to the quick impulsive girl; reviving her old foolish ideas of 'position,' and stirring up into actual thoughts, the feeling that Annie had been struggling to keep down since her engagement—What would the 'Park people' think?

Fortunately, Annie's dislike to anything like an acknowledgment of her aunt's authority kept her from yielding to her suggestions as readily as if they had come from another direction; and yet, in spite of herself, those bitter sneering speeches were taking greater effect upon her than she would have liked to acknowledge.

It was well for her comfort—certainly for Mr. Hatherly's—that, only a few days after the disturbance with Aunt Catherine, she met Miss Salterne in the village.

'I do not know whether I ought to mention it,' began Ada, in a less sleepy way than usual, Annie thought; 'but I have just heard of you—will you let me congratulate you?'

Annie coloured up, in one of her worst fits of shyness, and just contrived to stammer out, 'Thank you; it is quite true.'

'I am very glad to hear it,' continued Miss Salterne, a little timidly, but with evident interest. 'I almost seem to know Mr. Hatherly, I have heard so much of him from Mr. Clune. I never heard Mr. Clune speak so highly of anyone. I congratulate you most heartily.'

'Thank you so much!' said Annie gratefully, as Miss Salterne shook hands again, in a thoroughly cordial way, and went on talking of the projected new church, mentioning casually how entirely Mr. Hatherly's views were appreciated by us all, 'although so many causes,' she continued, 'have interfered to make a delay.'

'Yes, there must be many difficulties,' said Annie graciously; she could think of Mr. Salterne's refusal to act with more charity since Mr. Hatherly had given a hint as to the money embarrassments; she knew what they were, poor child.

Digitized by Google

'I hope,' Miss Salterne continued, 'you may yet succeed. It would be so pleasant to have the old Abbey brought back to its proper use. If I could do anything to help, I should be very glad.'

'Thank you,' said Annie again, pitying, in her turn, her companion's confusion in having to speak of the obstacles her father had thrown in the way. 'I think—indeed I am almost sure—it will be done at last.'

It was not at all unpleasant to be receiving the credit of Mr. Hatherly's good deeds, and to be looked upon as a prime mover in the restoration of the church; and Annie went home in a great state of elation.

Miss Salterne's timely congratulation had almost undone the harm of poor Aunt Catherine's judicious suggestions, and Annie felt perfectly happy in the consciousness of being engaged to a man spoken of in such terms by Mr. Clune, and rather regretted that her aunt gave her no opportunity of setting her at defiance on the Park question.

(To be continued.)

THE CAGED LION.

CHAPTER II.

THE RESCUE OF COLDINGHAM.

It was a lonely track of road, marked only by the bare space trodden by feet of man and horse, and yet in truth the highway between Berwick and Edinburgh, which descended from a heathery moorland into a somewhat spacious valley with copsewood clothing one side, in the midst of which rose a high mound or knoll, probably once the site of a camp, for it still bore lines of circumvallation, although it was entirely deserted, except by the wandering shepherds of the neighbourhood, or occasionally by outlaws, who found an admirable ambush in the rear.

The spring had hung the hazels with tassels, bedecked the willows with golden downy tufts, and opened the primroses and celandines beneath them, when the solitary dale was disturbed by the hasty clatter of horses' feet, and hard heavy breathing as of those who had galloped headlong beyond their strength. Here, however, the foremost of the party, an old esquire, who grasped the bridle-rein of a youth by his side, drew up his own horse and that which he was dragging on with him, saying,

'We may breathe here a moment, there is shelter in the wood; and you, Rab, get ye up to the top of Jill's Knowe, and keep a good look out.'

'Let me go back, you false villain,' sobbed the boy with the first use of his recovered breath.

'Do not be so daft, Lord Malcolm,' replied the squire, retaining his hold on the boy's bridle; 'what, rin your head into the wolf's mouth again, when we've barely brought you off haill and sain?'

Digitized by Google

'Haill and sain? Dastard and forlorn,' cried Malcolm, with passionate weeping. 'I—I to flee and leave my sister—my uncle! Oh, where are they? Halbert, let me go; I'll never pardon thee.'

'Hoot, my Lord; would I let you gang, when the Tutor spak to me as plain as I hear you now? "Take off Lord Malcolm," says he; "save him, and you save the rest. See him safe to the Earl of Mar." Those were his words, my Lord; and if you wilna heed them, I will.'

'What, and leave my sister to the reivers? Oh, what may not they be doing to her? Let us go back and fall on them, Halbert; better die saving her than know her in Walter Stewart's hands. Then were I the wretched craven he calls me.'

'Look you, Lord Malcolm,' said Halbert, laying his finger on his nose with a knowing expression, 'my young lady is safe from harm so long as you are out of the Master of Albany's reach. Had you come by a canny thrust in the fray, as no doubt was his purpose, or were you in his hands to be mewed in a convent, then were your sister worth the wedding; but the Master will never wed her while you live and have friends to back you, and his father, the Regent, will see she has no ill-usage. You'll do best for yourself and her too, as well as Sir David, if you make for Dunbar, and call ben your uncles of Athole and Strathern.—How now, Rab, are the loons making this way?'

'Na, na!' said Rab, descending; ''tis from the other gate, 'tis a knight in blue damasked steel; he, methought, that harboured in our castle some weeks syne.'

'Hm!' said Halbert, considering; 'he looked like a trusty cheild, maybe he'd guide my Lord here to a wiser wit, and a good lance on the way to Dunbar is not to be scorned.'

In fact, there would have been no time for one party to conceal themselves from the other; for hidden by the copsewood, and unheeded by the watchers who were gazing in the opposite side, Sir James Stewart and his two attendants suddenly came round the foot of Jill's Knowe upon the fugitives, who were profiting by the interval to loosen the girths of their horses, and water them at the pool under the thicket, whilst Halbert in vain tried to pacify and reason with the young master, who had thrown himself on the grass in an agony of grief and despair. Sir James, after the first momentary start, recognized the party in an instant, and at once leapt from his horse, exclaiming, 'How now, my bonnie man—my kind host—what is it? what makes this grief?'

'Do not speak to me, Sir,' muttered the unhappy boy. 'They have been reft—reft from me, and I have done nothing for them. Walter of Albany has them, and I am here;' and he gave way to another paroxysm of grief, while Halbert explained to Sir James Stewart that when Sir Patrick Drummond had gone to embark for France with the army led to the aid of Charles VI. by the Earl of Buchan, his father and cousins with a large escort had accompanied him to Eymouth, whence, after taking leave of him, they had set out to spend Passion-tide and Easter at Coldingham

Digitized by Google

Abbey, after the frequent fashion of the devoutly inclined among the Scottish nobility, in whose castles there was often little commodity for religious observances.

Short, however, as was the distance, they had in the midst of it been suddenly assailed by a band of armed men, among whom might easily be recognized the giant form of young Walter Stewart, the Master of Albany, the Regent Duke Murdoch's eldest son, who was well known for his lawless excesses and violence. His father's silky sayings, and his own ruder speeches, had long made it known to the House of Glenuskie that the family policy was to cajole or to drive the sickly heir into a convent, and rendering Lilias the possessor of the broad lands inherited from both parents, unite her and them to the Albany family.

The almost barbarous fierceness and wild licentiousness of Walter would have made the arrangement abhorrent to Lilias, even had not love passages already passed between her and her cousin, Patrick Drummond, and Sir David had hitherto protected her by keeping Malcolm in the secular life; but Walter, it seemed, had grown impatient, and had made this treacherous attack, evidently hoping to rid himself of the brother, and secure the sister. No sooner had the Tutor of Glenuskie perceived that his own party were overmatched, than he had bidden his faithful squire to secure the bairns, if not both, at least the boy; and Halbert, perceiving that Lilias had already been pounced upon by Sir Walter himself and several more, seized the bridle of the bewildered Malcolm, who was still trying to draw his sword, and had absolutely swept him away from the scene of action before he had well realized what was passing; and now that the poor lad understood the whole, his horror, grief, and shame, were unspeakable.

Before Sir James had done more than hear the outline of Halbert's tale, however, the watchers on the mound gave the signal that the reivers were coming that way—a matter hitherto doubtful, since no one could guess whether Walter Stewart would make for Edinburgh or for Doune. With the utmost agility Sir James sprang up the side of the mound, reconnoitred, and returned again just as Halbert was trying to stir his master from the ground, and Malcolm answering sullenly that he would not move, he would be taken and die with the rest.

'You may save them instead if you will attend to me,' said Sir James; and at his words the boy suddenly started up with a look of hope.

'How many fell upon you?' demanded Sir James.

'Full a hundred lances,' replied Halbert; (and a lance meant at least three men.) 'It wad be a fule's wark to withstand them. Best bide fast in the covert, for our horses are sair forefaughten.'

'If there are now more than twenty lances, I am greatly mistaken,' returned Sir James. 'They must have broken up after striking their blow, or have sent to secure Glenuskie, and we falling on them from this thicket—'

'I see, I see,' cried Halbert. 'Back, ye loons; back among the hazels; hold everyone his horse ready to mount.'

Digitized by Google

'With your favour, Sir Squire, I say bind each man his horse to a tree. The skene and broadsword which I see you all wear will be ten times as effective on foot.'

'Do as the knight bids,' said Malcolm, starting forth with colour on his cheek, light in his eye, that made him another being. 'In him there is help.'

'Ay, ay, Lord Malcolm,' muttered Halbert; 'you need not tell me that I know my duty better than not to do the bidding of a belted knight, and pretty man too of his inches.'

The two attendants of Sir James were meantime apparently uttering some remonstrance, to which he lightly replied, 'Tut, Nigel, it will do thine heart good to hew down a minion of Albany. What were I worth could I not strike a blow against so foul a wrong to my own orphan kindred? Brewster, I'll answer it to thy master. These are his foes as well as those of all honest men. Ha! thou art as glad to be at them as I myself.'

By this time he had exchanged his cap for a steel helmet, and was assuming the command as his natural right, as he placed the men in their ambush behind the knoll, received reports from those he had set to watch, and concerted the signal with Halbert and his own followers. Malcolm kept by him, shivering with intense excitement and eagerness; and thus they waited till the horses' hoofs and clank of armour were distinctly audible; but even then Sir James, with outstretched hand, signed his followers back, and kept them in the leash, as it were, until the troop was fairly in the valley, those in front beginning to halt to give their horses water. They were in effect riding somewhat carelessly, and with the ease of men whose feat was performed, and who expected no more opposition. Full in the midst was Lilias, entirely muffled and pinioned by a large plaid drawn closely round her, and held upon the front of the saddle of a large tall horse, ridden by a slender light-limbed wiry groom, whom Malcolm knew as Christopher Hall, a retainer of the Duke of Albany; and beside him rode her captor, Sir Walter Stewart, a man little above twenty, but with a bronzed hardened reckless expression that made him look much older, and of huge height and giant build. Malcolm knew him well, and regarded him with unmitigated horror and dread, both from the knowledge of his ruffianly violence even towards his father, from fear of his intentions, and from the misery that his brutal jests, scoffs, and practical jokes, had often personally inflicted; now the sight of his sister in the power of this wicked man was the realization of all his worst fears; but ere there was time for more than one strong pang of consternation and constitutional terror, Sir James's shout of 'St. Andrew for the right!' was ringing out, echoed by all the fifteen in ambush with him, and simultaneously they leapt forward; Malcolm, among the first, darting with one spring as it were to the horse where his sister was carried, seized the bridle with his left hand, and flashing his sword upon the ruffian with the other, shouted, 'Let go, villain; give me my sister.' Hall's first impulse was to push his horse forward so as to trample the

Digitized by Google

boy down, but Malcolm's hold rendered this impossible; besides, there was the shouting, the clang, the confusion of the outburst of an ambush all around and on every side, and before the man could free his hand to draw his weapon, he necessarily loosed his grasp of Lilias, who, half springing, half falling, came to the ground, almost overthrowing her brother in her descent, but just saved by him from coming down prostrate. The horse, suddenly released, started forward, man and all, and at the same moment Malcolm recovering himself, stood with his sword in his hand, his arm round his sister's waist, assuring her that she was safe, and himself glowing for the first time with manly exultation. Had he not saved and rescued her himself?

It was as well, however, that the rescue did not depend on his sole prowess. Indeed, by the time the brother and sister were clinging together and turning to look round, the first shock was over, and the retainers of Albany, probably fancying the attack made by a much larger troop, were either in full flight, or getting decidedly the worst in their encounters with their assailants.

Sir James Stewart had at the first onset sprung like a lion upon the Master of Albany, and without drawing his sword had grappled with him. 'In the name of St. Andrew and the King, yield thy prey, thou dastard,' were his words as he threw his arms round the body of Sir Walter, and exerted his full strength to drag him from his horse. The young giant writhed, struggled, cursed, raged; he had not space to draw sword or even dagger, but he struck furiously with his gauntleted hand, and strove to drive his horse forward. The struggle was like that of Hercules and Antæus, so desperate and so mighty was the strength put forth on either side, but nothing could unclasp the iron grip of those sinewy arms, and almost as soon as Malcolm and Lilias had eyes to see what was passing, Walter Stewart was being dragged off his horse by that tremendous grapple, and the next moment his armour rung as he lay prostrate on his back upon the ground.

His conqueror set his mailed foot upon his neck lightly, but so as to prevent any attempt to rise, and after one moment's pause to gather breath, said in a clear deep trumpet voice, 'Walter Stewart of Albany, on one condition I grant thee thy life. It is that thou take the most solemn oath on the spot that no spulzie or private brawl shall henceforth stain that hand of thine while thy father holds the power in Scotland. Take that oath, thou livest; refuse it, and—' He held up the deadly little dagger called the misericorde.

'And who art thou, caitiff land-louper,' muttered Walter, 'to put to oath knights and princes?'

The knight raised the visor of his helmet. The evening sun shone resplendently on his damasked blue armour and the St. Andrew's cross on his breast, and lighted up that red fire that lurked in his eyes, and withal the calm power and righteous indignation on his features might have befitted an avenging angel wielding the lightning.

Digitized by Google

'Thou wilt know me when we meet again,' was all he said; and for the very calmness of the voice, the Master of Albany, who was but a mere common-place insolent ruffian, quailed with awe and terror to the very back-bone.

'Loose me, and I will swear,' he faintly murmured.

Sir James, before removing his foot, unclasped his gorget, and undoing a chain, held up a jewel shaped like a St. Andrew's cross, with a diamond in the midst, covering a fragmentary relic. At the sight Walter Stewart's eyes, large pale ones, dilated as if with increased consternation, the sweat started on his forehead, and his breath came in shorter gasps. Malcolm and Lilias standing near, likewise felt a sense of strange awe, for they too had heard of this relic, a supposed fragment of St. Andrew's own instrument of martyrdom, which had belonged to St. Margaret, and had been thought a palladium to the royal family and House of Stewart.

'Rise on thy knees,' said Sir James, now taking away his foot, 'and swear upon this.'

Walter, completely cowed and overawed, rose to his knees at his victor's command, laid his hand on the relic, and in a shaken, almost tremulous voice, repeated the words of the oath after his dictation: 'I, Walter Stewart, Master of Albany, hereby swear to God and St. Andrew, to fight in no private brawl, to spoil no man nor woman, to oppress no poor man, clerk, widow, maid, or orphan, to abstain from all wrong or spulzie from this hour until the King shall come again in peace.'

He uttered the words, and kissed the jewel that was tendered to him; and then Sir James said in the same cold and dignified tone, 'Let thine oath be sacred, or beware. Now, mount and go thy way, but take heed *how* I meet thee again.'

Sir Walter's horse was held for him by Brewster, the knight's English attendant, and without another word he flung himself into the saddle, and rode away to join such of the followers as were waiting dispersed at a safe distance to mark his fate, but without attempting anything for his assistance.

'O Sir!' burst forth Malcolm; but then even as he was about to utter his thanks, his eye sought for the guardian who had ever been his mouth-piece, and, with a sudden shriek of dismay, he cried, 'My Uncle! where is he? where is Sir David?'

'Alack! alack!' cried Lilias. 'Oh, brother, I saw him on the ground, he fell before my horse. I saw no more, for the Master held me, and muffled my face. Oh, let us back, he may yet live.'

'Yea, let us back,' said Sir James, 'if we may yet save the good old man. Those villains will not dare to follow; or if they do, Nigel—Brewster, you understand guarding the rear.'

'Sir,' began Lilias, 'how can we thank—'

'Not at all, Lady,' replied Sir James, smiling; 'you will do better to take your seat, I fear it must be *en croupe*, for we can scarce dismount one of your guards.'

Digitized by Google

'She shall ride behind me,' said Malcolm, in a more alert and confident voice than had ever been heard from him before.

'Ay, right,' said Sir James, placing a kind hand on his shoulder; 'thou hast won her back by thine own exploit, and mayest well have the keeping of her. That rush on the caitiff groom was well and shrewdly done.'

And for all Malcolm's anxiety for his uncle, his heart had never given such a leap as at finding himself suddenly raised from the depressed down-trodden coward into something like manhood and self-respect.

Lilias, who, like most damsels of her time, was hardy and active, saw no difficulties in the mode of conveyance, and so soon as Malcolm had seated himself on horseback, she placed one foot upon his toe, and with a spring of her own, assisted by Sir James's well-practised hand, was instantly perched on the crupper, clasping her brother round the waist with her arms, and laying her head on his shoulder in loving pride at his exploit, while for her further security Sir James threw round them both the long plaid that had so lately bound her.

'Dear Malcolm!' and her whisper fell sweetly on his ear; 'it will be bonnie tidings for Patie that thou didst loose me all thyself. The false tyrant, to fall on us the very hour Patie was on the salt sea.'

But they were riding so fast that there was scant possibility for words; and besides, Sir James kept too close to them for private whispers. In about an hour's time they had crossed the bit of table-land that formed the moor, and descended into another little gorge, which was the place where the attack had been made upon the travellers.

This was where it was possible that they might find Sir David; but no trace was to be seen, except that the grass was trampled and stained with blood. Perhaps, both Lilias and old Halbert suggested, some of these people had returned and taken him to the Abbey of Coldingham, and as this was by far the safest lodging and refuge for her and her brother, the horses' heads were at once turned thitherwards.

The grand old Priory of Coldingham, founded by King Edgar, son of Margaret the Saint, and of Malcolm Ceanmohr, in testimony of his gratitude for his recovery of his father's throne from the usurper Donaldbane, was a Benedictine monastery under the dominion of the great central Abbey of Durham.

It had been a great favourite with the Scottish kings of that glorious dynasty which sprung from Margaret Etheling, and had ample estates, which, when it was in good hands, enabled it to supply the manifold purposes of an ecclesiastical school, a model farm, a harbour for travellers, and a fortified castle. At this period, the prior, John de Akecliff, or Oakcliff, was an excellent man, a great friend of Sir David Drummond, and much disliked and persecuted by the House of Albany, so that there was little doubt that this would be the first refuge thought of by Sir David's followers.

Digitized by Google

Accordingly Malcolm and his companions rode up to the chief gateway, a grand circular archway, with all the noble though grotesque mouldings, zigzag and cable, dog-tooth and parrot-beak, visage human and diabolic, wherewith the Norman builders loved to encircle their door-ways. The doors were of solid oak, heavily guarded with iron, and from a little wicket in the midst peered out a cowled head, and instantly ensued the exclamation—

'Benedicite! Welcome, my Lord Malcolm! Ah! but this will ease the heart of the Tutor of Glenuskie!'

'Ah! then he is here!' cried Malcolm.

'Here, Sir, but in woeful plight; borne in an hour syne by four carles who said you had been set upon by the Master of Albany, and sair harried, and they say the Tutor doth nought but wail for his bairns. How won ye out of his hands, my Lord?'

'Thanks to this good knight,' said Malcolm; and the gate was opened, and the new comers dismounted to pass under the archway, which taught humility. A number of the brethren met them as they came forth into the first quadrangle, surrounded by a beautiful cloister, and containing what was called Edgar's Walls, a house raised by the good founder, for his own lodging and that of visitors, within the monastery. It was a long narrow building, about thirty feet from the church, and was perfectly familiar to Malcolm, who bent his steps at once thither among the congratulations of the monks; and Lilias was not prevented from accompanying him thus far within the convent, but all beyond the nave of the church was forbidden ground to her sex, though the original monastery destroyed by the Danes had been one of the double foundations for monks and nuns.

Entering the building, the brother and sister hastily crossed a sort of outer hall to a chamber where Sir David lay on his bed, attended by the Prior Akecliff and the Infirmarer. The glad tidings had already reached him, and he held out his hands, kissed and blessed his restored charges, and gave thanks with all his heart; but there was a strange wanness upon his face, and a spasm of severe pain crossed him more than once, though as Lilias eagerly asked after his hurts, he called them nothing since he had her safe again, and then bade Malcolm summon the captive knight that he might thank him.

Sir James Stewart had been left in the hall without, to the hospitality of the monks; he had laid aside his helmet, washed his face, and arranged his bright locks, and as he rose to follow Malcolm, his majestic stature and bearing seemed to befit the home of the old Scottish king.

As he entered the chamber, Sir David slightly raised himself on the pillow, and with his eyes dilating into a bewildered gaze, exclaimed, 'My liege, my dear master!'

'He raves,' sighed Lilias, clasping Malcolm's hand in dire distress.

Digitized by Google

'No,' muttered the sick man, sinking back. 'Good King Robert has been in his grave many a day; his sons, woe is me! Sir,' recovering himself, 'pardon the error of an old dying man, who owes you more than he can express.'

'Then, Sir,' said James Stewart, 'grant me the favour of a few moments' private speech with you.—I will not keep you long from him,' he added to Malcolm and Lilias.

His manner was never one to be disputed, there was an atmosphere of obedience about the whole monastery, and the Prior added,

'Yes, my children, it is but fitting that you should give thanks in the Church for your unlooked-for deliverance.'

Malcolm was forced to lead Lilias away into the exquisite cross church, built in the loveliest Early English style, of which a few graceful remnants still exist. The two young things knelt together hand in hand in the lornness of their approaching desolation, neither of them having dared to utter the foreboding upon their hearts, but feeling it all the more surely; and while the sister's spirit longed fervently after him whose protection had been only just removed, the brother looked up to the sheltering vaults, lost in the tranquil twilight, and felt that here alone was his haven of peace, the refuge for the feeble and the fatherless.

Their devotions performed, they ventured back to the outer hall, and on their return being notified, they were again admitted. Sir James, who had been seated on a stool by the sick man's head, immediately rose and resigned his place to Lilias, but did not leave the room; and Sir David thus spoke: 'Bairns, Heaven in His mercy hath raised you up the best of guardians in the stead of your ain poor Tutor. Malcolm, laddie, you will ride the morn with this gentleman to the true head of your name, your ain king, whom God for ever bless!' His voice quivered. 'And be it your study so to profit by his example and nurture, as to do your devoir by him for ever.'

'Nay, Father,' cried Malcolm, 'I cannot leave you and Lily.'

'If you call me father, do my bidding,' said Sir David. 'Lily can be safely bestowed with the good Sisters of St. Abbs, nor while you are out of Albany's reach is the poor lassie worth his molesting; but when I am gone, your uncles of Albany and Athole become your tutors, and the Prior has no power to save you. Only over the Border with the King is there safety from them, and your ruin is the ruin of your sister.'

'And,' added Sir James, 'when the King is at liberty, or when you yourself are of age, you will return to resume the charge of your fair sister, unless some nearer protector be found. Meantime,' he laid one hand on Malcolm's head, and with the other took out the relic which had had so great an effect upon Walter Stewart, 'I swear on this holy Rood of St. Andrew, that Malcolm Stewart of Glenuskie shall be my charge, not merely as my kinsman, but as my young brother.'

'You hear, Malcolm,' said Sir David. 'You will strive to merit such goodness.'

Digitized by Google

'Father,' broke out the poor boy again, 'you cannot mean to part us! Let us abide as we have been till I am of age to take my vows! I am not fit to serve the King.'

'He is the best judge of that,' returned Sir James.

'And,' added Sir David, 'I tell you, lad, that I shall never be as I was before, and that were I a whole man and sain, riding back to Glenuskie the morn, I should still bless the saints and bid you gang.'

Rarely did the youth of the fifteenth century venture to question the authority of an elder, but Malcolm was only silenced for a moment, and though by no means understanding that his guardian believed his injuries mortal, he threw himself upon the advice of the Prior, whom he entreated to allow him to judge for himself, and to remain to protect his sister—he talked boldly of protecting her after this day's exploit. But Prior Akecliff gave him no more encouragement than did his uncle. The Benedictine vows were out of the question till he should be eighteen, and the renunciation of the world they involved would be ruinous to Lilias, since she would become his heiress. Moreover, the Prior himself was almost in a state of siege, for the Regent was endeavouring to intrude on the convent one Brother William Drake, or Drax, by his own nomination, instead of the canonical appointment emanating from Durham, and as national feeling went with the Regent's nominee, it was by no means certain that the present Prior would be able to maintain his position.

'Oh, go! yes, go, dear brother,' entreated Lilias. 'I should be far happier to know you in safety. They cannot hurt me while you are safe.'

'But you, Lily! What if this villain Drax have his way?'

'He could not harm her in St. Ebba's fold,' returned the Prior. 'The Abbess herself could not yield her; and, as you have so often been told, my young Lord, your absence is a far greater protection to your sister than your presence. Moreover, were the Tutor's mind at rest, there would be far better hope of his recovery.'

There was no alternative, and Malcolm could not but submit. Lilias was to be conducted before daybreak to the monastery of St. Abbs, about six miles off, whence she could be summoned at any time to be with her uncle in Coldingham; and Malcolm was to set off at daybreak with the captive knight, whose return to England could no longer be delayed.

Poor children! while Sir James Stewart was in the Prior's chamber, they sat silent and mournful by the bed-side where their guardian lay dozing, even till the bell for Matins summoned them in common with all the other inmates of the convent; they knelt on the floor of the candle-lit church, and held each other's hands as they prayed; Lilias still the stronger and more hopeful, while Malcolm as he looked up at those dear familiar vaultings, felt as if he were a bird driven from its calm peaceful nest to battle with the tossing winds and storms of ocean, without one near him whom he had learnt to love.

Digitized by Google

It was still dark when the service had ended, and Prior Akecliff came towards them. 'Daughter,' he said to Lilias, 'we deem it safer that you should ride to St. Abbs ere daylight. Your palfrey is ready, the Mother Abbess is warned, and I will myself conduct you thither.'

Priors were not people to be kept waiting, and as it was reported that the Tutor of Glenuskie was still asleep, Lilias had to depart without taking leave of him. With Malcolm the last words were spoken while crossing the court. 'Fear not, Lily; my heart will only weary till the Church owns me, and Patie has you.'

'Nay, my Malcolm; mayhap, as the Prior tells me, your strength and manhood will come in the south country.'

'Let them,' said Malcolm; 'I will neither cheat the Church nor Patie.'

'It were no cheat. There never was any compact. Patie is winning his fortune by his own sword; he would scorn—'

'Hush, Lily! When the King sees what a weakling Sir James has brought him, he will be but too glad to exchange Patie for me, and leave me safe in these blessed walls.'

But here they were under the archway, and the convoy of armed men, whom the exigencies of the time forced the convent to maintain, were already mounted. Sir James stood ready to assist the lady to her saddle, and with one long earnest embrace the brother and sister were parted, and Lilias rode away in the darkness with the Prior by her side, letting the tears flow quietly down her cheeks in the darkness, and but half hearing the long arguments by which good Father Akecliff was proving to her that the decision was the best for both Malcolm and herself.

By-and-by the dawn began to appear, the air of the March night became sharper, and in the distance the murmur and plash of the tide was heard. Then, standing heavy and dark against the clear pale eastern sky, there arose the dark mass of St. Ebba's monastery, the parent of Coldingham, standing on the very verge of the cliff to which it has left the name of St. Abb's Head, upon ground which has since been undermined by the waves, and has been devoured by them. The sea, far below, calmly brightened with the brightening sky, and reflected the morning stars in a lucid track of light, strong enough to make the lights glisten red in the convent windows. Lilias was expected, was a frequent guest, and had many friends there, and as the sweet sound of the Lauds came from the chapel, and while she dismounted in the court, the concluding 'Amen' swelled and died away, she, though no convent bird, felt herself in a safe home and shelter under the wing of kind Abbess Annabel Drummond, and only mourned that Malcolm, so much tenderer and more shrinking than herself, should be driven into the unknown world that he dreaded so much more than she did.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

BERTRAM; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE drawing-rooms at Brastings Court will be a change for us after remaining so long in the lane.

The windows are all open, and a gentleman is standing quite still in the centre one. He is listening and longing for the sound of wheels. He waits a long time, but it comes at last; a light carriage stops at the Lodge gates, and then drives up the avenue. The listener turns, as the men announce, 'Dr. Ryder.'

The Doctor enters apologetically. 'I am sorry. I hope your Lordship is under no apprehension, but I was absent when the message arrived.'

'We are uneasy, but I hope you may dispel our fears,' said Lord Pendyne, trying to smile; and he could do it now that the Doctor had arrived. Before another word could be spoken, the summons had come for the Doctor to visit his patient. The Earl led the way himself.

'The Countess perhaps is more alarmed than I am,' he continued, as they walked up the staircase; 'but you know, Dr. Ryder, we have but one. Now I dare say you have a dozen, like the rest of the world.'

'Some sons, but only one *daughter*,' replied Doctor Ryder, laying most emphasis upon the latter, lest he should seem boastful of blessings of which his auditor was deprived.

'Ah!' the Earl sighed. He had a quick ear for the word so lightly said. Then addressing a lady at an open door, 'I must come too, Anna,' he said, 'and hear the truth for myself.' And they proceeded to the bedside of a little girl about eleven years old, whose burning cheeks showed the feverish state which was making her loving parents so unhappy.

There was a breathless silence while the Doctor leaned over his patient. His voice was very winning, and he was a great favourite with children. He put a few questions to the little girl in his gentlest manner; then he turned to the anxious faces behind him, and said—

'This is probably a feverish cold. One cannot be quite certain, at this early period. At present, there is not the slightest cause for alarm.'

'"At present," Dr. Ryder; but you cannot tell what may ensue?'

'I can never insure the future,' replied the Doctor; 'there is, as you may perceive, *some* amount of fever, which, after a few of the draughts, which shall be prepared without delay, may gradually disappear, or after sleep it may leave suddenly, and the young lady may only require a few days care.'

'But, Dr. Ryder, am I asking too much in saying that it would afford us great relief, if you could be spared from your many engagements so as to remain here to-night, to be within call if—'

'I would indeed do so to quiet your apprehension, Lady Pendyne; but I could only request that the draughts might be given as directed,

Digitized by Google

every three hours, unless sleep should hinder their punctual administration. I would indeed remain all night on service at any time, and your Ladyship may quite depend upon my devoted attendance upon Lady Adela's case so far as it may be *required;* but I am very urgently needed for worse patients just now, and may have necessarily to remain for many hours at Riversfield. A distressing case, where a young wife will be left with a number of very little children.'

'She will be the better for them,' returned the lady sadly; and bowing her thanks to the Doctor, she returned to the bed-side of her child, from which she had been at some distance during this conversation. The gentlemen then descended to the drawing-room.

'The little girl is our only one; you do not know what that feeling is,' said the Earl, as soon as they were seated. 'I assure you that both the Countess and myself would *like* to have a resident physician for her, only it would be absurd in this part of the county. We very frequently do have a doctor with us at Pendyne, though I hardly like to own it. But if there were sudden illness, we could get no advice worth having for many hours, and Lady Pendyne occasionally has a nervous fit about our child; and about everything else,' added the Earl.

'Lady Pendyne looks delicate, which may partly account for it,' remarked the Doctor.

'She has been delicate ever since—we returned from abroad, some years ago,' replied the Earl. He was interrupted by the entrance of the Countess.

'There really *is* no danger, is there?' she commenced, looking from one face to the other. 'You would not withhold it from me, Dr. Ryder? I cannot be quite easy, even after your comforting words.' And she sat down and gave way to a burst of grief.

'Indeed, I have been assuring Lord Pendyne that there is nothing to cause any apprehension,' said Dr. Ryder gently, and touched by her distress; 'but I may be passing late, very late, and I will come in again, unless my other case should necessarily require me to remain. But your Ladyship may quite depend upon my *word*,' he added gravely, as though he did not deserve to be doubted. 'Very likely Lady Adela has been out late on some of these fine evenings, and perhaps has been standing upon the damp grass.'

'Yes, she has,' said the Countess remorsefully; 'she was on the archery field on Thursday, and I was in the tent, and so I did not perceive that the dew was falling.'

'Well,' concluded the Doctor, rising, 'I will present myself at your Lodge, and if all is as I expect, they will tell me there is no message from the Court, and I will pass on, as it will be night—towards morning, probably.' He bowed, but the Earl's cordial hand was extended; he took it, and withdrew.

'Have you left her alone, Anna?'

'Oh no! Bird is there; and now will you send over for the draughts?'

Digitized by Google

The Earl rang the bell, and the Countess returned to her charge.

Adela turned as she came in. 'Come here, dearest Mamma, kiss me. Have you been crying because I am ill?'

'My love, the Doctor tells me there really is (probably) not very much the matter with you. He thinks you may be quite well again in a few days: and I am afraid he considers me a very fidgety Mamma, only he would not like to tell me so.' And the Countess gave one of her sweetest smiles.

'While you were gone, Mamma, I felt sleepy. Say some prayers for me, and read me your text, will you, dear Mamma?'

'Yes, darling.'

Lady Pendyne knelt and opened a book which was at hand. The service was brief and simple; and then the Countess, rising, turned to a written text on one of the walls of the bed-room, and read—

'Comfort the soul of Thy servant,
For unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.'

'Mamma, you would say that if God were to take me away from you.'

The Countess made a strong effort, and said calmly—

'Yes, love, I should say it very often; I should indeed want comfort.'

The tears were falling fast now, but her face was towards the text. Presently she continued—

'Now, dear love, if you will not say anything, I will sit by you, and perhaps you will be sleepy again.'

'Yes, dear Mamma. May I say a *few* things first?'

'Very few, love.'

'Mamma, how could the Gipsy children be nursed, if they were ill like me?'

'I don't know, love; but some one would be kind to them, I dare say.'

'Yes, Mamma, *you* would, if you heard of it. I hope they will tell you of it, and we can ask Dr. Ryder to go and see them.'

'Yes, love, if they are ill; but they seem quite well, and very happy. You shall give them some of your money if you like, and then they will smile at you as they do at me.'

'Thank you, Mamma. And Papa talks about their blue eyes. Why is he surprised, when so many people have blue eyes?'

'Very many people, love, but not Gipsies. They have black eyes—*very* black, usually. But now, Ada, if you talk, I must go away and send Bird.'

'No, no—but just this. Papa laughed, and said he must bring them here to live with us. I should like that, if they are good; and we must have nurseries for them, and, and—'

'Now, Ada, I *must* leave you.'

'No, Mamma; I am going to be sleepy now. Only this, I *promise*. I like Dr. Ryder. Do you like him?'

'Yes, love, I do.'

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VII.

HAND in hand, amusing themselves by a rough kind of playful shaking, not at all the measured step of nursery children, the little Gipsies commenced their walk to the town of Westerleigh. A new era was dawning upon them; Mother was better, and they were in great spirits.

'Oh, Robin, sha'n't you like going to London by the coach?' said Amy. 'It will be so grand.'

'Yes, it will be beautifully grand,' returned her brother. 'And we shall see such sights.'

'But we shall never see our ladies, Robin—the *tall* lady, and the *young* lady. Which do you like best?'

'Oh, I like the sweet pale tall lady best,' said Robin eagerly; 'because she kissed me in the dream, just as if she had been Mother.'

'But you know she didn't really kiss you, Robin, *ever*.'

'Yes, I think she must, once. I do think it must have been real, and the nurse and the white baby too. I will ask Mother if she ever did take me when I was very very little, and can't remember.'

'Perhaps Granny took you, and told the lady her fortune. She did tell a very great lady her fortune once; I heard her say so.'

'Ah, that was the Queen, I think, in a great palace.'

'Granny did not say it was quite a palace. We shall see the Queen's palace in London, Robin. But about the ladies. Then the tall pale grand lady shall be yours, and I will call the *young* lady mine; and I like her best, because the kind Doctor is her papa. And I know her name too—it's Jessie.'

'And I know my lady's name too.'

'Oh, what is it, Robin?'

'Why, Amy, don't you remember when he said, "What, again, Anna?"'

'So he did. Then it's Anna. I should like—'

But turning a corner, they almost ran against a boy, puzzling over a small slate as he stood in the path; Robin looked hard at him.

'You were kind to me,' said he, 'when they would have broken Mother's physic bottles.'

'I'm so glad if I was kind,' said Harry Mason, looking up; 'but oh! Gipsy, Gipsy, do *me* a kindness now, and tell me the text this morning. You were at church.'

'Yes, I was at church,' said Robin proudly, 'and I should like to do you a kindness: but I can't tell you the text, I don't think I know what it is.'

'Not know what the text means! O Gipsy! Why, it's the verse of Scripture before the sermon. You'd better come to church again, Gipsy: but good-bye, I'm sorry you can't help me.'

'So am I,' said Robin, 'I should have liked to. But let me draw you

Digitized by Google

something on that slate. I can, if you will let me, I can indeed; and I should so like to try.'

'To try, Gipsy! Didn't you ever try? Havn't you got a slate? I don't want you to draw for me now, thank you; but I'll give you a slate, if you like, for I have got two.'

'Will you? Oh how kind you are! Please do, and hide it on the bank by the corner of the lane. To-night, if you can, please.'

'Yes, I will. But I must go now.' And away ran Harry Mason.

'No, there's no letter for "Annette;" never will be, I think. She'd better write again, if she's so anxious,' said the postmaster, in reply to Robin's inquiry. 'Oh, never mind the trouble.' And he shut the door.

And the surgery business was next transacted, and then the little ones turned on their way home.

Robin stopped for a moment. 'I wish we could see her just to say good-bye,' he said. 'But I forgot—we mustn't tell that we are going.' And so they went towards home. 'Perhaps we shall see *my* lady,' continued the boy, 'or *somebody* to say good-bye to, and we can just whisper it to ourselves as we pass them.'

'Perhaps we shall see the Church man,' said Amy.

'He can't hurt us here, Amy, if we do: we are not in Church; and if he does, we'll run and ring Miss Ryder's bell, and then we shall see her again.'

'Miss Ryder said her papa would drive *him*. Oh, that would be so funny to see,' continued Amy. And both the children laughed.

'Oh, how I wish I had the slate!' exclaimed Robin. 'We won't forget to look to-night.' And so the chatter went on up to the corner of the lane.

When 'the others' all went to Riversfield, as the old woman had said, Jake returned to the lane, to effect the rougher portion of the move, and to drive the van. And on Sunday afternoon he was idly lounging (so far as lounging may be indulged on an inverted tub,) when his mother returned, in no very pleasant state of temper, from the conference with Annette.

'You need not have banged that poor thing's door quite so hard, I think, considering how ill she is,' remarked he, as the old woman drew near.

'Stuff about ill!' retorted Madge. 'She's up to a great deal more than you think. "We had better go on to Riversfield, and leave her here a few days with the children," she says. "Because she's too bad to come on with us."'

'And pray why not, Mother?' returned Jake. 'She's no slave. Let her come after us, poor thing, if she likes. I'll come back and drive her.'

'You're a wise man, as you always were,' exclaimed his mother contemptuously. 'Catch her coming after us, indeed! not she. Once leave her with the children, and she's off. That's the trick. I see it, if you don't.'

Digitized by Google

'Then let her go,' replied Jake. 'What do you want to keep her for against her will? I don't understand a bit of it. We can't scarcely do for ourselves; and what the children bring in doesn't scarcely keep them, let alone her.'

'It can't last much longer the keeping *her*,' remarked the old woman musingly.

'And yet she's not ill, you say,' continued Jake. 'And if it doesn't last—pray, what are you going to do with the children?'

'Then they may go to the House,' replied Madge. 'It was good enough for my son, poor fellow. And they may like it then or not as they please. I'm sick and tired of the children and all the fancies about them. They're not to do this, and that, and the other. There'll be an end of it soon.'

'Then I say it's a shame,' said Jake. 'She's been good to us, and she was good to my poor Myra, and she was your own son's wife. You don't treat her properly here, and I say if she wants to go away, let her.'

'And I don't,' cried Madge. 'And I'll thank you not to meddle in your stupid way with my affairs or her's. I'm no fool, and I've got my reasons.'

'And pray what are your reasons, then?' continued her son; 'and what are you so dark for with us all? Annette's not the only one who's got something hidin' away from us, I reckon.'

The old woman looked at him with a savage expression; and Jake was frightened as he met her scowling look. He had never dared to say so much to his mother before.

'If I am dark,' she returned sullenly, 'so much the better for you. And why am I dark? Because there's not one of you I can trust.'

'Well, I say let her alone the little time she lasts,' said Jake, returning to the subject.

'And I say *no*,' replied Madge. ''Tis but a little while, and that while I choose her to bide with us.'

'But you can't make her do it, if she won't.'

'I can, I tell you, and I have done it. She'll go with us to-morrow, you'll see. Or I don't stir. Didn't I get her back when she went before?'

'Well, I know. You did it between you somehow, poor thing. And how bad they looked.'

He was silent for a moment, remembering Annette's white face, and the children's tears. Then looking up suddenly, 'I'd give something if she got that letter she frets about. That's what she wants to wait for, I dare say. Now don't you think it is, Mother?'

'What is it to me what she frets about? How can I tell what she wants? And what are her letters to me? Where's the good of keeping me talking, when I've got all to do? You just do naught yourself, and

Digitized by Google

hinder those that are busy. That's all the good you are.' And Granny strode off into the tent.

And Jake planted his feet firmly, put his hands in his pockets, and sat at ease as well as he could to consider Annette's case, upon which his mother seemed inclined to decide so harshly. He recalled her first coming amongst them, ill and sorrowful, and how roughly she was treated by most of them in the camp. The unhappy life she led with her husband—who was sometimes violent with her, and constantly morose—and her perpetual fears about the children, which led her at last to make that unsuccessful attempt to get away.

Then he remembered the affection his own wife had borne to the stranger; and how, when poor Myra fell sick, Annette had nursed her with the most devoted care, tending her to the last, and weeping with fond regrets over her grave. Jake had loved his wife very truly, yet he never could have made her comfortable without Annette. How could poor Myra have been nursed without her? Annette had been good to them all. She should not be kept there like a slave. That very next morning he would speak to her. Perhaps she would tell him something of the past, and why she seemed so afraid of his mother, so fearful always of being seen by anyone else. And if she had a plan in her head, and a place to die in, or any home for the children. . . . .

Jake was a slow thinker, and not in very good practice. But he made up his mind this time by dint of some unusual exertions. And then his mother's voice sounded in his ears, and his reverie was broken up.

'When you have been idle long enough, perhaps you will just remember that we are off at daylight to-morrow, and that there is everything to be done.'

So Jake started up, and set about making himself useful.

Annette rose from her bed before the children's return, only to find that she could not put together her few possessions that evening. It must be done in the morning; and as they would require the van by daylight, she would be sure of an early call.

She sat still until the little ones came in. Then she felt that she must speak again; perhaps the talking would be less exertion than the packing.

'Robin, I want you here for a moment. The packing must be done in the morning, and you can help me.'

'Me too?' put in the smaller voice of the smaller child.

'Yes, Amy, you too can help me very much. But I want to say something now to your brother.—Robin, dear, you see how ill I am sometimes, and then I cannot attend to Amy. There will be no one to do it but you, when we leave the camp.'

'I can take care of her, Mother, always.'

'Yes, Robin, that is what I want you to do. To make little Amy your charge. There is not so very much difference in your ages, but you are much bigger. She is very little, and not strong. I cannot quite

Digitized by Google

make up my mind, dear, whether to go first to my sister at Wisham, or on to London, upon some very important business.'

About the letter?' put in Robin.

'Perhaps so, dear; but if we go to London first, you will be sure to remember what I told you about Mrs. Sutton, in case anything happened to me that I should not live. Don't cry again, dears, because I am so much better, and I only say *in case*. But then, Robin, you will take Amy at once to my sister at Rays Cottage, and give her this parcel, which you must never part with to anyone, but put it into her hands yourself. It is of great consequence, as she will know, when she gets my letter. She is not likely to have moved, because the house is her own; but if she has moved, (and I have not heard of her for years, because she does not know where to find me,) then you must learn from her neighbours where she is, and go after her directly. If I were dead, Robin, you could do me no good, and other people might prevent your going where *I know* you would be better off, *much* better off. So tell nobody, but *go*. Will you promise me once more, that I may be quite easy? I meant to tell you the same thing, even if we stayed here.'

'Yes, I promise you again, Mother, faithfully.'

'And so do I, Mother,' said the little echo.

'Then don't cry any more, dears, you distress Mother; and I'm better, remember. And there's the parcel, I shall pack it with my things to-morrow.'

'Are you quite sure we shall go, Mother?'

'Not quite sure, dears. I wanted to tell you that. Granny does not mean to leave us here as I wished. You must keep close to me in the morning, and not be made to go off without me. If they make you go with them, I shall go too.'

'I thought Granny wouldn't let us go,' said Robin mournfully.

'If she will but go without us, dears, we can manage it,' replied Annette; 'but she's frightened me to-day, and I feel very bad. But I don't mean for us to stop with her anyhow. And I mean to go to-morrow, if we can, whether Granny likes it or not; only you mustn't say a word to her about it. It must be a secret, or else we shall never get away.'

(To be continued.)

HENLEY REGATTA IN 1866.

My dear Mamma,

I hope you are quite well. Henley is on the 19th and 20th. Please remind Papa what he promised at Easter.

A fellow in my division said he saw Ella and Uncle Ernest at the Maidenhead match on Monday. Write by return of post, or, if you are very busy, tell Ella. Papa ought to write to my tutor and the head master, or perhaps my tutor would be enough, as he could speak to the head and get leave, but the head is very

Digitized by Google

particular about it. Stacey minor would like to go too; could you get leave for him too? if the girls go, we ought to have plenty of men to look after things, you know. Give my love to Emmy, her photo is awfully jolly. I will write to her when I have time. What sort of a moke is the new curate? Tell Papa to write quick.

Your affectionate son,

PERCY FANSHAWE.

P.S.—I want to give leaving books to six fellows at Election, but I don't think my tutor will give me an order for more than two, so will you send me an order from home?

IT was Monday, June 18th, 1866, and breakfast was preparing in the dining-room at Rozen, the Fanshawes' home. Three French windows were opened upon a broad pavement shaded by a verandah above, and blazing banks of verbena and geranium scented the atmosphere, while the morning breeze made a refreshing stir among the masses of jessamine and seven-sister that trailed up the pillars and hung over the edge of the roof. Beyond the verandah lay a mossy lawn and pleasure-grounds, skirted with magnificent trees; and farther still a blue misty view of the valley of the Thames, and the towers of a grand old castle catching the bright sunshine on their battlements. On the verandah steps was seated a lady of three-and-twenty, very tall and slender, with a sweet, fresh, happy face, and a clear ringing laugh. She was making herself very charming to a little girl of six and a boy of seven, the two youngest of the Fanshawe family. The two eldest, nice-looking lady-like girls, who just escaped being pretty, were moving about the dining-room in their cool light print dresses and black aprons, helping their mother with the tea and coffee. Their cousin, a huge boy Guardsman, with a lazy voice, and a fat, fair, innocent face like a baby's, was submissively following Ella's directions regarding the places for the different cups and saucers.

Ella was the second of the sisters; Emmeline the eldest, the smallest, the brightest, and through her sweet winning ways more of a general favourite than Ella; though Ella's countenance expressed quite as much, if not more, solid good sense and kindness, and her patience and diligence were invaluable. The family pride was Austin Fanshawe, the eldest son, a fine handsome fellow, who had got a first-class at Oxford, and won a cup at Wimbledon. He was amusing himself with watching his Aunt Nelly, the merry bride on the verandah step. The second brother, Ernest, was at Woolwich; the third, in the navy; Percy, at Eton; Rose, Georgie, and Helen, all little ones, at home. The family circle was enlarged this June by the presence of Tommy Ratclyffe, the cousin in the Guards; Mr. Fanshawe's brother Ernest, and his young wife; and Mr. Berkley, a clergyman who had been curate of the parish only a few weeks, and was being very hospitably harboured at Rozen until his lodgings were ready for him. But as they had been burnt down, and had to be built up again, there seemed some probability of his remaining at the Fanshawes' until Michaelmas.

Digitized by Google

He was a tall, thin, narrow-chested man, speaking always in an oppressed way, and never laughing heartily; but he was a really humble single-hearted man, and owed his rather sad expression more to weak health than real depression. He came in now with Mr Fanshawe, each with letters in their hands.

Mr. Fanshawe began to deal his out. 'Three for Uncle Ernest, two for Aunt Nelly. Ha! Mrs. Ernest, bills for the wedding dress! Austin, do you want the "Saturday Review?" Four for Mrs. Fanshawe. Miss Fanshawe—foreign letter, Emmy.' (Rosie put up a petition for the stamp.) 'No one has written to me but the wine merchant; but here's the Pall Mall instead.'

Mamma had a letter from Percy. Percy's letters were public property, and this one was given to Rosie to read aloud, which she did very impressively, even to the last query, when everyone went off into shouts of laughter, and poor Rosie blushed till the tears came into her eyes. But she need not have minded so much, for the new curate looked quite amused himself.

'Have you not one for me too, Sir?' asked young Ratclyffe, his countenance falling as the letters were dispersed.

'*She* has not written, Tommy,' murmured Austin in mock commiseration; then breaking into a fit of laughter at the Lieutenant's stare of innocent perplexity. 'I have no doubt,' observed Austin drily, as breakfast proceeded,—'I have no doubt that Stacey minor would like to go very much.'

'Is not Stacey minor the individual who used to be supposed to sit with Percy to keep him at his work?' asked Mr. Fanshawe.

'Yes; they have always been together in school,' answered Mrs. Fanshawe. 'Oh yes, we must have the little boy. Percy's enjoyment would be doubled.'

'Then will you really go, Mamma?' asked Ella. 'Oh, how nice it would be!'

'Awful lark!' said young Ratclyffe.

'May I go, Mamma?' begged Georgie.

'May I have an egg, Mamma?' said Helen.

'May I go, please, dear Mamma?' said Austin, mimicking Georgie.

'Well, Papa, what do you think of it?' asked Mrs. Fanshawe.

'Papa wants to go very much,' said Ella.

'Go by all means,' said Mr. Fanshawe.

There was a clamour of 'Delightful!'—'lovely!'—'jolly!'—'delicious!' and 'Oh, what fun!' ending in 'hows?' and 'whos?' 'ride,'—'pull up,'—'wagonette.'

'There won't be room for all,' said Georgie.

'Tommy is going to walk,' observed Austin, casting a wicked glance from his handsome eyes upon the Guardsman.

'Walk!' ejaculated Mr. Ratclyffe. He could not say more, for his mouth was full; but the monosyllable expressed volumes.

Digitized by Google

'How many does the wagonette hold?' asked Mrs. Fanshawe.

Emmeline replied, 'Two on the box, six inside, seven on an emergency.'

Austin made a confidential aside to Aunt Nelly—which Georgie, who had a capacity in common with many other little boys for hearing all he was not intended to hear, repeated to the company in general in extra high key, 'Austin says there is only room for five if Cousin Tommy goes.'

Tommy tried to scowl, but somehow was unsuccessful—his face was not the right shape; and Emmeline turned round very prettily, and smoothed his feelings by means of her pretty eyes, and some pleasant gay words about her brothers being very rude.

'Is it not rather far for the horses?' said Uncle Ernest.

'Go four-in-hand,' suggested Austin.

'Get post-horses,' said Emmeline.

'Will Emmy go?' asked Aunt Nelly. For Emmy was not strong, and had been considered an invalid all last winter.

'We must see how she feels,' said her mother.

'I'll tell you what,' said Austin, 'we will engage a four-oar to be ready for us at Henley, and come home so after the races.'

'That would be charming,' cried Aunt Nelly. 'I'll steer you, Austin.'

'I will be stroke,' volunteered Uncle Ernest.

'Done!' cried the Oxonian. 'Aunt Nelly, will you ride into Maidenhead to-day, and we will choose a boat and send it up?'

'Then you must order a fly to meet you at the boat-house in the evening,' said Mrs. Fanshawe, 'for the girls won't be able to walk home the four miles after their long day.'

'O Mamma, I could,' said Ella.

'Better not, my dear. Then Emmie and I will have the wagonette to ourselves coming home, I suppose?'

'You don't mean me to pull home?' said Mr. Fanshawe.

'You must, Papa,' cried Ella. 'Oh, I hope it will be fine!'

As the possibility of rain had not occurred to anyone before, Ella's words caused all the faces to grow a little longer. Of course nothing but Henley was talked of all breakfast-time; but at half-past nine a general move was made, conversation was put a stop to. Mr. Berkley went down to the village, and the whole family of Fanshawes adjourned to the school-room for the daily reading of the Psalms and Lessons. After this morning the younger members had little to do with the Henley plans. Mr. and Mrs. Fanshawe arranged all, with the exception of the boat, which was Austin's care. Great consternation was excited in Aunt Nelly's mind at finding all the Maidenhead four-oars engaged; but Austin, who always had his wits about him, stopped at the telegraph-office on the way home, and despatched a message to a friend at Torquay, whose home was near Henley, begging the loan of his boat if not already

Digitized by Google

in request. Aunt Nelly highly applauded this move, and she and her nephew returned to Rozen greatly pleased with their mission.

Rosie had been much disappointed on discovering that she was intended to be a little one on the Regatta Day, and be left behind; but her sisters, respecting the dignity of her eleven years, represented her goodness at lessons, and promised to make themselves small in the carriage so strenuously, that Mrs. Fanshawe relented, and Rosie was made happy. Mr. Berkley would not be persuaded to join the party. Six weeks' work, he said, was not enough to merit a holiday; so, much to the discomfiture and admiration of Emmeline and Ella, he decided to stay at home. The second day was fixed on, as being that on which Eton was to row Radley, and this, with the University races, was all that the Fanshawes were really excited and anxious about.

Radley had published some insulting verses respecting 'the faded blue,' which caused great scorn and still more excitement in the Etonian spirits at Rozen. Austin went to Henley the first day with his uncle and a college friend, and brought back most honourable reports of the Oxford Etonian Club, which had won its race, and was said to be the finest crew on the river. The girls' anticipations were somewhat damped on hearing that it had beaten the Eton boat; but Austin pooh-poohed all fears, and he and Uncle Ernest were both so confident in success for the morrow, and so full of praise of the perfect strength, order, and training of the eight Eton heroes, that there seemed no room for doubt as to the conquest of Radley.

Thursday morning dawned; Ella woke early, but some minutes passed ere she could summon courage to lift the window curtain and peep at the weather. She held her breath to listen for rain, but no—every sound spoke of sunshine, the twitterings of the little birds outside, the cooings of the turtle-doves in the old ilex tree, the crowings from the farm, and the gardener's whistle as he whetted his scythe. Certainly it was as fair a June morning as anyone could wish. Ella softly opened the window, and, quickly dressing, was out in the dewy garden as the stable-clock was striking seven. Emmeline must not be wakened, she could not lose her morning's sleep. Strong, rosy, vigorous Ella gave one sigh over her sister's lost health, and with a stout brown-holland over her clean dress, went away singing to tend her geranium cuttings.

Mr. Fanshawe was determined to save his horses as much as possible, and when the large wagonette drove round to the door, there were *four* beautiful mouse-coloured creatures in it, each with a sky-blue rosette at his ear. The two postilions wore ribbons of the same colour, and every lady had a tasteful cluster of flowers tied with Eton blue, to fasten to her dress. Austin and Emmy had selected and presented these. Mrs. Fanshawe had a crimson rose and three sprays of white jasmine. Aunt Nelly had forget-me-not and lily-of-the-valley. Emmeline's was all seven-sister roses; and Ella had heath. Rosie took forget-me-not as being exactly the right colour, though no one could take her for aught but

Digitized by Google

Etonian, in her bright blue feather and lama frock. Aunt Nelly looked quite a bride in her wedding bonnet, Limerick lace shawl, and lavender poplin. The two girls wore green-and-white striped muslins, black lace cloaks, and pretty light hats. All were in the highest spirits, and the carriage drove off amid a torrent of good-byes from Georgie and Helen, who were going to spend the day in the hay with some little friends, and to drink tea at the farm.

Mr. Fanshawe and Uncle Ernest were on the box, guarding two immense hampers; Austin sat between his mother and his aunt, and Mr. Ratclyffe had a cousin on either side of him; while Rosie had a kind of half-seat at the end of the carriage. They made a very imposing party; and it was no wonder that the children of every village they passed ran after them, shouting and yelling for a quarter of a mile at least.

During the first hour the talk was incessant; but after that they grew hotter and hotter, and the dust seemed to grow worse, and the mid-day glare seemed to burn up all the beautiful undulating scenery through which they passed. Ella, who was shaded by her father, offered Tom her parasol, which he eagerly accepted, occasioning some laugh; but merriment became slack, and people began to wish they could stretch themselves, and wondered how much further they had to go. This broiling was intolerable, and was quenching everybody's spirits; the mile-stones seemed to grow farther and farther apart; and ten miles to Henley—nine miles—eight miles—came so slowly, that the journey appeared perfectly endless. Great was the delight when the postilions stopped the horses at the foot of a hill, where the road was shaded on both sides by thick woods. Everyone was glad to get out and walk up, resting for a few minutes on the green bank at the top. Only the fear of being too late for the first race induced them to hurry on. But it was wonderful how quickly they got over the ground after this refreshment—two miles to Henley came in no time.

Now they were driving rapidly down the hill into the lovely Thames valley; the confusion of sounds from the multitude below, the notes of the band, and the church bells softened by distance, came floating up upon the river breeze, heralding in the joys of the afternoon.

Now they are fairly driving into Henley; past the turnpike gate and on to the bridge, which is as yet only moderately crowded. They are early enough to have a little choice as to the position of the carriage for the day, and after some confusion and a great deal of noise, are established near the gate, and next the narrow foot-pavement; so that nothing can come in front of them to disturb the view.

What a view it is! They are looking down the blue reach of river which forms the race-course. The races have not begun, and the water is alive with boats of all descriptions: there are barges gaily painted, punts floating about in lazy fashion, parties of University men in white flannel and bright ribbons, Eton masters here and there with crews of

Digitized by Google

pupils, cargoes of ladies; four-oars come up from Maidenhead and Eton, or down from Oxford, resting under the shade of the banks.

To the right lie the hills they have crossed to-day, their woods sloping down to the water's edge. On the left is the busy country town, the tall square church tower decked with flags, pennons streaming from all the street windows, and the roads along the banks of the river crowded with moving masses of human beings of all ranks and positions. On the town side, some little way below the bridge, is the grand stand; and on the hilly side, in a meadow near the turnpike, a tent, and a cannon to act as signal.

The throng increases; carriages block the way, and a double line is speedily formed along the bridge, of barouches, wagonettes, gigs and phaetons, breaks and coaches. Wretched-looking men, bare-footed girls, and old gipsy crones, thread their way in a marvellous manner among the wheels and the horses' hoofs, crying race-cards. Our party are just supplying themselves, when a shout is heard close to the carriage, and a boy of thirteen clambers up the wheels, and standing on the top of them, is eagerly welcomed by all the nine.

'Percy! that's right. I saw your train coming in. So you soon found us. Isn't it a splendid day? Your tutor here? Well; and where is Stacey minor?'

Stacey minor, a squarely-built, dust-coloured little boy of fourteen, was standing behind the wagonette, while Percy Fanshawe was engaged in kissing his mother and sisters; but on Mr. Fanshawe's invitation, he speedily scrambled up on the box, and was soon introduced to his friend's family.

'I say,' said Austin, 'I shall go down to the lawn, and see the Eton boat and all the fellows; come, Ella and Emmy, you will come, won't you?'

The girls were delighted to leave the carriage and walk about a little; so they sprang down, shook out their muslins, and with Uncle Ernest and Aunt Nelly accompanied their brother to the lawn, leaving Rose to chatter with Percy. The little lawn, sloping down to the river, looked exceedingly cool and refreshing in the shade of the weeping willows; and in a dark shed, almost hidden by trees, the Eton eight were luxuriously reclining, keeping themselves quiet, and ready for the ensuing struggle. The water came lapping up over the boards of the shed, and against the shining bows of the slender boat, as she lay ready for embarkation. Austin was very proud of her, and pointed out her numerous merits to his sisters, making them observe the almost paper-like thinness of her cedar walls, and the beautiful workmanship by which an out-rigger of sixty feet length could be made to weigh scarcely 250 pounds.

One of the eight came forth from his shady den, and greeted Austin as an old school-fellow; and after introductions had passed, the two young men launched into a conversation delicious to the collegiate ears

Digitized by Google

of Emmeline and Ella, and only interrupted when the sound of the gun told of the commencement of the first race. The Fanshawes joined their party on the bridge, and the Etonian retired beneath his shed. Race succeeded race, with intervals of half an hour or three quarters, that between the Kingston Club and University College alone causing much interest to our party, who had friends at University. No one could be induced to return to their places in the wagonette, but wandered off in pairs, bent on enjoying themselves, only promising to repair to head-quarters at the hour Mrs. Fanshawe had settled on for the opening of her hampers. Perhaps Aunt Nelly and the two small boys were the most perfectly happy of all. Emmeline was a little oppressed by the heat; and neither Ella nor Austin could avoid some anxiety about the race, in spite of their boasts, and the scorn with which they heard the animadversions cast on the Eton crew by jealous partizans of the other side. Ella was also slightly disconcerted at Austin walking off with Emmeline, and leaving her to the care of Tom Ratclyffe; for she was proud of walking about with her handsome brother, and moreover, relished his friends more than she did her cousin's. Everybody found plenty of friends, that was one great source of enjoyment. Austin, Uncle Ernest, and Mr. Fanshawe, came across co-collegians and old school-fellows at every turn, many of whom they had not seen since they had been boys together, and now only recognized by some family likeness, or peculiarity in speech or appearance. Mrs. Ernest Fanshawe had to go through dozens of introductions; and every now and then Mr. Fanshawe would bring some old friend to see his wife, and wonder at his grown-up daughters.

By-and-by the whole party assembled at head-quarters for luncheon. The ladies took their seats in the wagonette, and found it a very comfortable rest to be waited on. They were all surprised to find how hungry they were; but considering the excitement, the eighteen miles drive, and the six hours that had elapsed since breakfast, it was no wonder that the Champagne and claret, the pale ale and veal pie, the bread and cheese, the cake and tongue, the hard-boiled eggs and cold chicken, and all the rest of the contents of the hampers, considerably diminished in a wonderfully short space of time. Those on the box made a table of the roof of the next carriage. The ladies' dinner was the least comfortable, for they had to eat it from their laps; while Percy and his friend, who had ingratiated themselves with the gate-man, borrowed one of his wooden chairs, on which they arranged their meal, using the step of the wagonette and one of the hampers for seats, and protected on one side by the open gate, on the other by the carriage, and on a third by the piece of fence adjoining the gate-post.

By-and-by came round two little ragged children, regarding Percy's plum-tart with wishful eyes.

Percy was inclined to follow the example of his hard-hearted elders in driving away beggars; but Emmeline, who sat nearest him, and whose

Digitized by Google

gentle spirit was grieved at seeing the poor refused, leaned over and held out the remainder of her cheese-cake to one of the children. The dark Gipsy eyes glistened, and the white teeth made shorter work of the cake than Emmeline's would have done. Percy was amused to see the child's pleasure, and held his plate out to the other one, who gathered up the remnants of tart with both hands as if afraid of losing one crumb.

Fastidious Percy would not touch the plate after those grimy fingers, and hurried it into the hamper out of sight, and was afterwards intensely disgusted at the sight of the recipient of the cheese-cake carefully gathering the plum-stones his companion had thrown away, and finishing his meal from them. This economy so amused the girls that they could not help drawing the attention of their elders to it. Mr. Fanshawe said it put him in mind of an anecdote in 'Friends in Council,' concerning a certain wise man in a state of abject misery, dining off a few leaves, and bemoaning his hard condition, until he turned round and beheld another wise man eagerly devouring the stalks which he had thrown away.

After this came up a Gipsy woman with an infant at her back, to tell their fortunes; but our party, being all very prudent and sensible people, rejected this proposal with scorn, though, when no one else was looking, Emmy bestowed her last halfpenny on the woman, for the sake of the baby, she said. A good many of Emmy's coppers had gone that way that day. It made her unhappy to see these wretched starving creatures, when she was sitting in a carriage, dressed in her best, and feasting on all kinds of good things. She never could say 'no' to a beggar. One penny could do no one any harm, she argued, and she always bestowed hers with the kindest, most pitying of faces. Besides, she always carried about with her an idea of the 'King's Messengers,' and only wished she were a man, that she might be a Gipsy Missionary.

When the hampers were being re-packed, Percy and Stacey minor begged a glass of wine for their friend the gate-man, which with some sandwiches he seemed to appreciate, and further favoured them with seats on the roof of his little round turnpike-house, from which they had a splendid view of the whole race-course, and were not too far from the wagonette to carry on conversations in a slightly elevated tone of voice. They greatly desired Ella's company, but as she did not altogether approve the notion of climbing a ladder to sit on the top of a house in the presence of the assembled counties of Berks, Bucks, Oxon, and Surrey, she desisted. Uncle Ernest suddenly remembered that Nelly had not yet seen the challenge plate, and her ever restless spirit was delighted to be again moving. Rosie begged to be allowed to go too, but her sisters preferred sitting quietly for a while. So her aunt promised to be answerable for her, and she set out in great glee, only stipulating to be brought back in time for the Eton and Radley race, half an hour hence.

In twenty minutes time Mrs. Ernest Fanshawe reappeared alone, her husband having stopped, two carriages off, to speak to an old servant

Digitized by Google

man. She had come on to establish herself for the convenience of seeing. And where was Rosie? With the greatest consternation Aunt Nelly was obliged to acknowledge that with her usual giddiness she had totally forgotten the little girl. She last remembered having seen her near the grand stand, where the plate was exhibited, but since then so much had occupied her attention that she could not say where she might have parted with her charge. She was very much shocked at her negligence, and looked round for her husband, intending to send him to search for his niece; but he, having watched her safely into the carriage, had wandered out of sight with a friend. There was nothing for it but for Austin to go and look for her. He certainly thought it a great nuisance, and believed Rose would meet with no harm if left in the crowd until the Eton race was over. It was to begin within five minutes; he had come on purpose to see it; he had looked forward to it ever since the illness that had prevented his coming last year.

He was disposed to be very angry with Aunt Nelly and Rose for their carelessness, and with his mother for her nervous alarm; but he smothered his displeasure, and walked off voluntarily, though gloomily, as Mrs. Fanshawe's anxiety increased. Emmeline and Ella pitied and admired their favourite brother by turns, and their father coming up the next moment would have followed him and taken the hunt on himself, only that Austin having disappeared it would have been but a wild goose chase, the father chasing the brother chasing his sister, and Mr. Fanshawe would have lost the sight of the race for nothing. So they persuaded him to stay; the signal was fired, the river cleared, everyone stood up in a state of breathless excitement, except Mamma, who cared much more for Rose's safety; and the two girls, giving a last look round for poor Austin, clutched each other's hands and looked with all their souls.

Proud they had been of their beloved Eton crew when they had seen them in the full glory of their sky-blue flannel and white caps, paddling down towards the starting point, with all the easy strength and grace of skilful oarsmen; but now hope, pride, anxiety, despair, were at once mingled. Mamma even declared that the girls' trembling excitement shook the carriage as she sat in it. They strained their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the boat coming round the corner. 'Cambridge! 'tis Cambridge!' 'No, no; don't you see our Eton blue! It is first, first—the others far behind. Oh! they will catch us up! no, they are too far behind. Oh!'

For the Cambridge boat had scratched for a previous race to keep fresh for this.

What a time it seemed ere the boats neared the bridge, yet the race of a mile and a quarter only occupied about eight minutes. Eton was a length ahead nearly all the way, and had the race in her own hands, but determined not to lessen the distance, keeping up spurt after spurt, and shooting past the winning-post far before her antagonists, gaining a complete and hollow victory amid terrific cheering.

Digitized by Google

Indeed, the excitement of the whole assembled multitude was so mad, that no one understood that the boat had sprung a leak and was rapidly sinking. Percy afterwards reported that one of the eight, weary of his strict training, had kicked a hole for joy at the prospect of a sumptuous dinner at last. The leak, however, could hardly be wondered at, when the thin cedar-wood was capable of being pierced with a pin.

They were pulled safely into the raft, amidst uproarious joy and exultation; and Mr. Fanshawe hastened at once down to the lawn to shake hands with the captain, taking Ella with him. Emmeline remained with her mother, hoping Austin had seen it, and pitying the vanquished Cantabs and Radleians.

To win the 'Ladies' Plate' was a grand triumph. All around were smiles and congratulations, for there were strong Eton sympathies amongst every class of spectators, and a great part were collected from the two Universities and Eton itself.

In twos and threes the victorious crew strolled up to the bridge, once more in their turquoise blue coats and straw hats. Very fine specimens of Young England they were, in spite of all exaggerated training—tall and powerful, broad-chested and sun-burnt. How eagerly they were greeted by their proud happy fathers, mothers, and sisters; and what visions of Georgie in like costume did Mrs. Fanshawe and Emmeline conjure up.

It was now half-past five, and three more races were to be rowed before the conclusion of the day. Emmeline had just turned her attention to the three graceful single-outriggers that were coming along the course, when Austin and Uncle Ernest appeared, accompanied by Rosie, who looked slightly abashed, evidently expecting a scolding. Uncle Ernest delivered her to her mother, and both were equally glad to meet again, though Mrs. Fanshawe did speak very severely about the not keeping close to her guardians, and the trouble she had given, until Aunt Nelly begged, with tears in her bright eyes, that she should be the only one to be scolded, as it was all her own fault, which was quite true, only not good for Rosie to hear.

Austin stood silent, looking rather solemn. Emmeline's first question was whether he had seen the race; to which he answered shortly, 'No.' Emmy said no more, but Percy came down from his elevated position and asked the same, and Ella, returning from the lawn, eagerly repeated it. Austin looked very black, and answered, 'Of course not.' Emmeline called Ella round to her side of the carriage, and began to talk and admire; and Austin, ashamed that a disappointment should put him out of temper, endeavoured to recover himself, and succeeded so far as to receive with laudable equanimity the chaff of two of his friends, who laughed pitilessly at his having missed the race he had boasted he would go through fire and water to see. Emmeline was distressed, Ella very angry, Mr. Fanshawe only laughed, and Rosie was silently miserable, and very much afraid of what Austin would say to her when they got home.

However, this was the only blot on a very happy day. Percy and

Digitized by Google

Stacey minor were delighted by an invitation given to the latter to spend the first week of the Election holidays at Rozen. Percy promised his friend riding, 'and no end of larks,' and proposed coming up together from Eton to Maidenhead in a boat instead of by rail.

Then Mr. Fanshawe began to talk of time to go home; and after they had witnessed the victory of the University College boat over the Cantabs, all prepared to walk down to the lawn where the aquatic party were to embark. Ella and Aunt Nelly had a desire to wait and see the Eton eight drive off, after Percy's vivid description of their departure that morning from the old College, in the yellow break with four horses, amidst the cheers of their eight hundred school-fellows, 'cheering as only Eton fellows can cheer'—quoth Master Percy.

But as the present whereabouts of the Eton eight was uncertain as the time of their exit from Henley, Mr. Fanshawe persuaded his enthusiastic young ladies to relinquish the sight of the splendid contrast of blue and yellow, on plea of not getting home at all that night.

Aunt Nelly begged to be allowed to sing 'We won't go home till morning,' and gained her point too when they had pulled out of earshot. The others raised their voices and joined her, and in many other songs, until they grew rather uproarious, and the rowers were forced to rest on their oars to laugh. The beautiful sunset sobered them; and when the songs began again they were more musical and less noisy, beginning with the half-sad, half-hopeful, tender 'Row, brothers, row,' of the Canadian Boat Song, going on with Moore's melodies and plaintive Italian airs.

They floated down the river, taking little heed where they were going, when—spat, spot—down came a great heavy drop of rain on the bottom of the boat. The oars were seized and vigorously plied now, but there was no getting out of it; they were in for a heavy thunder-storm, which lasted until they were within a mile of Maidenhead, wetting them thoroughly, and making them more willing than before to be at home quickly. It was very grand: the great rush of rain upon the river almost drowned the sound of the oars in the row-locks; the thunder came crashing right over their heads, and then went pealing away into distance; and the continual play of the lightning was the only thing by which Ella was at all enabled to steer safely. No one spoke, except now and then to wonder if they had much further to go. Rosie was frightened, and glad of the protection of Aunt Nelly's great waterproof cloak; and Ella had time for a great deal of thought, though when the thunder ceased, and she was no longer kept awake by excitement, she went off into a kind of dream; and her father's voice, debating as to the best landing-place, changed itself into Mr. Berkley's, preaching upon 'Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.' She was roused by Austin's shout—'Ella, you are driving us into the bank!'

Meanwhile, Mrs. Fanshawe and Emmeline had said 'Good-bye' to Percy and his friend, and sent them off to the station, and then returning

Digitized by Google

to the carriage, had started on their drive, which was very pleasant until the rain came on. Mrs. Fanshawe was afraid for Emmy's lungs, wrapped her up, and kept her as dry as she could, half under the seat of the wide empty wagonette—so dry indeed, that Emmy was allowed to stay up for the merry supper that concluded the day of Henley Regatta.

M. L.

ANTIQUE GEMS AND SIGNET RINGS.

THAT man's primary object in wearing rings was not mere personal vanity, but that he might always have a signet ready for use in the various operations of daily life, is the opinion expressed by Macrobius, and by St. Clement of Alexandria. This view has, I believe, never been disputed, and explains both the universal adoption of the custom, and its extreme antiquity.

In proof of this antiquity, I need only mention, that besides the undoubted signet of Sennacherib, we have those of some of the still older Pharaohs of Egypt, notably that of Thothmes III.—the device on which is a hieroglyphic inscription, setting forth that he was 'The sun-placer of creation, the type of Amon,'—preserved in the British Museum.*

These early signets were, like that of Thothmes, a scarabœus, or sacred beetle, of chalcedony or agate, engraved with the rank and title, or favourite deity, of the owner on the flat side, or else amongst the poorer classes plain cylinders; but in either case they were attached to the wrist, or worn round the neck by a line passed through the body of the material. All the signets mentioned in the Old Testament are worn upon the hand; from thence Pharaoh took the seal of state, when he gave it, and the authority it symbolized, to Joseph; Saul wore his in his bracelet, which was brought among the other insignia of royalty to David, after that headstrong monarch's death. Jeremiah distinctly mentions this practice in the verse, (chap. xxii. 24.) 'As I live, saith the Lord, though Coniah were the signet upon my *right hand*, yet would I pluck thee thence;' this mode of wearing the seal is also ascribed to Jupiter on several of the more ancient gems.

Amongst the Assyrians and early Persians, these signets were so common, that even the poorest had their own engraved cylinders or scarabœi, as is proved by the vast quantities found among their ruined cities. But from these, though most interesting by reason of their age, and the variety of patterns which remain to us, I must pass on to that *chef*

* Perhaps the oldest ring in the world, is that in the possession of Mr. Abbott, of Cairo—the signet-ring of Cheops, supposed builder of the Great Pyramid. It is of pure gold, about five sovereigns in weight. The hieroglyphics upon it, which form the name of Cheops, are in the same style as those in pyramids round the plain of Jizch; it was found in some tombs at that place, not far from Colonel Howard Vyse's celebrated excavation.

Digitized by Google

d' œuvre of their apt pupils the ancient Etruscans, the 'Lion Ring' of the Princess di Canino, a combination of the archaic scarabœus and the modern finger-ring, now in the British Museum.

It is formed of the fore parts of two lions, richly chased in gold, whose bodies compose the shank, while their heads and paws support the signet, a small sard—*i. e.* the purest cornelian—beetle engraved with a lion regardant, let into a frame of the most elegant filagree work. The Grecian people, so fond of referring every invention to some one of their mythical heroes, of course invented a poetic story to account for the origin of finger-rings. The Titan Prometheus, as they fabled, he that aspired to create a man, and brought down fire from heaven for the domestic uses of the world, was compelled by Jove, when released from the rock on which he had been sentenced to remain through all eternity, with a vulture pecking his never quite consumed vitals, to wear a morsel of his torture rock, set in a link of the chain which had bound him, upon his finger for ever. Thus Catullus introduces him, at the wedding of Peleus,

> 'Came wise Prometheus, on his hand he wore
> The slender symbol of his doom of yore,
> When fettered fast with adamantine chain
> Hung from the craggy steep he groaned in endless pain.' *

From whatever source adopted, few habits are so constantly and playfully referred to by the best authors of ancient Greece and Rome, as this, which still holds its own amongst us in the nineteenth century, of loading the fingers with jewelled rings. I will, then, endeavour to touch as concisely as the discursive nature of the subject will permit, upon the various uses of state, business, and ornament, to which they were devoted; the laws which restricted their possession; their materials, and the different subjects engraved upon them; and conclude by noticing the strange and ignorant reverence with which particular gems were regarded during the dark ages, and the chequered fortunes of some of the most remarkable ancient and mediæval rings.

To testify to, or take the place of, a man's signature; to secure his private letters, in which case, a description of its device generally concluded the epistle; and to fasten up his stores of money or provisions instead of lock and key—were the original duties of signet-rings. Soon, as we have seen in the case of Pharaoh and Joseph, the possession of a king's signet carried with it the king's authority; and Jezebel could murder Naboth from a distance, as a pleasant surprise for Ahab the covetous; and Augustus Cæsar, when wearied with the labour of ruling Rome single-handed, could leave his duplicate sphinx-ring with Mark Anthony and Mœcenas,

* 'Post hunc consequitur solerti corde Prometheus,
Extenuata gerens veteris vestigia poenœ:
Quam quondam silici restrictus membra catena
Persolvit, pendens e verticibus prœruptis.'

Catullus Epithalamium Pelei et Thetidos, line 295, *&c.*

Digitized by Google

so that a Triumvirate might effect, what even a 'prœsens Divus,' as his flatterers styled him, could not alone.

> 'Protinus impressâ signat sua crimina gemmâ
> Quam tinxit lachrymis—linguæ defecerit humor,'

says the poet; and the gem which devoted a fellow creature to death, reluctantly used at first, was in most cases but too ready an instrument in the hands of a covetous, malicious, or revengeful prince. Who remembers not, even if the same dilemma may never have been his own, to have been in some well-regulated house, where all things go by clock-work, and the very clocks chime together, when the head of the family has lost, or as the first thoughts of the suspicious invariably run, been deprived of for purposes of greed, the mystic bunch of household keys? and if still '*en garçon*,' has he not marvelled much at the intense excitement thereanent.

Now for that mass of metal, those many tinkling cymbals, which are sure to turn up in their proper owner's pocket, or some equally remarkable place, let us substitute a tiny gem, some choice work on sard or sapphire of Solon or Dioscorides, which has rolled noiselessly away far from mortal ken, while its Greek, Roman, or Sicilian master was busy sealing up his stores of wine, oil, figs, and candied fruit. Can you not picture the utter despair, the muttered Per Baccos! the Mehercles! the Gemini fratres! and other classical exclamations, with which he would search the wrong corners of entrance hall, bath room, and guest chamber, for the deep-cut intaglio portrait of Ceres, Proserpine, or Diana, which was at once his official signature, the key of all, every morsel of his worldly goods, and even the 'patent spigot' of his choicest wine jar. So serious therefore was the loss, that the laws of Egypt enacted, that every jeweller should be compelled to keep a model of every seal engraved by him, and a register of the date, and person to whom he sold it, so that at any time his customer might receive its facsimile. Solon, on the other hand, forbad, and in this point I believe the Roman law coincided, that this practice should be followed, believing that it afforded opportunity for the issue of counterfeits. That counterfeits were produced we know for certain; and in those most amusing works of the learned German Bekker, one of the greatest modern archæologists, 'Charikles,' and 'Galeus,' which unfold after the manner of Lord Lytton's Last Days of Pompeii, only far more eruditely, the arcana of Greek and Roman domestic life, these forgeries of rings and seals are introduced as notoriously common. Small pieces of worm-eaten wood '*δεηπηδεστα τα ξυλα*' were largely used by the Spartans, as being almost proof against forgery; thus Aristophanes, (Thesmoph. 427 &c.)

> Πρὸ τοῦ μὲν οὖν ἦν ἀλλ' ὑποῖξαι τὴν θύραν,
> Ποιησαμίναισι δακτύλιον τριῳβόλου
> Νῦν δ' οὗτος αὐτοὺς ᾧ κότειψ Εὐριπιδης
> Ἐδίδαξε θριπηδεστ' ἔχειν σφραγίδια
> Ἐξαψαμένους.

Digitized by Google

'Seal as we will,' says Pliny, 'it is of no avail, so easy is it to pluck a ring from the master's finger when drunk, or sleepy, or dying;' and as slaves were generally kept on pretty 'short commons,' we may be sure they took every such opportunity of mending their scanty diet. One philosopher, indeed, to escape this danger, used carefully to seal up his store-room, and then throw his ring through a hole in the door; naturally enough, the slaves perceiving this wisdom, burst open the door, helped themselves, and replacing both wax and seal ring, left the philosopher to marvel how it was that his goods diminished but his seal remained intact. After a time the annulus domesticus, or house ring, was always entrusted to the wife, the husband retaining a private one for business.* Thus St. Clement of Alexandria considers it the just right of every Christian wife, 'Non hercle ad ornamentum, sed ad signandum ea quæ domi custodienda sunt,' for use, but not for show. Whether they left more chance for the slaves than their husbands, may be guessed from this passage of Cicero. (Ad Tironem, xvi. 26.) 'I remember how my mother used to seal up all the wine-jars at home, even those that were empty, for fear the slaves should say any had been used by the family which they themselves had drunk upon the sly.'

'Obsigna amphorus, huc refer annulum;' 'Seal up the wine-jars, and bring back the ring,' said the ancient Roman, just as an English squire might say to his butler, 'Put up the wine, and bring me the keys.' But as the seal-ring of the ancient served far more important purposes than even securing, or attempting to secure, his eatables and drinkables from the gluttonous and the drunken, it behoved him to be particularly wary as to its use. Thus Cicero earnestly cautions his brother Quintus never to let his signet be the witness of another man's will, but of his own. And the laughing nonchalant Plautus gravely for once admonishes his friends, 'See to whom you entrust your signet ring.' For so far did the respect for a man's seal extend, that it not only ratified all his business transactions, and, as now, conveyed legal power to his will, but the mere transferring it 'in articulo mortis' to any one of his friends or relations, constituted that person sole heir to the dying;† although certainly the discovery of any contrary written will would supplant the supposed ring-gifted legatee. Even in the cases of kings and emperors this custom held good, and the gift of the ring carried with it succession to the throne.

For we read in Quintus Curtius, that when the great Alexander had dismissed the crowd of attendants who surrounded his untimely death-bed, and 'had thrown himself back on the couch as freed from all further concerns and business of life, he motioned his intimate friends

* A few massive gold rings have been found with keys projecting from them, combining use and ornament in rather an inconvenient manner.

† 'Cui moriens detractum annulum traderet, etsi non voce nuncupatus consensu tamen hæres institutus consebatur,' are the words of Pliny, *Lib.* xxxiii.

Digitized by Google

to draw near, and then—for his voice had now begun to fail him—drew off his ring, and delivered it in silence to Perdiccas. . . . . After the death of the King, Perdiccas was called upon to come forward and exhibit publicly the well-known signet by which the monarch had appointed him his successor.'

An almost similar account is given of the death of Tiberius, in Suetonius; but that wretched tyrant appears to have been undecided whom to choose, and death claimed him before he had resolution enough either to part with it himself, or to determine its future possessor. An ingenious though diffuse writer in Fraser's Magazine for 1856, quotes this passage from a mediæval historian, which shows how long this notion of a ring's authority had lasted; and indeed, any reader of that most elegant of fictions, the 'Arabian Nights,' will remember many a case in point. 'Moved by my prayers,' says Joannes Sarisburiensis, 'Pope Adrian has conceded to the illustrious King Henry II. the grant of Ireland, to have and to hold by hereditary right, inasmuch as all islands belong by ancient right to the Roman Church, as part of the donation of Constantine. The Pontiff has therefore transmitted through me a gold ring, set with a splendid emerald, by which he invests King Henry with full powers over Ireland, and which he orders to be kept for ever in the public archives.'

Returning from this short digression, which ought however to convince all good Catholics of the original right of the British Crown to Ireland, to the rings of ancient days, I may allude to a comical story, which the poet Martial relates of himself in the eighty-eighth epigram of the ninth book. We all remember Jack Cade's pathetic remark in Shakspeare's Henry VI. (P. II. Act IV. Scene ii.)—'Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment; that parchment being scribbled o'er should undo a man? Some say the bee stings, but I say 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I have never been my own man since.' But in this fatal trap, the affixing seal to document unread, the crafty Martial was too clever to be caught: as the epigram is elegant, I transcribe it verbatim, and subjoin the translation in a note:—

'Septem post calices opimiani,
Denso cum jaceam triente blæsus,
Affers nescio quas mihi tabellas,
Et dices, modo liberum esse jussi
Nastam; (servulus est mihi paternus;)
Signa: cras melius, Luperce, fiet;
Nunc signat meus annulus lagenam.' *

* 'After I have taken seven cups of strong opimian, and am stretched out at full length, and beginning to stammer, you bring me some paper or another, and say, "I have just made Nasta free, a slave of my father; please give me your signature." No, my friend Lupercus, it may be better done to-morrow; at present my seal is only wanted for the bottle.'—*Ep.* 88. *Lib.* ix.

Digitized by Google

The same caution was sometimes extended even after the death of the possessor of a signet-ring; for we read in Livy, that when Marcellus had fallen in an engagement with the troops of Hannibal, while consul for the fifth time, in the year of Rome 546, his colleague Crispinus recollected that his ring had fallen into the hands of the conquerors, and therefore wrote to the Salapians and other allies of Rome, that all letters after that date, bearing the impress of Marcellus's ring, must be considered to come from the enemy. That very day Hannibal despatched a letter to the Salapians, sealed with Marcellus's signet, telling them to expect him that evening at a certain hour, and ordering the gates to be thrown open to receive the general of the republic. But, warned by Crispinus's forethought, the Salapians stood to their arms, and received the Carthaginian hero with more zeal than he either wished or expected.

Petronius Arbiter, the Pietro Aretino of ancient Roman satire, having completed his wonderful exposure of the tyrant Nero, and sealed it with his usual seal, broke the gem in two, for fear that any innocent person using that gem might get into trouble as the author of that famous 'Satyricon.'

The author of the paper in Fraser's Magazine* to which I have already referred, asserts that even pontifical signets were not safe from being tampered with when he who gave them infallibility was gathered to his fathers. 'As soon as a Pope dies, the Apostolic Chamber send for the plumber of the Holy See, who, in their presence, cuts off the portion of the double leaden seal or Bulla,† which bears the name of his defunct Holiness, leaving the other half, impressed with the images of SS. Peter and Paul, useless, until the consecration of a new Pope adds a new name, and the seal becomes valid again.'

So unwilling was the noble Charlemagne to trust any subject with his seal of state, that he had it set in the hilt of his two-handed sword, giving as a reason for the peculiarity, that the sword which gave him an empire should be trusted with maintaining it. Charlemagne had classical authority, too, for mounting his signet thus: and thereby hangs a tale.

Philip of Macedon was warned by an oracle to beware of quadriges, or four-horse chariots; accordingly he ordered them all to be unyoked, and that no man should venture to use one for fear the Sovereign should be run over and the oracle fulfilled; even when in Bœotia he came upon a place bearing that name, he fled from it as from a pestilence; but eventually the oracle triumphed, for he was murdered by Pausanias as he entered the theatre during the nuptial rites of his daughter, Cleopatra, and on the hilt of the weapon which killed him was graven as a signet a four-horse car.

* Fraser's Magazine, Vol. xxxiv. p. 595. 1856.

† 'The Bullæ, like everything else belonging to his Holiness, his tiara, his keys, &c., are in three; first, the "fisherman's ring," in virtue of which he lacks his pretensions to supremacy; second, the large leaden seal or Bull proper; and lastly, the signum for consistorial Bulls.'—*Idem.*

Digitized by Google

Since the ancients possessed such admirable and inimitable skill in gem engraving, and used their signets so constantly, and for such important purposes, it is curious to notice how badly they were off in the article of sealing-wax. Of this, as we now understand it, they had absolutely none; the Assyrians, Egyptians, Persians, and other Eastern nations, used simple clay, which receiving the impress of the seal when moist, retained it pretty well when dried up by the heat of the climate.

Servius, an old commentator on Virgil, tells us how an oracle had promised a certain Sibyl, that as long as she never beheld with her eyes the earth of Erythræa, so long her life should last; one day, however, receiving a letter sealed with Erythræan earth, the prophecy of Apollo was fulfilled, and she died at once. In his defence of Flaccus, Cicero produced an attestation sent from Asia, and proved its authenticity by its seal of Asiatic sealing-earth, at the same time proving the counter testimony of the accuser to be a forgery, on account of its soft wax seal, a substance which, from its nature, could never have been used in Asiatic climate. The Romans did manage to make a something which should answer better than earth or common wax, and not be so heavy as the lumps of lead with which they at one time, as indeed the lords of the Vatican do still, used for the most important documents. But let us examine the ingredients of this precious compound, which they termed 'maltha,' or 'terra sigillaris;' it was a cement composed of pitch, common wax, plaster, mutton fat, and one or two other similarly nasty substances which have escaped my memory. What a substitute for our clear red sealing-wax—the only colour, by-the-by, which is to be depended upon.

The oldest seal impression in anything like wax in England, is that which confirms a charter given by Edward the Confessor to Westminster Abbey; he learnt the use of wax at the court of the Norman William, though the practice did not become usual in England until some time after the Conquest. William himself always used green wax, symbolizing that his acts and deeds were for ever to remain in force!

From the time of Otho to Frederick IV., the Emperors of Germany, and all the Dukes, Prelates, and Counts of the Holy Roman Empire, followed their example during the thirteenth century; the latter sovereign granted to one of the Dukes of Modena, this right of using white wax, as a mark of distinguished favour. Charles I. and most of his royal predecessors on the throne of England, also used white wax; hence it seems to have been in some way connected with the idea of kingly birth.

The oldest seal of our present sealing-wax, in which shell-lac is used, is on a letter dated London, August 3, 1554, to the rheingrave Philip Von Daun from his agent in England. To this sketch of the antiquities of sealing-wax, I may add that the learned Beckmann declares that the oldest letter sealed with a *red* paste wafer, was written by Dr. Krapf at Spires, in 1624, to the government at Bayreuth.

The seals of Abbeys, Corporations, of Bishops, Kings, and other state seals, some of them very large indeed, have come down to us from

Digitized by Google

mediæval times* in considerable numbers; they are certainly curious, very rude some of them, and some of them very intricate, but they are in reality so modern compared with the *chefs d'œuvre* of antiquity, their execution so inferior, their subjects so much less interesting and elegant, to which must be added that their materials, generally iron or brass, are so much less captivating than the tiny sparkling gem of the classic era, that I shall not attempt to give any account of them, but revert to the days of Horace, Mœcenas, and Augustus.

(To be continued.)

FEMALE RECRUITS FOR THE CHURCH MILITANT.

No. I.

PERHAPS there never was a period in the history of the world, when the condition of the poorer classes attracted so much attention, as the present. Politicians discuss their rights; philanthropists their miseries; and religious people deplore their ignorance and vice. All agree that a great change is needed, though many of us differ as to its direction and its source. We rejoice in the activity for good shown on all sides, and believe that we see in it great hope for the future. But at present we are apt to be oppressed with the magnitude of the work before us. On all sides we hear the cry, 'Come over and help us,' and the smallness of human effort stands in painful contrast with the vastness of human need.

Everywhere the want seems to be of agents devoted to good works. Those best acquainted with our national institutions, as hospitals, workhouses, and schools, bewail the difficulty of getting officials possessing a high Christian tone. Those who follow our lowest poor to their own wretched homes, dare not describe too minutely the squalor, improvidence, and sin, that exist there. In our own households we hear constant complaints of the low standard of morality among the servants of the present day. We are told that even good masters and mistresses fail to secure good servants; and that life below stairs is ruled by a different code of laws to that which governs educated Christians. Pilfering, concealment, and selfishness, are too often permitted, provided they are kept within certain arbitrary limits, which, we need hardly observe, have been settled by the servants themselves without consulting their masters.

* One relic of some interest to the student of English History is now preserved in the Hotel Soubise at Paris—a document dated 1404, to which is affixed the public seal of the famous Owen Glendower—casts of both obverse and reverse were taken by Mr. Doublehay, and exhibited by Sir H. Ellis at a meeting of the Royal Society of Antiquaries in 1834. Until this discovery, it was not known that Glendower had actually assumed the style and state of a sovereign, and adopted a royal signet.

Digitized by Google

Now, taking this state of things for granted, and assuming also that our readers acknowledge the duty of endeavouring to amend it, we beg to press upon their notice one very simple remedy, *viz.* the endeavour on an organized system of leavening our masses by means of themselves. We have discovered that if we wish to evangelize Africa and Asia, we must do it by a native ministry. Why should not the same principle have a wider application, and our English heathen, our pauper nurses, and our domestic servants, be reformed and Christianized by agents drawn from their own class, who can serve as models for imitation, as well as humble teachers to their equals? Such agents may be multiplied almost indefinitely, and form the best links to the class above them, and the safest channels for spreading education and civilization in their own.

Being very deeply impressed with the wisdom of this theory, and very anxious to see it more generally accepted, we beg permission to introduce our readers to three distinct efforts, similar in principle, but adapted to the needs of three distinct classes.

I.—Serving Sisters.
II.—Mission Women.
III.—Trained Nurses.

To begin with Serving Sisters. These persons are generally domestic servants, who voluntarily continue the performance of all their former duties, adding to them some special work, as nursing the sick, but who undertake to do so not for money but from the love of God. They abandon all that their caste considers most precious—wages, perquisites, and sweet-hearts; they wear a plain dress, submit to a strict rule, and lead a hard life. Enthusiasm and romance may excite ladies to leave their homes for the devoted life of a Sister of Mercy. But can anyone familiar with the feelings of cooks and housemaids suppose that such a sacrifice can be voluntarily undertaken by them, from any motive but the highest? For beyond the certainty of being cared for when too old or too infirm for work, it is difficult to conceive any earthly advantage which a good servant obtains by giving up her situation and joining a Sisterhood. Not to mention her resignation of marriage, which is viewed by servants as a more necessary matter even than it is by the educated classes; Serving Sisters resign their freedom to a greater degree than can be easily realized without some thought. Nor can they delude themselves with the idea that they are being 'made ladies of.' The heads of the different Sisterhoods, now established in different portions of our Church, are too wise to put their Lady Sisters to do what is technically called 'menial work,' when they have Serving Sisters capable of performing that physical drudgery which is best accomplished by the stouter body and less developed brain. But in addition to the household work of the Home, there are special offices of love for the invalids, the penitents, or the children, to whose service the Sisterhood is devoted, which devolve on the Serving Sisters. As we stated before, these humble workers are part

Digitized by Google

of an organized system; they assist the Sisters, are trained by them, and are subordinate to them. Though fulfilling the duties of their own humble station, they do so in union with those of a higher; and are to the educated Sister what deacons originally were to the priests.

Lest we should be suspected of theorizing, we will now show the work of a Serving Sister by a few instances, selected from many, and for the accuracy of which we can vouch from personal knowledge. C— M— has been a Serving Sister for more than four years, in a Sisterhood where the care of the sick and dying is made a special duty. She is an excellent plain cook, not only for a household frequently numbering forty, but in preparing delicacies for those whose health renders such luxuries necessary. Some time since, one of the inmates of the Home sickened with small-pox. C— M— volunteered to be her sole nurse, and was therefore isolated from her companions, forbidden to go to church, and lived alone with her patient for six weeks in an empty house, her sole attendant in a disease from which most persons shrink with vulgar terror.

C— H— was also (like C— M—) a servant in a good situation, when she left all to assist some good Sisters of Mercy in the charge of the sinful and fallen. She lives among these most degraded specimens of her sex, as among her fellow-servants, teaching and helping them in the performance of household drudgery, hoping to see them rise to that domestic service which she has so nobly resigned for their sake.

F— was a work-house orphan, and is ignorant of the names of her parents. Brought up in a country union, she was sent to service, and proving hard-working and respectable, rose to a good situation. Illness sent F— to a hospital, and thus introduced her to some English Sisters of Charity. Their kindness astonished the foundling, and it was long before she could believe that love existed for her. On recovering her health came the desire to devote herself to the service of the friendless; and she is now a Serving Sister, remarkable for the amount of hard work her willing hands and feet accomplish, and with a bright face, that has no trace of the work-house in its sweet smile.

We refrain from multiplying these instances, but we could easily do so. Our object is to show that among the sometimes despised class of servants there exist persons capable of high sacrifice and noble aspirations. We believe that if this were more generally known, and above all, more freely recognized, these Serving Sisters would do much to raise the tone of servants generally. We hope that there are not many mistresses who would dare to be guilty of the selfishness of keeping back for their own use a good servant who desired to devote herself to the more special service of our Heavenly Master; but we fear that there are but few who, in their intercourse with the poor, either in orphanages or adult classes, ever put before them this high calling, which is as much open to them as it is to us. We are far from ignoring the fact that Serving Sisters must always be exceptional persons, and that domestic service or marriage are the more ordinary vocations allotted to their fulfilment. Only let us

Digitized by Google

recognize the existence of the third vocation also; and when we urge our young women to use their best endeavour to avoid the temptations and to learn the duties of domestic service, let us remember that every good and faithful servant acquires not only the power of supporting herself and improving her fellow-servants, but may some future day imitate the example of that poor widow, who threw into the Treasury of Christ's Church 'all that she had, even all her living.'

(To be continued.)

AUNT CECILY'S MUSIC LESSONS.

PART I.—MABEL'S MUSIC-BOOK.

LESSON X.

THE evening has come, and meanwhile Mabel has flown down-stairs and gently opened the door of the outer drawing-room. When she heard the music, she stood still, not venturing to move till it ended. There was an archway between the two rooms, but those in the inner room could not see anyone standing near the door of the outer room.

When the piece was finished, and voices were heard talking, Mabel ventured forward. Aunt Cecily was pleased to see her, and so was Miss Mellany. Charles Lyne (who was doing audience all alone) took Mabel under his protection, and made her share the great arm-chair he was lounging in. Miss Wells and Clara were at the piano-forte, Miss Mellany at the harmonium, and Clement Bowyer had his violin in his hand.

'Don't you think we'd better go through it again?' Miss Mellany asked.

'Louisa, you're such a fidget!' Clara replied. 'We shall do it all right in the evening. I want to try Coriolanus.'

'I don't agree with you, Clara,' said Miss Wells. 'We don't go together, and I'm sure Mr. Bowyer would be glad to try it a second time. He has not practised it long ago, as we have, and his part has some difficult passages.'

'Thank you, Miss Wells,' young Bowyer said. 'I should be very glad to go over it again, but—perhaps it would be tiring Miss Clara.'

'All right!' that young lady replied. 'Come on.'

Which laconic speech caused Clement Bowyer to bite his lower lip, and Charles Lyne to give a silent grin.

'What are they playing?' Mabel whispered.

'Midsummer Night's Dream,' he answered in a low tone. 'I suppose you are as wise as you were before, though really now you ought to know all about it, for you're a regular Queen Mab.'

Digitized by Google

'Why, *she* was the Queen of the Fairies,' said Mabel, 'and you know there are no such things—they're only make-believe, and *I* am a *real* child!'

Clara turned round suddenly, saying, 'Indeed, there's no mistake about that. If you want to chatter, Mabel, you had better go farther off, for I can't endure playing with talking going on close to my ears.'

'Oh, I beg your pardon, Clara,' cried Mabel with glowing cheeks. 'I thought you weren't ready to begin. I won't speak another word.'

'There, that will do, child,' was the gracious reply.

Aunt Cecily had been out of patience with Clara for some time, but this was the last drop in her cup. She resolved to make her pay for snubbing Mabel, by keeping her waiting a good time, so instead of beginning to play, she turned to Mabel and said, 'Mabel, we are going to play a piece that represents a tale that I will tell you to-morrow. When we begin, shut your eyes, and fancy yourself in a wood, in very hot weather, and at night, with the moon shining, and that you hear the sound of a fairy call blown on enchanted horns, and at the summons hosts of fairies come flying in, and go on running or flying about for some time. Then they will disappear, and a king and queen with a train of lords and ladies will come into the wood; and then some working men will come in, and one of them will be bewitched by the fairies, and get his head changed into a donkey's head, and you will hear the donkey bray. Then the fairies will sing a lullaby to send him to sleep. This will all go over twice, and other things, which I have not time to tell you, will be represented. At the end the fairies will flutter about and then fly away; and the last sounds will be the fairy horns sounding in the distance, and all will fade away like a dream.'

Miss Mellany, who had been listening with a smile, here clapped her hands gently, while Charles Lyne called out, 'Hear, hear!' and Bowyer made a bow to Miss Wells.

Clara laughed and said—'I sit corrected, as Aunt Pen says when she wishes us to understand she wants no farther discussion. Will it please your Serene Highness to let us proceed with our poor performance?'

Miss Wells smiled, and looked at the other two, who both nodded in token of being ready; and the first sounds were given by the harmonium and violin.

Mabel, with her hand over her eyes, was picturing to herself a beautiful wood she had been to in the summer with a pic-nic party, and fancying how it would look by moonlight, listening all the time to the fairy horns. When the piano-forte and violin went together with a shower of quick sounds as soft and light as possible, Mabel thought it was just the very sound to represent fairies, and she took hold of Charles Lyne's hand and pressed it, and looked up in his face with delight sparkling in her eyes. He thought to himself, 'She's the dearest little fairy that ever was—worth a thousand make-believe Titanias.'

The music came to an end at last, and Mabel hardly knew where

Digitized by Google

she was. The performers rose, and Miss Mellany came to Mabel and kissed her. 'Happy child!' she said. 'I envy her. Don't you, Cecilia?'

'Envy *me!* Why?' said Mabel.

'Because you can enjoy this glorious piece of music played with only three instruments, while we who have heard it with an orchestra (a full band) feel that we only get a faint and dim image of the real thing.'

Clara interposed—'Really, Louisa, you are absurd, puzzling that poor child's brains with your "faint and dim images." As if she could understand such ideas!'

'Oh indeed, Clara, I do!' cried Mabel, eager to vindicate Miss Mellany as well as herself. 'I quite understand what Louisa says, and I think it's *very* kind of her to explain things to me.'

'Oh, you pedantic puss, do stop preaching!' was Clara's reply. 'Now, good people, is this a rehearsal or a conversazione? I warn you I won't stop here one minute after five.'

Miss Mellany and Miss Wells looked at each other, and smiled a significant smile. The idea of Clara, who never knew, or wished to know, what o'clock it was, pretending to punctuality, struck them as absurd. Her threat therefore had no effect on them, but it alarmed Mr. Bowyer, who instantly went to a pile of music placed by Miss Mellany ready for use, and began tumbling it over in a great bustle, looking for his part in 'Coriolanus.' Charles Lyne jumped up and pointed it out to him on the top of a pile of music for stringed instruments, separated from the piano-forte music. Mr. Bowyer eagerly placed it on his desk, and began trying it *sotto voce*, while Miss Wells asked young Lyne to bring her the piano parts. She handed the part for 'Second Piano,' to Miss Mellany, while she placed the 'First Piano' part ready for Clara and herself. Charles Lyne said he was very curious to see what notes would be used by Beethoven to represent the ideas belonging to the history of Caius Marcius, and Miss Wells asked him to turn over for them. Mabel, fearful of annoying Clara, kept at a respectful distance from the players. And then they started.

Mabel had read the story of Coriolanus in her little Roman History. It was one of her favourite tales, and she was quite as curious as Charles Lyne to hear how it could be told by musical sounds. She did not find it so easy to follow as Mendelssohn's overture, but she recognized some parts of the story. The tumult, and the terror of the people, were plain enough; and the entreaties and imploring cries of the women she heard distinctly, with their words broken by agitation and sobs, represented by syncopated notes. Not that Mabel had the slightest idea what 'syncopated notes' were, but she felt what they expressed, perfectly.

When 'Coriolanus' had been played through once, Clara, (to whom it was new,) declared it was superb, and that she *must* hear it again. So it was done again, and Mabel liked it even better the second time than the first. The next piece charmed her more than anything. It was Gounod's Meditation on Bach's First Prelude, arranged for piano-forte, harmonium,

Digitized by Google

violin, and voice. Clara's splendid voice, which was as sweet as it was powerful, brought out the melody wonderfully. Bowyer and Lyne were as much enchanted as Mabel was.

When it ended, Aunt Cecily looked round and saw that Mabel had tears in her eyes. She called her to her, and the child put her arm round her aunt's neck and whispered, 'Isn't it a sort of anthem? I never heard anything so lovely. Auntie, it's nicer even than the anthem I heard at X——. I could fancy it was like the music the angels sing in Heaven!'

Aunt Cecily whispered 'Hush!' but she smiled. And then she looked at her watch, and informed Clara that it was eight minutes past five, and that she wished to try a duett of Beethoven's with Mr. Bowyer. Clara, who loved music truly, and who played well enough herself to enable her to appreciate Miss Wells's style, said she intended to stay and hear the duett if Cecilia would let her. But Cecilia said, 'No—it was a sonata she had never tried with Mr. Bowyer; that it was a favourite of Mr. Auriol's, put into the programme for his special pleasure, and that she wished it to go well; that they would probably have to *practise*, not merely *rehearse;* that tea would be ready in the school-room in less than half an hour, and that Clara had better go and attend to the matter she had in her mind when she had said she could not stay after five o'clock.'

Clara rose, laughing. 'There, that's enough, Saint Cecilia,' she cried. 'Spare me a longer sermon. And mind,' she added, as she reached the door, '*you* don't exceed your twenty-two minutes; for I declare I'll go to the school-room at half-past five, to the very instant, and if you're not there, I'll make Mabel pour out tea for me, all by myself.' And so saying, Clara disappeared. Mabel looked very much alarmed. She never could understand Clara.

Miss Mellany, in the act of closing the harmonium, looked at Mabel and said, 'She's only joking, Mabel.—Cecilia, I suppose I may go to the school-room at once, and take Mabel. I want her to show me something.'

Mabel jumped up and ran to Miss Mellany. 'Oh, what is it, Louisa? My copy-books are not at all nice this week. I've had bad marks every day!'

Miss Mellany laughed, and taking Mabel's hand, she led her out of the room, saying, 'I don't want to see copy-books on a holiday, thank you. I want to see your doll, and that wonderful patch-work quilt you are making for her bed.' Aunt Cecily smiled; and Miss Mellany, feeling that young Bowyer would be glad not to lose another minute out of his twenty-two, got out of the way with the little chatter-box as quickly as she could.

The duett was the famous No. 2, Op. 30, dedicated to the Emperor Alexander. Miss Wells had played it often with good violinists, and knew she could do it well; but she did not expect that an amateur of Clement Bowyer's age would be capable of expressing it rightly. There was no need of any 'practising.'

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

VISITS TO A WORKHOUSE NURSERY.

A CERTAIN amount of gloom seems always to hang over a workhouse; the heavy iron gates, the bare walls, and long dreary stone passages, all tend to invest it with a prison-like look. Certainly the one I am in the habit of visiting is no exception to this rule. Still, like other gloomy places, it has its bright spot; and it is a great comfort to turn away from all the sin, misery, and hopelessness which one sees in the rest of the house, to enter the infant nursery; yet even here, there are many things to make one feel sad.

The nursery is a large airy room, with bare whitewashed walls, at present without a single picture to brighten them up. Round the room are placed the children's cribs, which, with a few low benches and a table, constitute the whole of the furniture; a door at one end opens into a large court, of about an eighth of an acre in size; in the centre of which is a grass-plot; round the walls is a good flower-border; the space between it and the grass being paved with large flag-stones; so that the children have a nice dry place to run about in, even in damp weather. The ages of the children vary from a few months to three years old; for the most part they look very healthy, and are, I believe, well looked after. The nurse is, I think, very fond of them. She used to quarrel and fight so dreadfully with the other women in the house, that the mistress was glad to place her in a position in which she sees hardly anyone; trusting that her love for children would keep her from venting her temper on them. I think her affection for them is the one soft place in her heart; perhaps, too, she remembers the time when she was a little deserted child in the same workhouse, and that makes her kind to these poor little ones; many of whom have been deserted in the same way by their parents. Of course, however, many of the mothers are in the house, and we often come in and find them playing with their children. When the children are between three and four years old, they are sent to the infant school, and then the mothers are only allowed to see them once a week, for half an hour. The absence of all shyness in these children is quite wonderful; even when we were quite strangers to them, they used to run up to us directly we got into the room, and were delighted at being kissed and played with. We used to try and teach them to kiss, but unfortunately they did not learn very quickly.

It is very dreadful to see the state to which some of these poor children are reduced, when first they enter the house; many have been picked up in B—— in a half-starved condition, their eyes starting out of their heads, and their little bodies nothing but skin and bone. When they are found in this state they rarely recover, but die at the end of a few weeks.

Of course there are exceptions to this rule; thus, the healthiest looking

Digitized by Google

child now in the nursery was the youngest of five who were found almost dying of starvation in an empty room in one of the worst parts of B——. Their father and mother had sailed for America, and left these poor children behind.

One day when I was there, the nurse told me that they had a new little girl who could dance and sing. She was a nice, bright looking child, of about three years old. On being told by the nurse to dance, she began to shuffle her feet backwards and forwards, and at the same time to sing, 'Slap-bang, here we are again;' frowning and squinting most dreadfully; it seemed as if she were repeating a lesson which had been acquired with great difficulty. 'A policeman found her in B——,' said the nurse, in answer to my inquiries, 'and her mother's dead.' 'Where is her father?' I asked. The child, looking up quickly, answered, 'He's took off to the station-house.' What an insight did that give to the life the child had been leading!

A short time ago the Bishop visited the workhouse, and while there, went to see the nursery; one poor little blind child especially attracted his notice; she had been brought to that state through the ill-treatment she had received from her mother. The Bishop, on hearing this, most kindly offered either to allow the Guardians a sum of money to provide her with additional comforts in the workhouse, or else to place her in a Home for children and provide altogether for her; but his kind intentions in regard to her were not destined to be carried out; for that very evening she died, and all her troubles were ended for ever.

A short time ago, I went into the nursery, about twelve o'clock; at that hour the room wore quite a different aspect. The children were stretched in rows on the floor, having their mid-day nap; while, in the further corner of the room, the nurse had just laid out a little baby, who was sleeping its last sleep; its pure white face contrasting strangely with the flushed healthy faces of the children on the ground. In a few minutes, I felt that all those children would be awake, and romping about the room; and that little quiet body would still be lying there disregarded by all: they would doubtless eat and drink in that room; laugh and play in it just the same as usual; and then the next day, when the child's body was placed under the ground, they would most probably eat their dinner off the table on which the body was then lying. How can we expect these children, when they grow up, to have right feelings about death, when they have seen the dead treated with such irreverence?

If they could be placed under the care of educated and religious women, how different would the future of most of them be!

Is it too much to hope that some day workhouses, as well as hospitals, may be placed under the superintendence of Sisters? What a bright day that would be to the workhouse children!

Digitized by Google

CORRESPONDENCE.

M. S. is afraid that clergymen's families may feel hurt at Mrs. Marvin representing herself as unable to visit the Salterne family on equal terms. Of course it is not meant that, as a clergyman's wife, she would not be on a footing with the squire's wife and daughters, but that her individual circumstances would make it impossible. It is not always that the clergy or their wives are the high-born personages M. S. represents them; and the footing of the female portion of the household in society necessarily depends on their position, their breeding, and their circumstances. Nothing would be a more unfortunate error than for the wife and daughters of a struggling 'poor incumbent' to expect to share all the parties at the great house; the endeavour to be as fashionable as the young ladies, by their own contrivance or that of the village dress-maker, would make them vulgar and ridiculous, take up valuable time and thought, and in the end prove costly—for muslins are not always clean, and bows of ribbon cannot be had for nothing.

HINTS ON FRENCH READING.

BY MADAME DE WITT, NÉE GUIZOT.

Manuel d'Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient Jusqu 'aux Guerres Médiques, by M. François Lenormant, Under Librarian to the Institut. (A. Lévy fils, 29, Rue de Seine, Paris.) The first volume of this interesting work, gives the history of the Israelites, the Egyptians, and the Assyrians; the second contains that of the Babylonians, the Medes, Persians, Phœnicians, and Carthaginians. The author, still young, but truly learned and wise, a philologist and archeologist, is the son of M. Charles Lenormant, whose works made France take an important step in the sciences of archeology and numismatics, and who died in a last voyage to Greece, a victim to his love of science, and to the cause of the freedom of the Greeks. A steadfast and fervent Catholic, M. Charles Lenormant belonged to the party of Liberal Catholics, at the head of which were le Père Lacordaire and M. de Montalembert. He left his opinions, as well as his tastes, to his son, as the following extract from the preface to the first volume bears witness:—'I am a Christian, and I proclaim it loudly, but my faith is not frightened by any of the discoveries of critics, even when true; and therefore, as I am a Christian, I consider myself to be more completely in the sense and spirit of science than those who have the misfortune to possess no faith.

'In history, I am of the school of Bossuet. I see in the annals of mankind the development of a providential plan, which continues through all ages and through all the vicissitudes of society. In this I recognize the designs of God, respecting the liberty of man, invariably doing His work by his free hands, nearly always unknown to him, and often in spite of him. To me, as to all Christians, the whole of ancient history is the preparation for, modern history the consequence of, the Divine Sacrifice at Golgotha.'

The discoveries of science during the last forty years have so extended and modified the old notions of Eastern history, the field open to conjecture is now so vast, and the facts gained are so numerous, that a new book, written by a learned man, and within the reach of the ignorant, is really a piece of good fortune, for making them sharers of which, our readers will know how to thank us.

Digitized by Google

Deux ans au Lycée, by Madame de Pressensé. (Meyrueis, 168, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.) Some of the readers of The Monthly Packet perhaps know already 'La Maison Blanche,' (the White House at S. Real,) by Madame de Pressensé. 'Deux ans au Lycée,' is also a book certainly for boys, written by a mother who knows her sons well; the tone is elevated and delicate, the conversation lively, sometimes a little mixed with college jargon; and the Doctrine of Sacrifice is well comprehended, and set forth in all its beauty. The little girl who puts her hand forward to receive the punishment intended for her companion, whose fingers are covered with chilblains, is a true disciple of Him Who carried our sorrows and took upon Himself our infirmities. But Madame de Pressensé has not exclusively given up her pen to young boys; 'Rosa,' and 'Le Journal de Thérèse,' are books for girls. 'Rosa' especially is a charming narrative. 'Le Journal de Thérèse' is sometimes tinged with a slightly morbid sentiment.

Scènes d'Histoire et de Famille, by Madame de Witt, née Guizot. (Didier, 35, Quai des Augustins, Paris.)—The author has wished to shew how private life is mixed up with public, and with history, more than is generally known; and how, in the most humble, as well as in the most brilliant stations, the description of times and events helps one to understand the history of persons. The six historical scenes, which compose the volume, cover many centuries; beginning at the First Crusade, 'Raymond de S. Gilles à la Croisade,' (1095–1099,) then we arrive at Bayard, 'le bon chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche,' (1489–1524,) then, leaving France, we arrive in Holland at the most glorious epoch of the beautiful history of this little country, struggling heroically against an overwhelming power: 'Leyde et le Zélandais sauvages.' (1574.) The beginning of the sixteenth century takes us into Scotland, the last part of Europe where superstition burnt witches, 'une héritière Ecossaise sous le règne de Jacques VI.' (1613–1617;) then following the French abroad, Madame de Witt gives a description of the first missions of the Jesuits in Canada, 'un village de la nouvelle France,' (1638–1649,) to finish in India, an account of the heroic enterprises of Dupleix, of his predecessors and successors, always baffled by the weakness of their government, 'les Français dans l'Inde.' (1746–1784.)

Un Intérieur, by Mademoiselle Couriard. (La Société des écoles de Dimanche, 16, Rue de l'Abbaye, Paris.)—It is certainly a picture of a home circle that Mademoiselle Couriard has wished to draw; a father, young girls, and a precise governess, charming and excellent, but a little too eloquent on the beauties of nature, and the feelings of the heart. We must not quarrel with her, for she exercises her influences beneficially on her pupil, who was at first rebellious, but perhaps all young girls might not have been won by so much enthusiasm. The book is, however, interesting, and conceived in the best spirit.

La Duchesse d'Ayen, by Madame de la Fayette; *Madame de la Fayette*, by Madame de Lasteyrie. (Techer, Rue St. André des Orts, Paris.)—Those who have read the 'Mémoires de la Marquise de Montagu' of the French Revolution, were left anxious for details of the mother of the 'five sisters de Noailles' and of the strong woman who stands above them all in her heroic simplicity, Madame la Marquise de la Fayette. It was known that there was a life of Madame la Duchesse d'Ayen in existence, written in prison at Olmütz, by her daughter, Madame de la Fayette, on the margins of a work by Buffon the naturalist; some privileged persons had also seen the life of Madame de la Fayette, by her daughter Madame de Lasteyrie. M. de Remisat, of the French Academy, son-in-law to Madame de Lasteyrie, moved by the publication of some fragments of these family treasures, consented at last to give to the public what had been for a long while requested.

Digitized by Google

'La vie de la Duchesse d'Ayen' is short; feelings are condensed, and facts restrained —it is visible that space was limited, and that the heart of the daughter dared not expand for want of paper. This produces rather a severe sketch; religious ardour, thus restrained, becomes austere, but the simple grandeur of virtue triumphs over all these obstacles; and one can understand the vivid impression such a mother must have left on the hearts of daughters whom she had brought up with passionate devotedness. Paper was not wanting with Madame de Lasteyrie; she did not write in the midst of trials, such as had burdened her mother's life; and her biography of Madame de la Fayette, written for her children, is one of the most touching monuments of affection and respect that a daughter could possibly raise to her mother. This young woman, married at fourteen, loving her husband passionately, first saw him start for America to serve under Washington; then among the first to bear the trials of the French Revolution—in the beginning ardent amongst the Liberals, then trying to restrain the popular torrent, and to protect the throne against its rage; at last, in leaving France, he was arrested, through a misunderstanding, and kept in an Austrian prison for several long years. During this time Madame de la Fayette received deputations from the National Guard, in order that she might conceal the departure of her husband, and give him time to leave the country where his life was in danger; then, on ascertaining his arrest, she set herself to settle his affairs immediately, and pay his debts. At last, free from all care, leaving behind her a ruined fortune and a decreased family, she took the road to Olmütz with her children, the end of all her desires; and when she saw in the distance the towers of the fortress, where she was going to be buried, she began to sing the Magnificat in a transport of joy and gratitude, an admirable example of conjugal love and religious faith, of courage and simplicity. The 'Mémoires' of her sister, Madame de Montagu, had already made us acquainted with some features of her character; the biography of Madame de Lasteyrie shews us the whole, firm and great, tender and faithful, a true example of a Christian woman. 'The Life of the Marquise de Montagu' was an extract from her journal, first made under the superintendence of members of her family, and afterwards published by the Duc de Noailles, her great-nephew. 'The Life of Madame de la Fayette,' as also that of the 'Duchesse d'Ayen,' are printed word for word; though M. de Remisat did wish to modify the original, he has published these two biographies, which were inspired by such tender recollections, in their noble simplicity. This beautiful collection contains also the letter of the Abbé Carrichon, the priest who helped the Maréchale de Noailles, la Duchesse d'Ayen, and la Vicomtesse de Noailles, on their way to the scaffold; and also some other very touching pieces. With the remembrance of these very hard times, it is well to measure the heights to which torture carried some of the victims.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

D. M.—*Not seeing any answer in the June Number to the inquiry for some Institution in England where girls can be trained as Teachers free of expense,* SALF *believes that this is done entirely free, excepting clothing and travelling expenses, at Lincoln—Principal, the*

Digitized by Google

Rev. Prebendary Nelson. This Institution is one of the most successful in England; last Christmas, out of twenty-two candidates seventeen were placed in the first class at their final examination. The students come from all parts of England, and are thoroughly well trained; and the real earnest practical spirit infused into the whole Training School by the good management of the head, and the thorough good understanding between him and his coadjutors, is very remarkable.——There is an Orphanage at St. Peter's, Vauxhall, under Miss Gregory, where girls are boarded, and trained in the adjoining National Schools as pupil teachers—also, it is believed, free of expense.

Annette's Answer to X. Y. Z.—*The Origin of Hot Cross-buns.*

'Another mystery which was practised by the Druids was that of the consecrated cake, which they offered to their idols, and broke it, and ate it as a bond of fellowship; and more strangely still, that sacrificial cake was marked, as in Egypt, with the sign of *the Cross*, the holy sign with which they reverently wrote the Name of God three times on their consecrated oak. The sacred cake is still preserved among us with another meaning, in the "Cross-bun" of Good Friday, the day on which we commemorate the fulfilment of the long-predicted and typified Sacrifice. It was the custom of the Bishops and Priests, who were instrumental in planting the Cross of Christ on this island, to adopt and retain as trophies of the triumph of the Cross the significant ceremonies of the heathen.'—*From 'The Cross and the Serpent,' by the Rev. W. Haslam.*

Acknowledged, with many thanks from the Sisters of the Poor, A Parcel of Clothing *from* Four Girls.

Claude Cecil.—*Alban Butler's* Lives of the Saints *is the standard English book for all the Saints of the Western Church*—i. e. *of the Roman Calendar. Accounts of the black-letter Saints of the English Calendar are to be found in Bishop Mant's Prayer Book; also in a book called* The Calendar of the English Church; *(Burns.) also in the* Calendar of The English Church Union, *published annually by Masters; also in* The Lesser Holydays, *in Volumes V. and VI. of* The Monthly Packet.

H. M.—*The passage in* Acts, viii. 15, 16, *has always been understood to refer to the Grace of Confirmation. Regeneration, or New Birth, has always been believed by the Church to be conferred in Holy Baptism, through the agency of the Holy Spirit, but the strengthening power of the Holy Spirit by the laying on of episcopal hands. That these are not the same gifts, a reference to the Baptismal and Confirmation Services will show. An infant is first* born, *then strengthened.*

M. *suggests to* J., Lessons on the Types of the Old Testament, *published by* The Church of England Sunday School Institute.

Adelaide *will be much obliged if any of the Correspondents of* The Monthly Packet *can inform her where the well-known lines—*

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.'

are taken from.

May *would be very much obliged if any Correspondent of* The Monthly Packet *could let her know of any good books in English, giving accounts of life in Germany; and French tales, or novels in French, on the same subject; and—if of the religious type—Catholic, not Protestant.*

Greta.—*We have a letter for you if you will again favour us with your address.*

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

Digitized by Google

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 33. SEPTEMBER, 1868. PRICE 1s.

MEDIEVAL SEQUENCES AND HYMNS.

No. IX.—FOR THE EXALTATION OF THE CROSS.

(Ave Crucis dulce lignum)

HAIL, wood of Cross most sweet,
Standard of triumph fair,
Who wast alone accounted meet
Thy Lord and God to bear;
On thee uplifted Christ
Hath vanquished death, thereunto born,
As Isaac sacrificed
To save our race forlorn.

Hail, sinners' stair, whereby
Our Saviour did ascend,
That so to Angel choirs on high,
Man too his way might wend:
On thee was life restored
By the Life-giver, David's Son,
And through our humbled Lord
A world from ruin won.

Hail, sign of doctrine deep,
Emblem of royal sway,
On thee the Shepherd of the sheep
Purged all their sins away.
He be our Shepherd good,
Our Guide to realms of light on high,
Who willed with His own Blood
The Cross to sanctify.

Amen.

Digitized by Google

PSALM XX.

(Exaudiat Te Dominus.)

When trouble darkens all thy sky,
Then the Lord hear thee;
When round thee rings the battle-cry,
The Lord be near thee.
When fainting in the heat and strife,
The Lord defend thee;
And when thou fightest for thy life,
His succour lend thee.

Thy offerings offered in His Name
The Lord remember,
And kindle for thee into flame
Each glowing ember.
The secret of thy silent prayer,
All hopes that haunt thee
When kneeling in His presence there,
May the Lord grant thee.

O well for us!—we march along,
A blood-bought nation;
The Name of Jesus is our song,
And our salvation.
Our trust is not in spear nor shield,
Nor our own doing;
We rally round Him in the field,
Faint, yet pursuing.

His Cross, the banner that we bear,
By Him appointed,
Proclaims Messiah everywhere,
The Lord's Anointed;
And when before our conquering feet
Our foes fall smitten,
We see still gleaming over it
His title written.

MOUNT NEBO.

'And the Lord spake unto Moses that selfsame day, saying, Get thee up into this mountain Abarim, unto Mount Nebo, which is in the land of Moab, that is over against Jericho; and behold the land of Canaan, which I give unto the children of Israel for a possession: and die in the mount whither thou goest up, and be gathered

Digitized by Google

unto thy people; . . . . . Because ye trespassed against Me among the children of Israel at the waters of Meribah-Kadesh, in the wilderness of Zin; because ye sanctified me not in the midst of the children of Israel. Yet thou shalt see the land before thee.'—*Deut.* xxxii. 48-51.

'And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. And the Lord shewed him all the land.'—*Deut.* xxxiv. 1.

SEEM'D it not strange and severe that the leader of Israel,
After so many long years full of anguish and travail,
After those terrible trials, and that dreary probation,
Should be but given to gaze from the summit of Pisgah
On the good land of his heart, the fair home of his fathers,
On the broad borders outstretch'd of Ephraim and Gilead,
On the great plains and fair fields of Dan and Manasseh,
On the dear place of his rest, the sweet Canaan of Promise.
Forty years softness and wealth in the courts of the Pharaohs,
Forty years travail and toil in the terrible desert,
Then but one glance on the land he would never inherit;
On the blue summits afar of the hills everlasting,
Shading the vineyards and vales of luxuriant verdure,
Heavy with harvests full ripe that he never would gather,
Track'd o'er with silvery streams that he never would drink of,
Sprinkled with glimmering lakes that he never would rest by,
Fann'd by a delicate breeze that would never refresh him:
Fair was that land and serene—'twas the glory of all lands.
Yet dare we deem that regret from the lips of the dying
Came, as he thought of his sin and the Will of Jehovah;
Came, as with eyes gazing far with a vision prophetic,
Saw he the sin, and the shame, and the idols of Israel—
Incense, and off'rings, and groves to the gods of the nations;
Came, as he saw those free souls, the children of Abraham,
Languish as spiritless slaves in the dungeons Assyrian,
And as idolaters bow to the gods Babylonian,
Whilst retribution descends to the fourth generation.
Yet thro' that dreariest waste, like a gleam in the darkness,
Thro' the dim vista of years shone the Light of the Gentiles,
And on the midnight of sin rose the Glory of Israel.
Therefore, the Saint did not weep, for that Great Consolation
Made him rejoice for his flocks, and make haste not to linger,
But to th' Embrace of his God to depart and inherit:
Whilst like the sign of the Cross his arms were outstretched,
And on the Breast of his God was his spirit enfolded—
For he had reach'd, in his heart, to the City supernal;
And when he lifted his eyes from the Canaan terrestrial,
'Twas to repose them for aye on the Face of the Blessed.

Digitized by Google

MANY MANSIONS.

ZECHARIAH, VIII. 4, 5.

IN MEMORIAM. A. C.—C. S. L.

PART I.

'Know ye the land? 't is not an earthly home,
To which no thoughts of sorrow ever come.'

IT is not possible even to tell over 'the infinite meanings that cluster round that blessed word Home.' 'The joys that crowd the household nook;' the certainty of sympathy, that brings us

'Home, home, to sigh when we're sad,
Home, home, to smile when we're glad;'

the unconquerable feeling for our fatherland—the land

'Where once the father's cradle stood,
Where now his ashes rest;'

'the strength whereby
The patriot girds himself to die;'

the young conscript's deep sadness; the exile's unutterable yearning;—these all have 'one fountain deep and clear,' in that love of home and country, which is one of the truest, holiest feelings of man's heart.

How deeply that love was felt by Him, Who took our nature, that He might show what it ought to be in its perfection, His words, His tears, will prove.*

'And when He came near, He beheld the city and wept over it. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, if thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace!'

'Even thou! thou that killest the prophets, thou that wilt say—"This is the heir; come, let us kill him, that the inheritance may be ours." Even thou art so dear to Him still, that His farewell command to His disciples is, "Go preach the Gospel to all nations, *beginning at Jerusalem.*"'†

But here we have no continuing city—we seek one to come: 'I am a stranger and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.' Day by day we learn more clearly, that this is not our *home;* would God we all learned, at the same time, to look on to that blessed place, of which our earthly homes are as the type and shadow, where these heart-felt affections shall receive their fullest development. For as Moses was commanded to make all things according to the pattern showed him in the Mount, so the whole

* See poem by Rev. C. Wolfe.

† Compare Bunyan's Jerusalem Sinner Saved.

Digitized by Google

life of a Christian, and of his household, should be after the pattern of the 'faultless charities above.'

And those who have never known the blessings of a home in the true sense of the word, whose home comfort is spoiled by jarring tempers, or ungoverned wills; those also, who like their Master, are homeless on earth, not having where to lay their head—may all look in joyful hope, to the time when He who gives them their inheritance and is Himself gone 'to prepare a place for them,' shall bid them welcome to His Father's house—His Father, and their Father. 'Enter thou into the joy of the Lord.'

Oh, who will long most eagerly for this, their real home? Those who from happy memories and peaceful enjoyments may frame to themselves some dim outline of that exceeding and eternal weight of glory, the happiness of Heaven; or those whose longing is enhanced by the contrast between the bliss they are promised, and the sorrows or the sufferings of their life here?

Surely the happy, the glad hearts—the thankful ones, who are enjoying all their Father's gifts to the utmost, youth and health and beauty—surely they will be most eager for their home, most joyous in their anticipations, most happy in speaking to one another of the time when they shall go home?

Is it so?

'Mother dear, I'm counting the days and the hours and the minutes till I come home.' Where is the feeling that corresponds to this? In the early days of the Christian Church, the Thessalonian converts were so absorbed by their hopes of the immediate coming of our Lord, as to call for a warning from St. Paul. 'Even so, come quickly, LORD Jesus,' was constantly on the lips of the primitive Christians; but with us, what do we feel? I do not ask, What do we believe? or What do we think? but What do we instinctively *feel*?

Instead of dwelling, with a frank child-like hopefulness, on the many proofs of our Father's love that meet us here, as gifts sent to teach us what we may expect hereafter; do we not rather silence all thought on the subject, as if with a dim misgiving that we had better avoid it?

Would this satisfy us from our own children? we prepare for their home-coming, we look forward to their holidays—would it not pain us unspeakably to know that they shrank from thinking of their *home*?

And it is not a sufficient answer to say, that the carnal heart is enmity against God; for it is not only those who are living without God in the world, but those sinners, yet pardoned ones, sinners who *know* what Jesus wrought—who *do* serve Him, and do love Him and His—they too often share the same reluctant feeling. Why—why is it so?

Partly, for that in mercy to us, God has implanted in us a strong desire of life, and an equally strong instinctive dread of death; partly, God

Digitized by Google

looked on the world He made, and 'behold, it was very good.' So, even now, stained and spoiled by sin as it is, still

'His bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man.'

Still 'He takes pleasure in the prosperity of His servant;' all things are ours—all things shall work together for good, to those that love Him.

'He made ev'ry man to be happy—be sure!'

But we are so prone to look only on that which is close at hand—that the joys which we should accept from our Father's love, as His gifts, lent to show us what better things He has in store for us, become 'the things that make death terrible;' we delight in them till we fear to lose them, and thus—'unfaithful in that which is His—who shall give us that which is our own?' that kingdom which we are to inherit, prepared for us from the foundation of the world.

Yet something must be laid to the score of mistaken teaching; and if it make our heart hot within us, to perceive that He of whose self-sacrifice we ought hardly to be able to *think* without grateful tears—that He is waiting to be gracious to us, and we wait to be *driven* to Him by sorrow, by sickness, or by suffering—must we not long, if by any means we may help our friends and ourselves,

'To view the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes,'

if we may but help to substitute a brighter and, as we believe, a truer conception of the life to come, for those views which, as Archbishop Whateley has said, 'are rendered more uninteresting to our feelings, and consequently more uninviting, than there is any need to make them?' Must we not long the more to do this, because these mistakes are chiefly made by those whose zeal for God is so earnest, that they would be deeply grieved if they knew themselves to be hindering, instead of helping forward, the children of His Kingdom.

Rest, and praise—songs of praise—these are the two thoughts dwelt on almost exclusively, till the sense produced in us is of stillness and sameness—of a vague monotony. Is it wonderful, that the light-hearted girl—

'In all the glow of innocent delight,
The ball-room's newest brightest star to-night;'

or the bold, active, spirited lad—

'urging his fiery courser o'er the plain,
Proud of its glossy sides and flowing mane;'

is it wonderful that these, and such as these, should put off the thoughts of Heaven to a graver age, a darker day, if this is all you tell them? in

Digitized by Google

what does it materially differ from the simple notion of the good old French peasant: 'Je m'y pense qu-il y aura des chaises rangeés le long du Ciel—et nous serons assis la, et nous chanterons des Pseaumes toute l'eternité.' *

But our Lord's words are, 'I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.' 'It is surely a frivolous notion, that the vast and intricate machinery of the universe, and the profound scheme of God's government, are now soon to reach a resting-place, where nothing more shall remain to active spirits through an eternity, but recollections of labour, and anthems of praise. No idea can do more violence to the principles on which we reason than this does.' †

No; 'the rest of Heaven will be as full of life as the glad rest of a midsummer noon;' the praises of Heaven will be as varied as the thoughts of the hearts that speak them, as the circumstances that call them forth.

We are too apt to forget, that as the Holy Spirit has taught us, 'words do sometimes darken counsel.'

Rest, to the care-worn conscience-stricken man, who has learnt to know, not only his sins, but his sinfulness—who has learnt the fearful truth that ours is a sinful *nature*—rest to *him* is a blessed thought, a word of comfort unspeakable; but to the young, in whom 'the sweet elastic sense of joy' is yet so strong, that care is hardly known by them—to whom, 'by God's merciful arrangement, even sin is not that crushing thing which it sometimes becomes in later years,'—to *them* rest means only inaction.

Therefore, while *we* dwell on the blessings of rest, let us be careful to leave *them* the joyful hope, that they shall indeed be 'as the angels of God'—as those flying pursuivants—who

> 'For us fight—they watch and duly ward,
> And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
> And all for love—and nothing for reward—
> O why should heavenly God to man have such regard?'

PART II.

'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him.'

'Since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside Thee, what He hath prepared for him that waiteth for Him.' Isaiah, lxiv. 4.

These verses are generally dwelt upon to show the necessity of a change of heart. None but the pure in heart can see God. This is true, one of

* 'I think there will be a row of chairs all along in Heaven—and we shall sit there and sing Psalms for ever and ever.'

† Taylor. Physical Theory of Another Life.

Digitized by Google

the cardinal truths, which must be paramount in our Faith; but in these texts, as in all the Holy Spirit's teaching, the truth is one, as the light is one, but manifold as the rays which make that light.

May we not believe, that besides this great truth, the Prophet and the Apostle meant to lift up our hearts, in devout thankfulness, to that God Whose infinite perfection is so far above our finite powers of comprehension, that not the utmost stretch of man's noblest faculties—the utmost straining of man's most exalted imagination, since the beginning of the world, ever can enable us to conceive of Him as He is, or of the Heaven of His glory.

It is a beautiful thought, that as to Moses hid in the cleft of the rock He vouchsafed to reveal some part of that glory, so to those who are hiding beneath the Rock of Ages He will manifest Himself still. 'If any man love Me, My Father will love him, and we will come unto him.'

It seems that the words of the two texts mentioned above, if taken with their context, will help us to a glimpse of part of our happiness hereafter.

'Thou meetest those that *remember* Thee in Thy ways.' If with the perfection of our glorified nature memory is also perfect, how shall we rejoice when we *remember* God's ways; when He vouchsafes to meet us, Himself His own interpreter, and all that seemed dark in His decrees is made plain when they are revealed to us by the Spirit; 'for the Spirit knoweth all things, even the deep things of God.'

'Fail not, and falter not—the pathway lies
Only through sorrow to the sinless skies.
Then, when the riddle of the world is read—
And hate, and pain, and time, and toil, are dead;
Then shall ye learn the lesson of the years,
And wear the coronal Endurance wears.'*

Then—will not every feeling of the heart be wakened, to respond to the love and the mercy that will be made known to us? will not every power of the mind be roused to its utmost energy, in the endeavour to comprehend the wonderful works of God in Creation, and above all in Redemption?

Even here, deep calleth unto deep—the heavens declare the glory of God; how much more *there*, where we shall indeed praise Him in His noble acts, according to His excellent greatness, when He Himself will meet him that rejoiceth, 'those that remember Thee in Thy ways!'

'So much of our early gladness vanishes utterly from our memory; . . . doubtless that joy is wrought up into our nature, as the sunlight of long past mornings is wrought up in the soft mellowness of the apricot—but it is gone for ever from our imagination.' Yet may we not believe that what Jeffreys Taylor calls a 'plenary memory' will return, and again everything will seem

'appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream?'

* G. Arnold's 'Hagar.'

Digitized by Google

That dream will be a blest reality—the freshness of our youth will return, the vividness of our first impressions, before the glory passed away from the earth; and we shall indeed receive the Kingdom of Heaven as little children, to whom the world breathes only love and joy.

I know that some will shrink from the thought, because they say, that a plenary memory must bring with it thoughts of grief as well as thoughts of gladness. And these say, 'Why dwell on these lesser matters? we know that God will make us perfectly happy, let us trust all to Him.'

It is well; and yet to those of us whose hearts swell to think of our Saviour and our God *preparing*, as we are so repeatedly told He has done and is doing, it is not enough. Nay, were we told of an earthly friend preparing a warm welcome—a continuance of thoughtfully contrived enjoyments, all to give pleasure to the expected one—should we not think it an unsympathizing heart, that could satisfy itself with anticipations so cool as these? And surely the trust in God's love, which they rely on for the whole of their thoughts of heavenly joy, we may safely claim for a part of ours. God Himself will wipe all tears from all faces, 'our unrighteousness is forgiven, our sin is covered,' hidden even from our own shame; and if we remember it, may we not suppose *that* memory will only enhance the glow of gratitude to Him who died for us while we were yet sinners!

The only grief we cannot face is the thought that, hereafter, there are some who are shut out into outer darkness.

That He who spared not His own Son, but freely gave Him to suffer for our sakes, will have left no means untried to save these, whom He loves better than we can do, we may be sure. The thought must be bitter pain while we live; but we may try to still the pain by the belief, that hereafter, 'in the deep and full conviction of the unerring wisdom and plenteous goodness of the Creator towards His creatures, we shall *rather* cease to love the mortal friend who ceases to deserve that love, than grieve at the just decrees of that omniscient Judge, of whose wisdom, and of whose loving-kindness towards men, angels are the comprehending and adoring witnesses.'*

And while there is life, there is hope. God willeth not the death of a sinner; our prayers and tears may earn

> 'For fallen souls some healing breath,
> Ere they have died the apostate's death:'

and for those who are gone—remember

> 'He alone who made the heart,
> Decidedly can try us;
> He knows each chord—its separate tone;
> Each spring—its several bias.'

---

* Compare what R. Stier says on the passage in St. Peter; also the passage in Dr. Vaughan's Sermons, on the Light of the World, p. 143.

Digitized by Google

Infinite in justice—infinite in compassion—let us fall down before Him and say, 'Doubtless Thou art our Father, O Lord; shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?'

'Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' Even in this life it is remarkable how much more abiding are our memories of joy than of pain; how, verily, we remember no more the anguish, for joy.

There is a most interesting passage in one of Miss Martineau's Essays, describing, after a night of severe suffering and distress, the wandering 'from the dim room, which seemed full of pain,' to the passage window, and watching the fresh beauty of the sunrise.

The memory of that sunrise was, indeed, 'a thing of beauty and a joy for ever,' while the night of pain was forgotten as if it had never been.

'When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?'

Yes—our Lord is gone to prepare a place for us; the words that immediately follow tell of that which will be our highest happiness. 'I will receive you—I will receive you to Myself.' 'We shall not think of the crown, but of the Hand that holds it out to us,'—that Hand where we may still see the print of the nails with which He was wounded in the house of His friends—for us men, and for our transgressions! That will be, that *must* be, our first thought. Think of the glow of glad enthusiasm, with which we hear or read of noble deeds, of manly courage, of patient fortitude, of loving self-sacrifice—then, think 'of the rapture of kneeling at the feet of One whom we can *utterly* love and *utterly* adore!'* One in whom dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead, *bodily;* perfect God, yet perfect man, so that we may draw nigh to Him and find a Friend; yea, more than a friend, a Brother beloved. And He is gone to *prepare* a place for us. He will receive us to Himself: 'Where I am, there shall ye also be.'

PART III.

Is not that very word 'prepare,' in itself a proof that all our powers, were they tenfold, a thousand-fold, what they are, would find scope for their full exercise in Heaven? does not our Lord's own teaching shew that the glory of Heaven will be indeed a unity, but it will be what Pascal calls 'unity in multiplicity'?

'I will *give* to this last even as unto thee.' The wedding garment is alike for all: 'the gift of God is eternal life,' to all. But he that is faithful with the two talents entrusted to him shall rule over two cities; he that is faithful with ten talents, shall rule over ten. 'One star

* Kingsley's Sermons.

Digitized by Google

differeth from another star in glory.' Do we not feel that it must be so? that we are thankful, most thankful, for the wedding garment, but that it is not for us 'to attain to the first three'—the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs! Yet will it not be joy unspeakable to be admitted among them, to learn from them what they can teach; and feel that we too are of them—serving in the same host, under the same Captain?

And 'Io son pittore;'* it is beautifully explained by Robertson, that this spirit is one which we may share, which we do share, when we think of Jesus Christ, the second Adam, who took our nature upon Him, that He might fulfil all righteousness, and show what we should have been but for sin.

What we may yet be—for if we are counted worthy to obtain the inheritance, and be with the saints, sharing that light which has no need of the sun, or of the moon, 'we all with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory.' May we not believe that there will be spiritual *growth* in Heaven? Who does not know what it is at moments to feel the wish that we had seen the Lord in the days of His flesh; that we had sat by the Lake of Gennesareth, or on the Mount of Olives, and listened to His teaching? There—in Heaven—the Lord Himself will be with us, and for ever.

And his faithful followers and servants—Noah, Daniel, Job; David the king; Isaiah the prophet; Stephen the martyr; the beloved disciple; the gentle Barnabas; the warm-hearted Peter; the noble heroic Paul—think of mingling with men like these as friends?

And those who shall come from the east and from the west—men who, like Socrates, sought with their whole heart for the truth; like Aristides, were indeed a law unto themselves—think what it will be to share with them the clearer light that has been granted to us?

'What delights can equal those
That stir the spirit's inner deeps!
When one that loves but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows.'

Ah! and others, humbler ones than these, there shall be; for they

'Whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God, and nature;
They believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not.
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up, and strengthened.'

* I too am a painter.

Digitized by Google

Think how we shall rejoice in the joy of such as these. Think of the extreme enjoyment we feel here on earth, in meeting with those who share our tastes, and sympathize in our pursuits, who are like-minded with us. Think then, what it will be to meet in Heaven, where the sympathy will be perfect; where not only our companions, but ourselves, will be 'made perfect;' where neither envy nor jealousy, nor insincerity, nor anything that is evil, can enter; where the saints shall 'spend in love the Eternal Day.' Something like this seems involved in the constant mention of the City—the Holy City—the New Jerusalem. The idea of a city implies the citizenship of the inhabitants, the fellowship of those who are bound together by many ties. It is so even on earth—how much more, in that city whose builder and maker is God!

If here on earth we may consider one another 'to provoke unto love and unto good works,' how much more *there!* where, with open face beholding, we are changed into the image of our Lord, from glory unto glory; *reflecting*, as in a glass, that Image, lost at the Fall, and now restored. And not only so, but that same glorious Image will be reflected upon us, from all around us; for the Lord God giveth them light; and by that light the righteous do shine as the sun in the Kingdom of the Father.

PART IV.

HERE, on earth, we dwell like spirits imprisoned; we carry about with us the body of this death; we can 'cause the gratings of our prisons to touch,' but only in rare and precious moments do we meet heart to heart, and mind to mind.

So Dante describes himself in Paradise, as fixing his eyes on the sun, led by the earnest gaze of Beatrice, though no word had passed between them. So may not we believe that 'the communion of saints' in Heaven will be something far more perfect, more complete, than we can even imagine on earth.

And in the Heavenly City, He—who knows and loves us all, who knows each one, as the good shepherd knows each sheep of his flock—is gone to prepare a place for us.

There is one touchingly beautiful circumstance that never can be dwelt upon enough. Few animals are so much alike to an ordinary observer as sheep; none but the good shepherd can ever perceive, much less remember, the little matters that make the difference between sheep and sheep. Yet this He does. He knows His sheep. The very hairs of our head are numbered. Then we may confidently expect that the *home* He prepares for each one of us, will be such a home as will satisfy every craving of our nobler nature, now redeemed, renewed, created afresh. He knows each; and in His Father's House are dwellings and occupations prepared for each. 'The streets of the city

Digitized by Google

are full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.'* Suffer the little children to come unto Me—the laugh of happy childhood, the joy of bright youth, the glorious thoughtfulness of maturer age, and the calm serenity of the hoary head—for each, if only they be found in the way that leadeth unto life, a place is prepared.

For the poet, the philosopher, the painter, the naturalist, the historian; for the loving philanthropist, for the ardent patriot, for the brave warrior, the gentle patient woman; for the humble ones, whose whole knowledge was the love of God and of their neighbours; for the hard-working ones, whose life was spent in doing their day's work 'as unto the Lord;' for all these He prepares. For are we not to love the Lord with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our mind, and with all our strength?' The whole being, the whole man, body, soul, and spirit, must be His, His wholly, and His for ever. 'He made us for Himself,' says St. Augustine; 'and with Him alone can our restless hearts find rest.' With *Him*: 'the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them.' The Holy City is prepared, as a bride adorned for her husband. Prepared, and for us, 'the city that lieth four-square:' may we not see in this, that the architect's love of order and proportion will be glorified to the utmost?

The rainbow 'in sight like unto an emerald,' besides the blessed thought of mercy it suggests, (for in the colour symbolism of the ancients green is the token of mercy,) does it not appeal to the painter's love of colour, which is more deeply rooted in our nature than has hitherto entered into the heart of man to conceive?

The 'gold and pearl, the jasper and chalcedony:' may we not think that the mention made of them is to show that the variety of beauty, so delightful to us in God's lower world, will be as manifest in His Heavenly Kingdom?

'I was delighted, as I have often been at this season, to see the primroses under every hedge: it is pleasant to think that the Maker of these can make other flowers for the gardens of His other mansions.'† These are the words of a writer, who might well have been content with the thought of mental pleasures only, if ever men might.

The Mount Zion, 'beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth:' surely those whose delight is in God's works here, to whom the mountain tops are as a place of holiness, may please themselves with the thought, that *there* they shall find yet more abounding beauty.

'The wolf and the lamb shall feed together. Instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree.' 'I will make with My people a covenant of peace, and will cause the evil beasts to cease out of the land, and they shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods.'‡ Those whose pleasure here is to watch the wonderful works of God—in bird and beast, in plant and flower—may not they too rejoice in the belief

* Zech. viii. 5. † Letter in Carlyle's Life of Stirling.
‡ Ezekiel, xxxiv.

Digitized by Google

that hereafter, when the earth is no longer smitten with a curse, they shall see and know how that everything He made was 'very good?'

And the astronomer, whose brain reels in the attempt to complete his own calculations, what will he feel, admitted to the presence of Him, 'who telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names?' Ah, much more than this—'King of kings, Lord of lords.' Know, O Man—

> 'When thou hast told those isles of light,
> And fancied all beyond,'—

know that their Lord—He who with one rough word could have swept away this world, that seems to us so vast, yet is so little that it would hardly be missed from the hosts of heaven—he

> 'Resigned them all, to earn
> The bliss of pardoning thee.'

If the saints do comprehend the breadth and length and depth and height, and know the love of Christ, then indeed must their love and joy and gratitude be more than has ever entered into the heart of man to conceive.

And the geologist, who follows step by step God's providence in the preparation of this material world for man's habitation—the historian, who watches 'Time's full river as it flows,' seeking to trace out His providence in training man for his Heavenly inheritance—the earnest thoughtful student, who delights to dwell on God's finished work of Redemption, which things the angels desire to look into—surely all their longings for wisdom and knowledge will be more than satisfied in the home God has prepared for us—the new Heaven and the new earth, where we shall know even as we are known.

PART V.

'THE first heaven and the first earth are passed away. There shall be a new Heaven and a new earth.'

It has been suggested that St. John's vision of the multitude in white robes, with palms in their hands, refers not to the palm branch, borne as the sign of victory, but to the palms carried by the Israelites at the Feast of Tabernacles, of which the willow catkins of our English Palm Sunday still serve to remind us. And there is a remarkable passage in the book of Leviticus, xxv. 25, '"If any of his kin come to redeem it," which points very naturally onward to Him, who is so often spoken of as coming to redeem us. "The Redeemer shall come to Zion," says Isaiah. Himself said in eternity, "Lo, I come." The shout, the hosanna shout, is yet to be raised when He comes again to redeem *earth itself*,

Digitized by Google

and not its people only. Truly He is our kinsman. Revelation, v. 5 declares, that not only has He already by His Blood paid the price for our *persons*, as the Lamb slain, but has claimed the right to enter for us on possession of the inheritance. "He took the seven-sealed book," thereby claiming to be heir of the property, (Compare Jer. xxxii. 8–11.) and all Heaven rejoiced. Already then, by hope, may we anticipate our return to our lost earth.'*

And

'what if earth
Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein?
Each to other like more than on earth is thought.'†

'It is a beautiful thought, that all earthly things are types of the heavenlies. Specimens of this sort of representation are presented to us with considerable copiousness in the Holy Scriptures, where ideas of heavenly and unseen things are *reflected*, as it were, from the familiar objects around us. And this is the only way in which they could be communicable, without a direct and miraculous change in the constitution of our minds. It is true, that as yet we get but occasional glimpses of these revelations; it is only now and then that a homely object becomes a picture of something higher, a transparency, lighted up in every feature by the glory behind it.‡

'Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? It is higher than heaven—what canst thou do? deeper than hell—what canst thou know?'

Though we should 'stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God' for our whole lifetime, we should find at the end that we were still but on the limits of the boundless ocean of knowledge. To know, even as man may know, any one branch of natural science, is now work enough for man's allotted time on earth; so we learn from 'Glaucus,' that beautiful sketch of part of God's 'wonders in the deep;' and the heart of man seems to faint with awe at the thoughts of those myriad worlds revealed to us by the telescopes of modern invention; like the Queen of Sheba, 'there is no more spirit in us,' when we strive to master the equally overpowering marvels of microscopic discovery.

'These emmets, how little they are in our eyes!' Emmets! the powers of an ordinarily good microscope will show forms of the most exquisite beauty, which, compared with an emmet, bear the same proportion that the little mouse does to the lordly elephant. And so many and so various are these invisible witnesses of God's bounty, that 'we, who have but span-long lives,' must 'fall upon this great world's altar stairs,' and humbly confess that even here—here, in this fallen world, it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive half the things that God hath prepared for those that love Him: the limit of our

* Bonar—Comment. on Leviticus. † Paradise Lost, Book V.

‡ Gosse's Aquarium. Comp. Trench on the Parables, p. 12, 13.

Digitized by Google

knowledge lies not in that which is to be known, but in our feeble finite powers.

Surely then, those who use the talents given to them in tracing out here

'wisdom, power, and love,
In sea and sky, in stream or grove,'

may well venture to allow themselves in the hope, that that which is so delightful to them here, will be yet more so in God's kingdom in Heaven. There, we know that we shall rise again with our bodies, but that we shall be changed 'into the likeness of His glorious body,' every faculty freed from sin, from the body of this death, entering into His courts with thanksgiving, and into His gates with praise.

It seems to me, that we may venture to think this, because the Bible speaks of progress—of change from glory to glory. We know that our glorified bodies will have received their highest perfection, when we wake up in His likeness; we know that the soul—the moral nature—is washed in the blood of the Lamb—restored to the image and likeness of God; that, too, must be perfect.

Therefore it seems as if this progress must be in the mind. And indeed it cannot enter into the heart of man here, to conceive what will be the ineffable bliss of feeling our whole being clinging to God in love, our will in harmony with His, our whole heart and soul and spirit at one with His—for ever; when every pulse is quickened, every feeling animated by perfect sympathy, complete communion, with all around us. 'The Lord their God is with them; the shout of a King is among them.'

Something of this strange mysterious thrill, some faint feeble semblance of that sympathy, many of us feel at the sound of a heart-felt British cheer; and yet more strongly when the responses of our beautiful Church Service are taken up, as now and then under strong excitement they are, with one mind and one mouth—'as the voice of many waters.' I know it may be said that these thoughts of Heaven are too material—that all the passages I have mentioned are figurative. I am willing, most willing, to admit this; the eye unshaded cannot gaze upon the sun, nor are we able to conceive of the glories of Heaven except 'through a glass darkly; all I want to plead for is that the one idea of rest should not be insisted on solely, till it becomes to the young a weary thought, from which they shrink, yet with a feeling of shame at what seems so like ingratitude. If the Bible says of the redeemed that they have entered into rest, it says also they rest not day nor night.

'Changed, indeed, we must be, ere it can be to us a thought of joy that there shall be no night there;' but we must not try to balance one passage against another, we must believe both. In this, as in many other apparently contradictory passages, 'the Holy Spirit has been pleased so to state it, and so to leave it;' and faith does not inquire, but feels it is best so—the weary may think of rest, and be thankful; the young and ardent may think of activity, and rejoice.

Digitized by Google

PART VI.

It is for the young—for those who may be called away early—that I long most to speak. Young, strong, eager, they do not think of death—at their age it is hardly to be wished that they should. Let *them* think of life—of living to the honour and glory of God. But I do wish them to think of Heaven with joy and gladness, not with the half stifled thought that I know is often their's—

'I am content to die—but oh, *not now*.'

And if the thoughts I have suggested are material, is not the idea of Heaven usually presented to us—the white robe, the harp, and crown—quite as much so?

If one material idea may be admitted, we may not scruple at another; or if all be figurative, is it well to limit ourselves to the use of one figure only, till in some minds there arises that sense of monotony, of weariness, which we should most earnestly seek to avoid for ourselves and all for whom we care, as associated with the idea of their home even here on earth: how much more then, if associated with their Home in Heaven?

Oh, I would rather, if better might not be, leave, with Martin Luther, to the little child his belief that he should find in Heaven the wished-for white pony with golden trappings, than for one instant chill his heart with thoughts of a heaven that could be no heaven to him.

'I can just remember,' says a theologian of the last century, 'when the women first taught me to say my prayers. I used to have the idea of a venerable old man, of a composed benign countenance, clad in a morning gown of flowered damask, sitting in an elbow chair.' And he proceeds to say, that in looking back to these beginnings, he is in no way disturbed at the grossness of his infant theology. 'The image thus shaped by the imagination of the child was, in truth, merely one example of the various forms and conceptions fitted to divers states and seasons, and orders and degrees, of the religious mind, whether infant or adult, which represent the several approximations such minds, or minds at such seasons, can respectively make to the completeness of Faith.* These imperfect ideas should be held to be reconciled and comprehended in that completeness, not rejected by it; and the nearest approximation which the greatest of human minds can accomplish, is surely to be regarded as much nearer to the imperfection of an infantine notion than to the fullness of truth. The gown of flowered damask, and the elbow chair, may disappear; the anthropomorphism of childhood may give place to the divine Incarnation of the Second Person in after years; and we may come to conceive of the Deity as Milton did when his epithets were most abstract—

"So spake the Sovran Presence."

* Compare Mrs. Browning's 'God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness.'

Digitized by Google

But after all, these are but different grades of imperfection in the forms of doctrinal faith; and if *there be a devouter love on* the part of the child for what is pictured in his imagination as a venerable man, than in the philosophic poet for the Sovran Presence, the child's faith has more of the efficacy of religious truth in it than the poet and philosopher's.'*

And if we study our Lord's teaching in humility and reverence, we shall see that He has dealt with us in loving condescension, much after this manner. All He says of the Kingdom of Heaven is so sweet, so tender, so full of home.

The wedding feast; the supper of the young heir; the description of the King's daughter, all glorious within, her clothing of wrought gold; of the city as a bride adorned for her husband, so graciously alluding to the love of personal adornment inherent in our human nature; the pledge—'I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, until that day when I shall drink it new with you in My Father's Kingdom; the promise—'To him that overcometh will I grant to sit on My throne,' which meets, and if I may so speak, sympathizes with, the love of pre-eminence so strongly felt by the noblest natures;—all show how mercifully He speaks in language suited to our weakness: telling us of earthly things, that we may learn to believe of heavenly things, and may indeed see greater things than these. I know that some will take exception at the thought of this condescension to our nature—some who are so accustomed to dwell on the excess of our natural inclinations, and on the stern necessity of repression, that they dare not think of making any allowance for them in themselves or in others.

I venture to think that they are confounding two things that ought to be carefully distinguished—the *human* nature which God Himself gave to us when He said, 'Let Us make man in Our image,' and the *carnal* nature into which we were moulded by Adam's transgression.

The one is superinduced upon the other, and the two are so intermingled that, as St. Paul says, there is ever a law in our members warring against the law of our mind; but I do not think that anyone has ever *listened* to the voice of conscience, still less dwelt upon the fearful truth that 'sentiment will remain even when principle is destroyed,' without perceiving that we *had* a noble nature once.

Most carefully our Church teaches us that we are 'very far gone' from original righteousness, but nowhere, that our first nature is utterly destroyed: 'it would be impossible for her to do so, deriving, as she does, her teaching from the Holy Scriptures, in the face of such passages as James, iii. 9; 1 Cor. xi. 7.'

It is dangerous, so Pascal has said, to dwell on man's ruined state without making him comprehend, at the same time, his dignity; and rightly considered, this thought will tend rather to humility than to pride. The beautiful vase you have shattered by your carelessness is no longer a thing of which you can be proud; you may gather up the

* H. Taylor.—Notes on Life.

Digitized by Google

fragments, you may preserve them for old remembrance sake, but the more precious was the original fabric, the more painfully you will regret its destruction.

Thank God that we may say, 'We are the clay, and Thou our potter; forsake not then the work of Thine own hands;' more earnestly still let us thank God that He has said—'Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thy help.'

Oh, would God that it might please Him to send His Holy Spirit into our hearts,

Enabling with perpetual light
The darkness of our blinded sight,

till each one of us shall follow Matthew Henry's advice: 'Every Sabbath day think much of Heaven. Have it in your mind, have it in your eye, get *ready* for it.'* 'The first and noblest use of imagination is to enable us to bring sensibly to our sight the things that are recorded as belonging to our future state, or as invisibly surrounding us in this. It is given us that we may imagine the cloud of witnesses in Heaven and earth, and see, as if they were now present, the souls of the righteous waiting for us; that we may conceive the great army of the inhabitants of Heaven, and discover among them those whom we most desire to be with for ever.'

PART VII.

That each one should think out for himself what his share of the joy of Heaven must be—perhaps it is for this very reason that the outline given in the Holy Scriptures is so slight. Perhaps it was so ordered by God, our all-wise, all-merciful Father, because we all know how great the charm is of our own imaginings, our own ideas.

'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the joys that God hath prepared for those that love Him;' all we really know, is that we may allow the imagination its finest, noblest aspirations, and yet feel that it must utterly fall short of any conception of the heaven of God's glory—the Kingdom of our inheritance; no eye hath seen, no painter's fancy can shadow out, that city. 'of pure gold as if it were transparent glass;' no ear hath heard, not the most gifted musician can imagine what those strains must be that

outring earth's drowsy chime,
As Heaven outshines the taper's light.

Poet, philosopher, thoughtful student, ardent enquirer, all—all alike must confess, that it *cannot* enter into the heart of man to conceive what it must be 'to see the King in His beauty.' God Himself only can teach us, and God will; 'the Spirit and the Bride say, Come; come, ye blessed

* Ruskin.—Modern Painters.

Digitized by Google

of my Father,' but never, never let us turn from the thought of our home because the joys our Father promises are greater than we can understand.

Our home! our Father's house, the inheritance He has given us, which He has, so. to speak, entailed upon us. 'Come, ye blessed of My Father, *inherit*. A son inherits the title and property of his father, not because he is virtuous and good, but because he is the son—the very phrase shows that there is in us no desert, no right, no merit—it is because He made us sons by His grace.'

And our elder Brother is rejoicing in our hopes—Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord; 'when thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin, the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand.' Our Brother is preparing for us, thinking of us, getting ready for us—shall we not think of Him? shall we not think of the home He is preparing? Nay, rather should not we be ready to think of Him every day—all day long; and say 'Thy Kingdom come' as earnestly, as longingly, as the child counts the days that shall bring him to an earthly home? No fear that this longing will unfit us for the work we have to do here in this our place of training—our school. Those who cry with their whole full hearts 'Thy Kingdom come,' are those who follow it up most earnestly with the prayer—'Thy Will be done, as in Heaven, so in earth.' 'Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus.'

Then almost taken for granted, that which is to me a thought of joy unspeakable, the meeting of our own dear friends—the recognition of them in Heaven. The arguments brought forward by Archbishop Whateley,* the passages of Scripture dwelt on by Madame Gasparin,† and one or two others, seem to me as convincing as they are full of the deepest and most heartfelt joy; but I hardly conceive it possible to require more than the words of the Apostles' Creed, for if we unhesitatingly believe in the Resurrection of the Body and in the Communion of Saints, our future recognition seems to follow as a matter of course.

'Thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain. God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him;' to the golden wheat, to the waving barley, to the whispering oats, to the long grass of the field in its fresh cool beauty, 'to every seed his own body,' very different from the bare grain, but each distinguishable the one from the other—each recognized as the finished perfection of that bare grain that was sown.

Shall it be so with us? It is the almost universal feeling of all who have loved and lost—'I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.'

'Love is indestructible,
Its holy flame for ever burneth;
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth.'

'Not on the changeful earth alone,
Shall loyalty remain unmoved.'

---

* Annotations on Bacon's Essays. † Horizons Celestes.

Digitized by Google

Death, that changes 'genius to silence, wrath to nothingness—death has no change for love.' For it is God's own gift—His last best gift to man; and not only His gift, but His command. 'This commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God, love his brother also.' *Also;** As I have loved you, even *so* love ye one another. Yes, 'God *gives* us love, something to love He *lends* us.' And though ofttimes His loan is recalled, it is as a treasure laid up for us in Heaven. Those that sleep in Jesus, He will bring with Him.

Let it never be thought that the love we bear to our earthly darlings will lessen our love to Jesus. Is the flame lessened that has kindled another lamp? another, and yet another? Oh no; it was a mistaken zeal that induced the pious old Scotswoman to say to her husband on her death-bed, she should be so taken up with the joy of beholding the Lamb of God, that for hundreds of years she should have no thought to spare for *him*. Is it not a happier and a more comprehensive feeling of God's infinite love, which is mentioned in Mrs. Grant of Laggan's 'Letters from the Mountains,' as prompting the Highlanders to send messages by the dying, to those who are gone on to the land which is very far off. May we not believe that each fresh love strengthens the old; the loving heart, like the bread blessed of our Lord, spends itself over and over again. Love,

> 'The sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow,
> Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know;
> Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
> As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
> The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
> Another still, and still another spreads;
> Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
> His country next, and next all human race.
> Wide, and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind
> Take every creature in, of every kind;
> Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
> And Heaven beholds its image in its breast.'

And in that relation which of all others our Lord has been pleased to sanctify, making the love of husband and wife the type of the union between Himself and His Church, does the young mother's joy in her first-born lessen her love for her husband? the last-born babe, whose part lies 'deep in the mother's inmost heart,' does its share lessen the love she bears to the rest? does not the mother's heart find room for all, yet leaving paramount the true love of the loyal wife?

Oh, first in our hearts, in our thoughts, in our love and gratitude—first immeasurably beyond what words can tell, must He be who *so* loved us, He who died for us, who bought us with such a fearful price, whose we are, not our own, but His for ever.

Yet He who blessed the marriage feast at Cana, He whose heritage and gift the young children are, whose last earthly thought was for His mother, whose own familiar friend has told us that as God loved us we

* Al-so—*all so*, in like manner.

Digitized by Google

ought also to love one another—He will Himself restore our beloved ones, He will bless and sanctify our love.

He, the Shepherd, will Himself lead us to the living waters beside the still pastures.

'By a road not wholly without flowers
Cometh, unnameable, the hour of hours.
Rich with all wealth to which our hopes aspire,
Acmè of all experience, all desire;
Where faithful eyes that hunger for the light
Feel all the glories of God's world in sight.
Eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor spirit known,
What there the Lord will offer to His own;
Yet certain is it that no doubts or fears
Thither ascend—no partings, and no tears.
There may I see the Highest face to face,
There may I know *thee* in thine own true place;
There with changed lips may I thy kindness bless,
And *thine* no longer shall be answerless.'

P. S. Worsley.—Hades.

For then the Communion of Saints will be a communion of heart with heart, and mind with mind, such as the closest friendship here can hardly give.

Oh, blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have a right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the gates into the city paved with gold—'that metal which will not be put to its true use till it is made a pavement of, and trampled on.' Is there not a deep thought in this—'Lay up for yourselves treasure in Heaven.' Every right use we make of our entrusted gold, is it not laid up for us in the streets of the City?

There the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people. That City—the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it. His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face. Again I say, how *can* words express the exquisite happiness of feeling that our whole being, our whole will, is moving in harmony with the Will of God—nay, closer yet—in *unison* with His?

They sang, as it were, a new song; and no man could learn that song but those who are redeemed from the earth, for whom Jesus Christ has made an atonement, who are now *at one* with God—their whole being yielding itself in praises to Him, like the harp touched by the hand of David, echoing in every tone the song of the Church militant—the hymn of the Church triumphant—past, present, and to come. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee!

Then sinking down, as it were, casting ourselves at His feet, acknowledging that all we can give is but that which He has first given us. We give Him thanks for that which is His own. 'We *give thanks* to Thee for Thy great glory; with Angels, and Archangels, and all the company of Heaven, we laud and magnify Thy Holy Name, evermore praising Thee, and saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord most High!'

Digitized by Google

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO XC.

GLOCESTER AND BEAUFORT.

1442–1447.

THE gentle Henry VI. had grown, almost unawares, to man's estate; he was past twenty, and his marriage was felt to be the best means either of clenching a peace or of securing allies in France.

The first notion of the peace party had been that Henry should become the husband of one of his first cousins, the daughter of Charles VII., but this had been dropped, and was not renewed, very possibly because Henry was likely to have scruples about marrying within the degrees forbidden by the Church. Meantime, the King of France, by his vigorous measures against the Ecorcheurs, had alienated the Count of Armagnac, the son of the original head and name-father of the patriotic party, and Glocester wished to win him to the English party by making his daughter Queen of England, and of such part of France as might yet be held. A painter named Hans was even sent to bring the young King portraits of the three demoiselles of Armagnac, whom the King desired to have 'painted in their kirtles simple,' but the likenesses never came; and probably, though Armagnac might indulge in a little disaffection, he would have stopped short of such bare-faced treason as joining the English would have been. At any rate, he was overcome by the Dauphin Louis, and forced to submit.

Lord Suffolk had in the meantime another pacific alliance in view, which should connect the King with the most really faithful family of the French blood royal, to whom the Queen of France belonged, namely, the house of Anjou. The cause was well served by an Angevin gentleman named Champchevrier, who was prisoner to Sir John Fastolf, the hero of the 'Herrings' and the runaway of Jargeau, but was allowed to frequent the Court, where the King delighted to listen to his accounts of the gifted family of Anjou, whose true history was all one romance.

King René's young daughter Marguerite had spent from her seventh to her fourteenth year in the lovely Bay of Naples, beneath the shadow of Vesuvius, amid the agitations of a doubtful war, and yet all the time educated by masters, who cultivated her high talents and ardent imagination with the most brilliant effect, so that she was even at fourteen regarded as the most beautiful, witty, accomplished, and fearless maiden in France. She appears to have been a true Carlovingian in appearance, delicately fair, with long golden hair, and sparkling blue eyes, and of the small stature and slender exquisitely proportioned frame that often

Digitized by Google

accompanies the highest spirit. All were enchanted with her, and the Sieur de Champchevrier could find no more pleasing theme for the young King of England than her beauty and accomplishments, and the pure untainted honour of her father.

Both Cardinal Beaufort and the Earl of Suffolk were well pleased that the King's mind should take this direction. Shakespeare has indeed made Suffolk take Marguerite captive at Angers, and become smitten by her charms, but this is an invention of his own, and likewise an anachronism, as he places it in the time of Jeanne of Arc, who suffered when Marguerite was three years old. It was agreed that Champchevrier should go to Lorraine and procure a likeness of the young lady, and he received a safe-conduct from the King. But Sir John Fastolf, whose property the prisoner was, being a partizan of Glocester's, was not let into the secret, and naturally thought Champchevrier a recreant who had run away unransomed. Therefore the Duke of Glocester, at his instance, wrote to the King of France demanding redress; and as this was a point of national honour, Charles VII. had Champchevrier seized and brought before him. Then in self-justification the prisoner shewed his credentials, explained his mission, and was encouraged by all means to proceed with it. On his return, King Henry himself paid the ransom to Fastolf, and sent him off again to Lorraine, still keeping the secret, much to the annoyance of Glocester, who felt his power fast slipping from between his fingers.

There still stood in the way an act passed in one of Henry the Fifth's parliaments, denouncing heavy penalties on the man who should venture to conclude a treaty of peace with France without the consent of the three estates of the realm; and when Henry commissioned Suffolk to meet the Duke of Orleans at Tours and arrange preliminaries, the statesman procured from the King a paper approved by parliament, authorizing him to conduct the treaty to the best of his ability, and promising him pardon beforehand for any errors of judgement he might make. The commissioners then met at Tours, and began by concluding a truce for twenty-two months, to give time for the peace to be concluded. The first difficulty was the poverty of René, for not only had he no dowry to give his daughter, but moreover her suitor actually had possession of his dukedoms of Maine and Anjou. The French represented that it was scarcely courteous to ask for the lady without yielding these up to her father, and as they were evidently the price of peace, Suffolk consented to yield them up; René's brother, Charles, Duke of Maine by title, was eventually to receive the city of Le Mans on condition he should not immediately proclaim the concession; and all this being arranged, Suffolk returned to England with the terms. The Council, where Henry Beaufort and Suffolk outweighed Glocester's influence, accepted the terms; Suffolk was created a marquis, and England retained Normandy and Gascony alone out of her French possessions. It was better than wasting blood and treasure and fostering ferocity in both nations, but that very ferocity and

Digitized by Google

passionate pride influenced Glocester's party as they murmured over this renunciation of the cradle of the Plantagenets, hated the young bride already for what she had cost, and accused Suffolk of the worst of motives in making the treaty. The spirit of the country is expressed in the words in which Shakespeare, by one of his anachronisms, makes the Queen complain of the haughtiness of poor Eleanor Cobham, whose downfall he places subsequently to the King's marriage, that he may very unjustly charge it on Margaret.

> 'She vaunted mongst her minions tother day,
> The very train of her worst wearing gown
> Was better worth than all my father's realms,
> Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.'

Sullenly did the English nation await the coming of their young king's beautiful young bride, whom they imagined to have been gained at the sacrifice of the national honour by the intrigues of Beaufort and Suffolk.

Meantime, Suffolk and his wife were decorated with the newly imported title of Marquis and Marchioness, unmeaning in their case since the term only meant Count of the Borders, and in the English tongue the frontier lords had been Earls of March. However, the object was to give him rank enough to espouse the Lady Margaret as proxy for his sovereign, and bring her to England. His wife, with Lady Shrewsbury, and Lady Emma de Scales, accompanied him; and the wedding was performed, October 28th, 1444, at Nancy, in the presence of Charles VII., his queen, the young Dauphiness, daughter of James I. of Scotland, her sister Isabel, who was married to the Duke of Brittany, and almost all that was princely in France.

The bride was only fifteen, and the proxy for the bridegroom was old enough to be her grandfather; nor did he take any part in the eight days tournament that ensued, though even the King jousted in the lists, with the fairy Melusina on his shield!

At this tournament appeared in disguise young Ferry de Vaudémont, to whom Marguerite's sister Yolande had been betrothed in infancy, after the Battle of Bullegneville, but who had been resumed by her family when better days came. The young people, however, had given their hearts to one another, and Ferry was resolved to steal his bride if he could not obtain her from her father. The plot came to light, and René was at first very angry, but intercession was made, his daughter's tears, and the romance of the thing, touched his heart, and he consented to the marriage. It seemed then to matter little whom Yolande married, as she then had a gallant young brother, but long ere King René's death, her children were his only descendants.

The young Margaret remained at Nancy till the spring, for there was really no means of sending her to England till her royal bridegroom should furnish supplies, for which he was obliged to summon a parliament. Very humiliating it must have been, considering how much the

Digitized by Google

wedding was disliked; and though a grant was made, Henry was obliged to pawn both the crown jewels and his own to meet the expenses of her journey and reception.

In March, 1445, she at length set forth, the King of France parting with her two leagues from Nancy, her father at Bar, and her brother at Rouen, all with great sorrow. She landed in a terrible storm at Porchester, very unwell, and though she was afterwards taken by water to Southampton, it was only to be there detained by a serious attack of illness of an eruptive kind. Her recovery afforded time for the making of her wardrobe; and in full beauty and splendour she met the King at Titchfield, and was wedded to him on the 22nd of April, 1445.

She was just fifteen, and her beauty and grace at first subdued all hearts. Crowds came thronging to admire and welcome the goodly young pair, and everyone wore her badge, the daisy. Even the Duke of Glocester came forth to meet her at Blackheath, and feasted her in his palace at Greenwich; and Cardinal Beaufort was delighted with her bright intelligence, and treated her with much affection and confidence, perceiving perhaps that she had greater force of character than the King, and trusting to her to be the chief guide of his counsels, when he himself should be removed by old age or death.

It was, however, a further misfortune for Margaret that she should be thus connected with one so unpopular as the Cardinal; and the dislike of the nation to her lineage, to Suffolk, and to Beaufort, was continually rebounding from one to the other. For two years, however, the Cardinal was prime minister, and well supported by Kemp, Archbishop of York, and now also a cardinal, as well as by the Marquis of Suffolk; and with the King's will and the Queen's influence on his side, he was far more powerful, and met with less substantial opposition than ever before.

He was raised to the rank of duke, as were also Humfrey Stafford, Earl of Buckingham, and Henry Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, with leave to wear a circlet of gold; and to this latter nobleman, son of the King's old tutor, Henry granted the curious honour of being King of the Isle of Wight as Lord Stanley was King of Man, crowning him with his own hand; but this kinglet did not survive his coronation a year, and died, leaving one little daughter, who lived but four years. These dukedoms were both conferred in right of a drop of Edward the Third's blood, as Buckingham's mother was daughter to Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Glocester, and young Warwick's mother, Isabel Despenser, was the only child of Constance, daughter to Edmund of Langley, Duke of York; and another Duke (of a creation somewhat older) was Henry Holland, grandson to the Black Prince's step-son, Sir John Holland, who became Duke of Exeter.

In 1447 occurred a most mysterious affair. Parliament was summoned to meet on the 10th of February, not at Westminster but at Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk's own county. Commands were issued that the knights of the shire should come armed, and private orders were

Digitized by Google

sent to the country people to assemble and protect the King. They came, poor creatures, and having no shelter provided for them, lay about in the hedges on the winter night, so that many are said to have died of the cold. Henry himself arrived with a strong escort, and the Duke of Glocester came from his castle at Devizes. On the following day, the 11th of February, parliament was opened, and the first proceeding took everyone by surprise.

Lord Beaumont, the High Constable of England, supported by Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, and Humfrey Stafford, Earl of Buckingham, stood forth and impeached Humfrey Duke of Glocester of high treason. No one seems to have spoken in the Duke's defence, and he was placed in close custody, while his thirty-two attendants were also imprisoned. On the very day of his arrest, his knights and squires were meeting in arms at Devizes, and setting off to join him at Bury, but they were arrested, and it was made known that the crime he was accused of, was a plot to raise a force to rescue his duchess and to kill the King. Before, however, he could be brought to trial, on the morning of the 28th of February, he was found dead in his bed.

It was a most curious coincidence with the fate of his great-uncle, Thomas Duke of Glocester; and the entire nation in like manner regarded his fate as a murder committed because it was not safe to bring him to trial. Every chronicler speaks of him as either starved, strangled, or smothered between two feather-beds; for no marks of violence were visible on his corpse, when it was exposed to the sight of the people of Bury. The only exception was Wheatamstede, the Abbot of St. Albans, in whose church he was buried, and who declares he died of grief and dismay. This is now viewed as the right conjecture; Glocester was the last of a short-lived family, and himself of frail health, damaged by excess, he was fiercely passionate, and the sudden collapse of his power was sure to have affected him violently. Such a death is infinitely more probable than the guess that charged a murder on a gallant soldier like Suffolk, on a wary, tried, and now religious prelate like Beaufort, and still more preposterously on a girl of seventeen years old like Margaret, instigated by that generous knight-errant her father, who had given up a kingdom rather than make the people suffer for his sake!

And acquitting all of Duke Humfrey's murder, next comes the question whether his impeachment was justifiable. On this there can be no answer. Of the knights and squires arrested at Devizes, five were tried in the next July, and sentenced to die the deaths of traitors; but in the meantime gentle Henry had heard a sermon upon forgiveness from a noted preacher named Worthington, and he insisted on pardoning them, 'seeing that the hand of God had touched and stricken those who had been disloyal to him.' They were therefore only half hanged, cut down, had the lines for quartering them traced by the hangman's knife, and only then were told of their pardon; a form of tender mercy which probably was quite alien to the King's intentions.

Digitized by Google

It is plain, however, that Henry really believed in his uncle's guilt, and that he had verily died 'by the visitation of God,' and on the whole it would seem likely that Glocester may have been engaged in some intrigue for obtaining the restoration of his wife and the downfall of his enemies, and though intending nothing against his nephew, he may very possibly have intended to compel him to declare York the next heir instead of Somerset—a matter which was most important while the young King and Queen, as well as Glocester himself, were childless. The plot may have reached the ears of Beaufort and Suffolk in an exaggerated form, and their precautions had this miserable result—not that Glocester was himself a great loss, for he had always been selfish, turbulent, and wrong-headed, but he was the idol of the nation; his death brought terrible suspicions on all of the hostile party, and his removal made the rivalry between York and Somerset a matter of vital importance.

His supporters at every parliament for long after continued to make motions for the reversal of his attainder, but the King always refused his assent as long as he was a free agent.

Cardinal Beaufort had assuredly no part in his nephew's fall, for he was far away at Winchester, lying sick in his palace of Wolvesey, spending his time in religious exercises, one of which was the performance beforehand of those rites for the repose of his soul, which would follow his death, and accompany his burial in that beautiful chantry in Winchester Cathedral, where beneath an open marble canopy he lies in his scarlet hat and robes, his hands joined in prayer, and his fine grave Plantagenet face seeming like a silent protest against the popular belief that, when he died on the 11th of April, 1447, six weeks after Glocester, it was with foolish lamentations that his money could not purchase life, and in agonies of remorse for his machinations against his nephew.

Shakespeare's version of this story is a fearful one, where the tender-hearted King stands appalled at the dying cardinal's self-accusing ravings, and watches him 'die and make no sign;' but Shakespeare went by the prejudiced old chroniclers, and further altered them that he might bring his grand moral constantly into keeping, and shew the doom of the House of Lancaster, worked out by the sins and crimes that brought woe upon the 'meek usurper's holy head.'

Crimes there were indeed, but not of so black a dye or so entirely on one side as he would make them; and he was especially mistaken in imagining that Suffolk was in any way enamoured of the Queen. He was merely the prime minister, a personage not then recognized by the nation, who expected the King to carry on the whole government himself, and if he did not, stigmatized his chief adviser as a favourite. In this case, Henry's sweetness, piety, and charity made him too much the darling of the people for them to blame him, but their wrath fell upon the French queen, whom they detested not only for the loss of Anjou, but from that instinct that always turns public feeling against any woman who has the misfortune to have a higher spirit than her husband.

Digitized by Google

William of Waynflete became Bishop of Winchester instead of Beaufort, and received several visits from the King, who made rich gifts to the College Chapel whenever he prayed there. Once it was 'his second best robe lined with sable,' another time 'a rich tabernacle of gold.'

This is a period when regular history is very confused, and the old English chroniclers are so evidently prejudiced that it is not possible to follow their estimate of characters or of motives, since these are apt absolutely to contradict the original documents still preserved. However, the general use of paper, and the increased amount of education, greatly augmented the number of contemporary writings, and the first complete private correspondence in existence in England dates from this reign. It is that of a family in Norfolk, named Paston, of the rank expressed by the term 'gentlemen of blood and coat armour,' owning a landed estate, but expecting their sons to provide for themselves by legal or military attainments. Sir William Paston was a judge, commonly called the Good Judge. John Paston, his son, was also a lawyer, and resided much in London, and the chief of the earlier letters are between him and his wife Margaret, a spirited managing dame, and somewhat strict governor of her large family, of whom oddly enough the two eldest sons were both named John. They were interested in the county families around them, both parties being apparently friends to the Duke of Suffolk, and also to that client of Glocester's, Sir John Fastolfe, whose estate at Caister lay near theirs. One daughter of old Sir William Paston was placed in the family of Lady de la Pole, evidently a relative of Suffolk, there to practise needle-work. The whole is a remarkable picture of family life at the period, and often throws light on popular opinion and public events.

(To be continued.)

THE ABBEY FARM.

BY AUGUSTA HAYWARD.

CHAPTER XI.

'A LETTER from Isa,' said Ada Salterne, after the opening of the post-bag, at the breakfast table; 'the first I have had from her for an immense time.'

'How is she, Ada?' asked the motherly Mrs. Salterne; 'better, I hope, as she writes herself.'

'I don't know, Mamma,' said Ada, looking over her letter; 'she does not say particularly. Oh! she is coming here, directly, if we can have her.'

Digitized by Google

'Of course, the change of air will be the very best thing for her,' said Mrs. Salterne, while her husband endorsed the invitation with a gracious 'By all means. Write at once, Ada, and urge her coming. Her brother brings her, I suppose?'

'Oh yes,' said Ada brightly. 'Mamma, there is something in this letter I cannot quite understand—something peculiar, I hardly know what. But she writes as if she meant more than she says.'

'Very likely,' said Mr. Salterne; 'the letter would hardly be like its writer, if it were not peculiar.' Mr. Salterne could not quite get over what he called Isabella's 'vagaries,' which certainly did not run in his own well-polished groove; but the prospect of another visit, enlivening the Park, as her presence always did, was a pleasant thing to him, and he repeated, 'Urge her coming at once. The quiet of the country will do her good; you may depend on it, this illness of hers has been caused by nothing but her perpetual excitement. That girl cannot rest, I do believe!'

A warm welcome was accordingly ready for Isabella; Ada, while she busied herself in making the visitor's rooms as comfortable and pretty as any invalid could wish, contrasting this arrival with that of last year, and wondering whether it was only Edwin's escort that made her look forward as she did to the early day that her answer to Isa had fixed on.

How well she remembered Isabella's greeting, and the sharp way in which she had accused her of being afraid! A true accusation then, when Isa's satire had considerable terrors for the quiet Ada; but now, 'times are changed,' thought Ada; 'I know her too well to dream of being afraid of her.'

It was quite a different fear that was rather troubling her. She could not get rid of the impression that the 'something peculiar' in Isa's letter had some reference to her illness, and, almost unconsciously, she made all the little preparations in the expected guest's rooms, as if for a much more confirmed invalid than there was any reason to believe her to be.

Edwin's letter of the same date gave no particulars of his sister, except that she was brightening up wonderfully at the prospect of her journey, and that she had just been persuaded to see Sir Something Somebody, the fashionable physician.

'Isa had some reason for not mentioning *that*,' Ada argued uneasily; and when the time of the arrival drew near, she waited under the great portico for the carriage, expecting to find her nervous fancies realized at the first sight of the travellers. And, after all, the face leaning out from the carriage window had even less marks of change than the past illness would account for; and Edwin's delighted greeting, and enthusiastic account of the journey, so much better borne by Isa than anyone could have expected, were enough to make a more nervous person than Ada perfectly at ease on that subject.

'It *is* very nice to have you here again,' said Ada, when she had settled Isabella on a sofa in the small drawing-room, with an injunction

Digitized by Google

from Mrs. Salterne, that she was not to leave it for the late dinner, on the score of the fatigue of the journey. An order that Isa obeyed with considerably less disputing than Ada expected.

'I longed to be here, little Ada!' said Isa heartily, 'as you will find out when I tell you some of the ins and outs of my late proceedings. I wonder how *long* you will keep me here, Ada!'

'The longer the better,' returned Ada, a great deal more cordially than she would have said it last year, yet with a little constraint; how, she hardly knew—but in some way Isa was changed; it could hardly be the change that Ada imagined from her letter; and yet there was a difference, and it chilled her.

'No! don't put that thing over me, child!' said Isa, as Ada began to throw a handsome *couvre-pied* over the sofa. 'I won't be made an invalid yet: you shall soon coddle me to your heart's content.'

Yet, she submitted to a degree of 'coddling,' even that first evening, that surprised Ada. Who could have dreamed that Isabella Clune would prove a tractable patient, allowing a small table to be brought to her sofa for her own especial tea-cup, and even letting Edwin rush across the room to pick up a book she let fall?

An explanation came the next day, at the old time for chatting, the before-dinner hour, from six to seven, when Ada had just come in from a drive with Edwin to the station, and Isa had proclaimed her intention of staying in the comfortable boudoir, and forswearing the dining-room.

'I do feel uncommonly virtuous,' said Isa; 'imagine me an obedient invalid! But I am going to explain my reformation.'

Ada looked at her uneasily.

'You must know, I had two reasons for wanting to come here now: the first is—suppose you guess what I am come for?'

'To get well, I hope,' said Ada nervously.

The change in Isa was greater than it had seemed yesterday; her whole manner was different, almost timid and hesitating, if such a thing *could* be with her.

'Quite the reverse, little Ada! I must bring it all out, I see. I have been ill, you must know.'

'Yes; but you are better,' said Ada.

'Well, it is the fashion to consult Sir—you know who, if one's finger aches in town; so I submitted, and gave the great man a specimen of the most disagreeable patient he has seen in his consulting-room for a long time—I flatter myself. But dear little Eddy asked me to go, and I went.'

'Yes?' asked Ada; for some reason or other, Isabella was not very willing to come to the point.

'And Sir Something told me—you *shall* guess, you will be sorry to hear it, little Ada!'

'What *did* he say? do not teaze me!'

'Indeed I forget the exact words, my dear. I believe he employed the

Digitized by Google

full number of orthodox technicalities and bad Latin terms; in plain English it amounted to this, that not all the doctors in Christendom or anywhere else can do anything.'

'Isa!' interrupted Ada, in horror, 'he could not mean that!'

'He said it, my dear. I made him. I told him that I would have his full honest opinion, and to do the man justice, I believe he gave it me. Something about the heart. Ada! don't be silly!'

'You may be mistaken! You must be!' said Ada's troubled voice. 'Edwin would not be in such spirits if it were so.'

'Eddy knows nothing about it yet. You must tell him some day, Ada; he will be sorry—my good, darling little brother!'

There was a long pause. Ada was thoroughly overcome; her nervous fancies about Isa's letter had not prepared her for such a shock as this, and Isa took up the book she had been reading, and tried to look calm and unconcerned.

At last she spoke.

'Ada! the doctor knew what he was about. He hinted pretty strongly that I had worried myself into an illness, and I do believe I have!'

'Through us,' said Ada.

'Through my own folly; never mind that now. Yes, I have worried myself into this, waiting and watching for what will never come, as I used to tell you. Do you remember commenting on my looks, when I came last year, and telling me that I looked as if something was wanting to my life? Discrimination, Ada! And now I shall never have that wanted "something."'

'I do not know,' said Ada; 'I think you are going to have it.'

'Life completed by being ended!'

'No! not by being ended, but by being perfected.'

'Ada, child! I hope you are right! I want a life where wrong will be remedied, and error forgiven, and sorrow blotted out, and memory cleared from its dark shadows, and the happiness that we have dreamed of realized. I *want* it, Ada!'

'And will have it,' said Ada; 'you will!'

'In the meantime,' said Isa, changing into her natural manner, 'I have come here on false pretences. Don't turn me out, Ada! I ought to be something like a sister to you now; dear little Eddy! And I must stay here as long as I can.'

'Dear Isa!' was the only answer Ada was equal to.

'I *could* not stay with old Lady Emma!' went on Isa impetuously; 'how horrified the good old soul would have been to discover that I was going to commit such an unfashionable action as—dying!'

'Do not say that!' remonstrated Ada.

'It's quite true, dear. And I made the medical Baronet tell me something about the time. What a curious feeling it is, Ada, to ask such a question! Something like standing in the dock waiting for the verdict, I should fancy. And he told me that it will be not very long. You

Digitized by Google

must let me stay here, Ada! I have nothing in the world to do but just to keep as quiet as possible, and wait, wait, wait, for it. The sooner the better, and the more suddenly, the better.'

'Isa! I cannot understand you!' said poor Ada.

'I can hardly understand myself, my dear. It is so wonderfully different from what I expected. I have made a discovery, that the nearer something—I won't say the word, for the sake of your tears, poor little Ada!—that the nearer something comes, the less terrible it is. Among all the queer notions that my wise head used to be stuffed with, I had a singular kind of impression—a dread of losing one's identity, and finding the memory and the knowledge of the past—everything, that is, that binds one to oneself, drift away into some great void. A horrible fear!'

'And a causeless one!' said Ada, murmuring to herself words that came to be her stay in the confusion of feeling that Isa's revelation had thrown her into—'"through the grave and gate of death we may pass to our joyful Resurrection."'

'I know it, now,' said Isa; 'it was a causeless fear.' There was a pause. 'That was one of my reasons for coming here,' resumed Isa; 'my second will keep, for two good reasons of its own. One, that I am not exactly obeying the learned doctor's injunctions to keep perfectly quiet, and not to excite myself, and I promised little Eddy to be obedient; the other, that the dressing-bell is ringing, and you will be late for dinner. You must tell your father and mother about this, Ada, but don't let them talk to me about it, I can't stand it. I hope they will admire my coolness in making my little arrangements!'

Ada walked off to dress mechanically, trying to realize the fact that Isa, in her queer way, had left no room to doubt. Isabella Clune so near death! Ada could not believe it, and yet knew that it was perfectly true, with that strange contradiction of feelings that comes into a distressing dream. And indeed, she felt much as she had done occasionally in a night-mare, and almost repeated to herself, 'I shall soon wake; it is but a dream.'

It became a very evident reality, when she was obliged to account for her paleness by confessing the truth to her father and mother; she had decided not to say anything about it, at least that evening, and tried to look as usual when the dinner-bell rang, hoping that a little extra quietness might be safely accounted for on the ground of Edwin's departure. But Mrs. Salterne had a quick eye for any change in Ada, and met her with the plain question, 'Ada! is anything the matter?'

After all, it was a relief to be forced to explain, and Ada spoke.

'Isa frightened me just now, Mamma. Do you know how ill she is? She has been consulting the great London physician, and he gives no hope at all.'

Mrs. Salterne was as shocked as Ada had been, hardly as surprised.

'Poor dear girl!' she said; 'and she came to us at once. Ah, very

Digitized by Google

natural! She shall never leave us again, Ada; she ought to have been a daughter here long ago.'

Mrs. Salterne would certainly make no objections to Isabella's arrangements of making Salterne Park her last home; the only thing that she rebelled against was the injunction not to mention the subject to Isa herself.

'I should like to talk to her, poor dear girl!' said the motherly voice; 'I should like to try and comfort her.' Happily, thought Ada, Isa was not so much in need of that kind of comfort as Mrs. Salterne imagined. 'What will your father say?'

Mr. Salterne said little, but evidently felt considerably more than his dignity would let him express.

Ada understood what he meant by his repeated questions about 'Miss Clune's rooms.' 'Was everything done to make her comfortable?' and his greeting, 'Very glad to see you among us, my dear,' when Isa could be persuaded to be put on one of the drawing-room sofas for the evening, was more hearty, and less dignified than anyone else would have received from him. The old tie of the broken-off engagement was still very binding on some of the Salterne family, as Isabella found to her comfort.

Lying still to be nursed and petted, would have seemed in her days of health the depth of dependence and discomfort; now, with the adaptation of feeling to circumstance that is one of the great equalisers of human life, she found it rather pleasant than otherwise to be the centre of so much care and affection. Isa *was* changed, and changing rapidly.

'That old Sir Somebody was not an idiot,' she said to Ada, after a fortnight at the Park; 'here is a third of my time just gone, and I do feel frightfully ill. I wish dear little Eddy knew!'

'I wish he did!' sighed poor Ada; the thought of having to tell him was a perpetual weight on her mind.

'You must tell him, Ada! I wish he need not have *this*, this trouble; he is so good and loving, dear little Eddy.' She always would speak of him as a child, and Ada never grew indignant for him now! 'Yet he must know very soon, if I am to go on like this. Restless nights will soon do for me.'

The hint about her bad nights accounted for a decided change in appearance; it was a bad sign, Ada knew, and the great house began to grow more melancholy every day, with the more evident certainty of what was coming.

'I wish Edwin knew!' was Ada's daily exclamation; yet, day after day, Isa found some reason for putting off telling him. And so things went on; outwardly with little change at Salterne Park, in reality, hastening on the transformation that was to come, more rapidly than anyone suspected.

Hardly a month had passed since Isabella's arrival, when, for the first time for some weeks, Annie Marvin caught a glimpse of Miss Salterne coming out of a cottage, and ran up to her as quickly as she dared, to ask after Miss Clune.

Digitized by Google

'Not any better, thank you,' said Ada quickly. 'I am in a little difficulty about her; can you help me, Miss Marvin? Miss Clune's maid is not very well, and we are trying to find some one to sit up to-night in her place. It is rather late to begin to look out,' as indeed it was; the dusk of an autumn afternoon, 'and I hardly know where to go. I am not allowed to be up at night myself, and I do not know whether Miss Clune would like any of our servants to do it. I thought of old Mrs. White, she is a nice old motherly woman; Isabella would not have minded *her*, but she is not at home. Can you tell me of anyone else?'

'There is no one else, that I know of,' said Annie, 'unless—would you let *me* do it, Miss Salterne? I have been so accustomed to sit up with Mamma. I should like to so much, if Miss Clune would try me!'

She spoke eagerly. Miss Salterne looked surprised.

'I never thought of that,' she said doubtfully—as if she rather liked the idea, nevertheless.

'*Do* let me!' repeated Annie, encouraged. 'I assure you it is no effort to me to be up at night. And if I could do anything for Miss Clune, I should be so glad!'

Ada saw that the girl really meant it.

'It is very kind of you, Miss Marvin. I ought not to think of your doing it, and yet I am sure it would be a great comfort to Miss Clune—'

'Then I may come,' interrupted Annie.

'I will go home, and tell Miss Clune of your kind offer,' said Miss Salterne, cordially enough to delight Annie; 'but I am sure we ought not to take advantage of it. What would Mr. Marvin think?'

Ada could not hide her real wish to secure Annie's willing services; she fancied Isa would like the plan; and when Annie assured her that Mr. Marvin would only be pleased, and that he had often let her sit up with the villagers in cases of illness, it was very soon arranged that a message was to come from the Park in the course of the evening to decide it.

Ada was thoroughly grateful, and Annie's only fear was, that her offer would not be accepted, and that the wished-for summons would never be sent.

It did not come till Annie had given up hope. Nine o'clock had struck when a carriage stopped—the Park small close carriage, as Annie proclaimed, peeping behind the blind; and a note was brought in.

'I *am* to go!' said Annie, delighted; 'what a kind note, Papa! just read it. "We shall be very grateful for your kind help!" How glad I am! And to send a carriage!'

'Run and get ready, my dear,' said her father, rather afraid, possibly, of the renewal of the old Park fever; and it seemed not improbable.

Not even the wholesome corrective of Aunt Catherine's shrill laugh, and exclamation, 'Dear me! a nurse! I wonder what they will give you for it, Annie!' could prevent her from feeling very grand, when the footman bowed her into the carriage, and she rolled away up the village

Digitized by Google

street, enjoying the sensation that a carriage from the Park always produced.

It was so different, she thought, to come in this way, conferring an obligation as she was now doing, instead of walking meekly up to the grand portico, and being admitted to a morning call on tolerance. And Annie overcame her shyness with such pleasant reflections, and stepped into the brilliant hall with a more assured manner than she had ever felt in that house before. Miss Salterne came forward to meet her.

'It *is* kind!' was her cordial greeting. 'We have been quite ashamed to send at this time, but Miss Clune caught at your proposal, and we could hardly disappoint her.'

'I should think not!' said Annie, her ease and comfort increasing every moment, with the assurance that Miss Clune was really wanting her. 'I should have been very sorry if you had not made me of some use.'

'Thank you very much. Will you come in here?' and Ada half opened the door of a boudoir.

'No, thank you. May I go up-stairs at once?' said Annie, a little shyness returning at the sight of Mrs. Salterne's rich evening dress in the distance. She could not go *there*, with her plain black morning frock, and Ada led the way to the staircase, with an order to a servant, 'Wine and cake and jelly—Miss Clune's boudoir.'

It was Miss Clune's boudoir, or dressing-room, as it was indifferently called, that Annie was taken into—a room that looked to her only less beautiful than the large drawing-room, while the bed-room within was only a degree less beautiful than the boudoir.

Annie walked into that very boldly; in her shyest time, she could face Miss Clune's sarcasm better than Miss Salterne's politeness; and it was no self-consciousness that made her colour and speak incoherently as she went up to the bed-side.

'Well, what do you think of me, Miss Marvin?' was her greeting from Isabella.

'Oh, I don't know,' stammered Annie, taking the question literally, and puzzled how to answer without letting the invalid see that she noticed the extent of the change, 'not very well. I hope you will soon be better,' and other such common-places.

'I did not mean in that way,' said Isabella, comprehending the girl's change of manner and troubled look, and liking her all the better for it. 'I was thinking of the amount of my coolness in letting you come at my will and pleasure.'

'Oh, if that's all, I like coming indeed,' said Annie heartily, 'if you like it,' she added, with a remembrance of the old fear of a haughty 'shut-up,' as Arthur would call it.

She almost wished for one of the sarcastic speeches of last year! it would have been such a much more natural greeting than the sight of the sallow worn face that made Annie's loving little heart feel heavy,

Digitized by Google

with the association it brought with her mother's sick-room, and her honest concern for the invalid, little as she knew her.

'I think I wanted a sight of that bright little face of yours,' said Isabella. Some months ago Annie would have resented the remark as an impertinence, but now she could hardly keep back her tears. There was a large mirror against the side of the room, and she glanced at it as Miss Clune spoke. Yes, it *was* a bright little face; but—the contrast! And Annie began to put away her hat and cloak, and to bustle about the room in preparation for her night work, as naturally as if she were not feeling most thoroughly uncomfortable, and to tell the truth, a little inclined to dread the responsibility of the night watch.

'Do you think you can manage to sleep in this?' asked Miss Clune, pointing to a luxurious affair, half chair, half bedstead, furnished with piles of pillows, and a silk-covered eider-down, that was near the bed.

'But I am come to sit up! not to go to sleep!'

'Did you really give me credit for being quite so cool as to keep you awake the whole night, you poor child? If you will let me wake you when I get very restless—'

Her look of pain as she spoke of her restlessness, told that she realized the change in herself.

'Please do! as often as you can!' said Annie earnestly, with the thought, 'how bad it must be for *her* to be ill! And to have to be nursed, like anyone else.'

'I shall not want you till towards morning, I hope.—Now, Ada, dear, run away.—My little nurse, get ready for your work!'

'I am ready!' said Annie.

'I think not.—Ada, this child is bent on making herself as uncomfortable as she can. Probably she disdains the idea of even a pair of slippers.'

It was quite pleasant to hear a little of Isabella's old manner, and Annie laughed merrily, as she confessed to having made no preparation for her own comfort.

'I will see to it,' said Ada.

And in a few minutes Annie found herself arrayed in a gorgeous crimson dressing-gown, trimmed with white fur, with velvet slippers on her feet, and was helping herself, by Miss Clune's peremptory commands, to a considerable amount of jelly, cake, and wine and water.

'I am being spoiled instead of doing my work!' laughed Annie, and talked away with all the cheerfulness she could, and with entire unconstraint, only troubled with the doubt whether Miss Clune's familiar kindness was to be looked upon as a proof of intimacy, or a remnant of the old scornful patronage. Till her skill in nursing warned her that her patient was disposed to sleep, and that further talking would only excite her, she had yielded to the fascination of manner, and lay awake in her luxurious bed-chair, her wonder at her new position quite lost in an enthusiastic admiration for the haughty Miss Clune.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XII.

A TOUCH on her shoulder woke Annie the next morning from a confused sleep, into what seemed to her as curious a dream as any sleeping fancies could be; and she had started up, looking wonderingly round at the large room, dimly lighted by a silver lamp, and puzzling herself to recollect how she came there, when her patient spoke.

'What a shame to disturb you, you poor child!'

'How stupid of me!' said Annie, suddenly remembering all about it; 'I ought not to have gone to sleep. You will never let me be your nurse again, Miss Clune!'

'I will, indeed. You did not take my pillow, Mrs. Gamp.' And then, with a look of amusement at Annie's want of comprehension, 'I should like to have the blinds up, if you will do it, dear.'

'In a moment!' and the red dressing-gown was at the windows the next instant, and the grey soft twilight of early morning came in.

'Thank you. I like to watch the light get stronger over those woods,' said the invalid wearily. And the change in her was more apparent than even the night before.

'You have not slept comfortably!' said Annie; 'I wish I had kept awake.'

'It is not the sleeping that tries one, but the waking,' was the involuntary answer.

Annie could not understand the force of it. She could not realize yet what the waking trial must be, when the first moment of consciousness brings a shadowy feeling of some overhanging cloudy mystery, that gradually shapes itself into the definite thought—inevitable death; a strange thought, and hard to bear in the first rush of realization, when the startled soul has barely had time to turn eastward to the Light eternal, and shrinks away from the flush of awaking life, as if earth's morning, with its reviving sounds and sights, were only a mockery to a dying mortal.

'Let me get you something,' said Annie, taking possession of the medicine-bottles, and reading the labels as well as she could by the dim light at the window.

'No, I am right now,' said Isabella, with a smile at the inadequacy of her nurse's proposed remedy; she hardly knew how much more physical than mental those waking oppressions were, or she would not have thrown such a look of disdain at sal-volatile and hartshorn; 'draw the curtains quite aside, please. I enjoy the sunrise on those woods.'

It was not the time of sunrise yet; but the sloping masses of darkness were just visible under the first grey and rose clouds of morning. By degrees the undefined shadows stood out against the crimson, and the first ray of sunlight shone on a mass of many-coloured branches, waving in the cold freshness of morning.

Digitized by Google

'The Abbey woods,' said Isabella, looking on with an eagerness that Annie was very far from comprehending, forgetting how, to one limited to a single view, every inch of the prospect has a new importance; 'and there is the Abbey itself.'

'You are like Mamma,' said Annie, half laughing, yet very much inclined to cry; 'she always thought that view so lovely!'

'So it is. And so you ought to think,' said Isabella; 'why, Annie, that is to be your home, I hear. Lucky girl!'

Annie's face was like fire in a moment. To be called by her Christian name, and to be called a lucky girl by Miss Clune, almost took away her shyness at having to speak of her engagement, and she answered frankly,

'Not for a very long time to come. Several years, at least.'

It might be from the natural interest of an invalid in any outer concerns, or from the second-hand acquaintance Isabella had made with Mr. Hatherly through her brother; but Annie wondered that her remark should be received as if *her* little proceedings were of importance. What difference could it possibly make to Miss Clune if her engagement were to be put off for twenty years?

'Really?' said Isabella; 'would you mind telling me something more about it? You know, I ought to be interested; Mr. Hatherly is my brother's paragon, as we call him. Is it about—'

'The new church.' Annie finished the sentence, feeling wonderfully awkward when she suddenly recollected that she was on the point of blaming Mr. Salterne to his own guest.

'What has that to do with it?' was the next question, asked as if the answer were perfectly well known.

'Mr.—there is no one—' stammered Annie, 'no one else to do it.'

'I see. Mr. Salterne is not able to do it; you don't mean that Mr. Hatherly will?'

'Yes,' said Annie proudly. Mr. Hatherly was rising in her estimation.

'And has put off his marriage indefinitely for the sake of building it?'

'Yes,' said Annie, more proudly than ever, at the look of admiration in Miss Clune's speaking eyes.

'Then my brother was right!' she said eagerly; 'and there are not many men like him! Annie, you fortunate child, I wish you joy!'

Annie, in the pleasure of having Miss Clune's kiss of congratulation, did not notice that her patient was rather more excited by the trifling piece of news than a good nurse ought to have permitted. And when the very stately lady's-maid appeared at eight to relieve guard, she favoured her substitute with the not pleasant information, delivered with a gloomy disdain, that when *she* sat up with Miss Clune, seven till eight was the best sleeping time of all.

'Ah! but I have been busy, Danvers!' laughed the invalid good-naturedly; 'I have been castle-building all this morning!'

Digitized by Google

'Just what you ought not to have done, Ma'am,' was the stern reply; at which Annie cowered in awe of the fashionable lady.

'I hope it wasn't my fault!' she whispered penitently, as she bent down to say good-bye.

'Your fault! not the least, my dear! you have been an admirable nurse.'

'Have I? Oh, *may* I come again sometimes?'

Isabella smiled at the entreating tone.

'I shall like it very much, dear. But you are not to go away at this absurd time. You must go down to breakfast.'

'Please don't make me!' begged Annie. 'They will be wanting me at home.'

'Really? then you shall go.—Danvers, a cup of coffee for Miss Marvin at once.'

'I would rather not wait for it,' said Annie piteously; her dread of Miss Clune was transferred to the grand lady's-maid, and she persisted in saying good-bye, glad to get away.

'You must come and see me as often as you can; bring me some wild flowers, will you, dear?' was the farewell, that, with a grateful kiss, was enough to send Annie home in the highest state of elation.

The Vicarage breakfast was in progress as she ran in, brighter than ever from her walk in the fresh morning air; and Mr. Hatherly was at the table, to her great delight.

It was a very common thing for him to ride over to an early breakfast before the day's work, and Annie especially rejoiced at his having done so this morning; it would be so nice to let him hear her little Park adventures—above all, to repeat all that Miss Clune had said of him. She began at once.

'I am glad you are here!' she rattled away, as she threw off her hat, and took her place at the table; 'Papa dear, I have so much to tell you! Miss Clune has been so kind, and she is so ill! I am to go to see her as often as I can.'

There was a little pause while she re-filled Aunt Catherine's cup, and sent it up-stairs, with a half-audible remark on the comfort of some people preferring their breakfast in bed. Then she began again.

'*You* don't mind my going, do you?' to Mr. Hatherly, 'you are looking grave about it.'

'No. I do not mind it at all,' was the quiet answer; 'because I know you would have gone as willingly to any cottage in the place.'

'Ah, but I don't know that!' said Annie truthfully; 'I don't think it would have been quite as willingly. I *do* like Miss Clune so much; and,' she went on shyly, 'I was so proud when she said that her brother was right, and there weren't many men in the world like—someone. That was when she made me tell her all about the new church, you know.'

'I am afraid Miss Clune's opinion is not quite impartial,' said Mr.

Digitized by Google

Hatherly, putting aside all mention of praise, as he always did, especially on the subject of the proposed church; 'she can hardly know much of the circumstances as yet. She will hear more about it soon.'

'What, have you settled about it?' asked Annie, as he held out a letter. He always liked her to know how the affair was going on; and Annie had dutifully read through what seemed to her innumerable letters about endowment, entail, Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and other trifles of the kind, repressing her own private opinion, that 'those horrid lawyers' letters were frightfully dry.'

This letter was more definite than its predecessors. Through its confusion of technical terms, Annie made out that the sum offered by Mr. Hatherly as endowment for the proposed church was accepted; and that nothing need delay the work of restoration but the preparation of the legal deeds, and the purchase of a site.

'That's right, at last!' said Annie cheerfully, giving him back the letter; 'how glad you must be!'

'I am. Very glad,' he answered.

He spoke heartily, and yet with a little shade of sadness; he had never for an instant regretted the sacrifice, but he could not help wishing that Annie had some little share in the self-denial. Her light-hearted contentment with the arrangement tried him, in spite of his honest attempts to reason himself into thinking that he ought to be glad for her to be spared the weariness, that the years of waiting would prove to himself.

'And what are you going to do next?' talked on Annie, with interest.

'I shall write to Mr. Salterne once more, give him the particulars of this letter, and ask for a site.'

'And suppose the stingy—well, the liberal old gentleman should refuse?'

'I shall offer to buy the land. You must not say anything against it, Annie! It must be done.'

'Oh yes,' she answered, with a merry shrug of her shoulders; 'I am glad the church is to be built, I really am. I wonder what Miss Clune will say to your letter; I hope she will hear it.'

Annie's wish was gratified that very afternoon, when Mr. Salterne paid his daily visit to the boudoir that Isabella never left now.

She soon saw that something was wrong, and a leading question brought out the history of his grievances. 'I must say, my dear, it does appear rather hard that a man in my position should receive such a letter as that from a tenant. Would you oblige me by reading it? I should be glad of your opinion. I was in hopes I had effectually put a stop to any further interference, by candidly mentioning the circumstances that made me act as I have done. That ought to have been more than sufficient, it really ought! I am placed in a most disagreeable position, as you will perceive.'

Isa took the letter. 'Sir Leicester Dedlock again!' she said to herself, as she read it carefully through, and gave it back.

Digitized by Google

'What do you think of it, my dear? I am sure you will agree with me.'

'Well, I think it is an admirable letter,' said Isa, in entire disregard of the Dedlock manner; 'an open, frank letter; and a letter that no one could by any possibility say was not a most gentlemanly letter.'

'Ah, your brother has prejudiced you in this Hatherly's favour, I perceive,' said the old gentleman, rather disconcerted at the want of sympathy; 'but you surely must see that this plan of his *will not do*,'—very emphatically; 'here is a church built on *my* property, at my tenant-farmer's expense, and not only built, but endowed without my co-operation. And yet—Isabella, you know how I am hampered—'

'I know it,' she said, forgiving Mr. Salterne's irritation. He really was in no very agreeable position, and she kept back any remark in defence of Mr. Hatherly's audacity, and gratified him by admitting, 'No. It will hardly do.'

'I was sure that your good sense would see it in the right light,' said the landlord, much relieved; 'the question remains, how to put the affair at rest?'

That very question, or something like it, had been entering largely into Isabella's castle-building that day; she was ready with an answer, and only hoped that the influence she possessed over the self-willed Mr. Salterne might be strong enough to make him carry out her suggestion of delay.

'I think there *is* a way of settling all this,' she answered; 'I should like to talk it over with you by-and-by. Why not write back a civil answer to Mr. Hatherly, telling him that you must take some few days to think over his letter? We could talk it over then.'

'But I really hardly want time for consideration,' was the quick answer. 'My mind is made up. I shall refuse the site.'

'Not in those plain terms; they would make such a disagreeable contrast with that gentlemanly letter. No. You will have to give reasons, and make explanations, that will involve a good amount of letter-writing; as you say, it is a difficult question, and cannot be settled in a moment.'

Mr. Salterne's looks grew very heavy.

'I should like to tell you my idea,' Isa went on; 'but I cannot even do that in this violent hurry of yours. I think you will have to put off the decision.'

'It may be as well,' he unwillingly assented.

Few people, besides Isabella Clune, could have persuaded Mr. Salterne into writing the polite note that reached the Abbey Farm by a special messenger that evening; thanking Mr. Hatherly in gentlemanly, if cool terms, for his interest in the estate, and mentioning that the consideration of a few days would be necessary before he could enter on the subject in detail.

'Ada, I want Eddy to come down,' said Isabella, when the conference

Digitized by Google

with Mr. Salterne had just been brought to its satisfactory conclusion; tell him so in your letter, will you?'

'It is sealed,' said Ada uneasily.

She was not often unwilling to send a summons of this kind; Isabella understood her in a moment.

'Poor little Ada! he must know soon,' she said quietly.

And Ada re-opened her letter without another word, and added the message, sick at heart with the thought of having to tell Edwin so soon the truth Isa had been keeping back.

The next evening he came, delighted with the summons, and with no suspicion of anything unpleasant, as Ada, watching for his arrival, saw at the first glance of the bright face that looked up eagerly to the well-known boudoir window.

She turned pale with dread, and even Isabella's calmness was visibly troubled.

'Dear little Eddy! darling little brother, he will be grieved!' she said sadly; 'run down to him, Ada! Don't let him come up without knowing something about it.'

Ada went. *How* she told the brother of Isa's real state, she hardly knew; she remembered whispering something about 'Not so well; you will find her altered,' in answer to his eager questions; and then she watched him rush up-stairs, and into the sick room itself, to face the full certainty that her trembling words had hardly prepared him for.

By this time one look at his sister would be enough to tell him all, as Ada knew. The change in Isa was becoming so fearfully rapid. Yet, great as the shock was to him, it was hardly greater than Ada felt when, after a long long interview, Edwin came from the invalid's room, the bright boyish look changed into a pale worn expression that shewed plainly enough the depth of the trial to him.

They had been all in all to each other, their care for each other had been so unlike an ordinary brotherly feeling. Isa had loved 'little Eddy' with such a protecting devoted love! Ada knew it all, and dared not even attempt a word of comfort.

'She ought not to have come here now, to bring this anxiety on you all,' he began; even his voice was changed, or seemed so to Ada.

'Indeed, she ought!' she answered; 'she ought to be nowhere in the world but here. She is like a sister, doubly, now.'

She longed to try some consolation, but it seemed too hopeless.

'Is there time to write by this post?' asked Edwin in the same wearied way; 'I must summon our lawyer,' shrinking as he spoke; 'she wants to talk to you.'

Ada was almost glad to get away.

It was a relief to find that Isa had not suffered so much from the interview as her brother; to him every word was a new shock, while she was feeling only relieved that the dreaded disclosure was made.

'He is very very sorry, dear little Eddy!' were Isa's first words; 'but

Digitized by Google

it won't do to think about *that*. We have been having a business talk; I want you to hear about it. You must know, we have been getting ready for my lawyer; I want my will made. Now, little Ada, don't! People will provoke me by being so intolerably silly about their wills, as if one were going to die the sooner for putting one's name to a sheet of parchment! Listen, like a good child. First, I have a very tolerable little fortune, as you know; secondly, I have no one in especial to leave it to. Eddy won't have it; and I know if I were to insist, he would not use a farthing of it in any comfort; you are the same as Eddy, of course. Well, having no other relations of any consequence, for old Lady Emma is as rich as a Jew, and the few cousins I have are richer, I think I am at liberty to do what I like with it. And I am going to leave the chief part to endow the new Abbey Church. What do you say to it, my dear?'

'I hate talking about it,' said poor Ada reluctantly; 'but, oh! Isa, you are quite right, and it is very good of you to do what we ought to.'

'I am glad you think it right. As to the goodness of it, that does seem to me the most absurd thing in the world. It makes one ill to hear people praised for leaving their money to something or other, when everyone knows they have only left it because they can't take it away with them! Suppose we put aside the virtue of the thing, and look at it in a sensible way only. Yes, I really think it is the best. I went over it several times yesterday, and have come to the conclusion that my plan will have five good results. First, it will appease your father's Dedlock dignity—the funds coming from one of the family. Secondly, it will ease your conscience of a considerable weight; I happen to know how your silly little head has been troubled about it. Thirdly, it will relieve Mr. Hatherly of a burden which he ought not to bear, in common justice. Fourthly, it will please my darling little Eddy; he has set his heart upon that church, and he will like me to have had some share in it. Fifthly, and lastly, it will make that nice little Annie marry, without wearing out herself in an endless engagement. No small consideration. And I think that is all.'

'Dear Isa!' said Ada, 'I am sure it is right. But will Papa agree to it?'

'My dear, he can't interfere; thanks to my advanced age! And I don't mean him to know anything about it till my lawyer has put it all in train, and is safe out of the house. And I certainly shall not call him back again. Yes, I expect Mr. Salterne will look upon me as a trifle Quixotic; never mind, he will get over it. You are horribly dull, little Ada.'

'I know it,' was the tearful answer.

'I am *not*,' answered Isa, with a manner that meant sincerity. 'It is much worse for you than for me, poor child! Do you remember our discussion after Eddy's first sermon on Easter Sunday? How shocked you were when I told you that the Cross Eddy preached about was such

Digitized by Google

a shadowy thing to me! So It was then. I could not always get near It. I think I can now; this, that you don't like me to mention, is a good guide to It, Ada.'

'I knew it would be all clear to you some day,' said Ada in her tears.

'Yes; I remember I used to think that if I could just get that one thing made real and tangible to me, I should not mind anything. And I was right. Don't worry any more about me, dear!'

Ada did grieve very much for her, more than ever the next day, when the lawyer's arrival kept her from the sick room and from Edwin for most of the morning and all the afternoon; and she could not take much comfort from Isa's triumphant assurance to her that evening, that everything was settled as far as it could be done at present, and that Mr. Salterne might rebel, if he chose, in vain.

Isabella was decidedly not worse for her day of business; this evening both Edwin and Ada looked at her in a kind of wonder, as she talked almost like her old self, and amused herself quite naturally in putting in order a basket of autumnal flowers, fresh from the woods, that she had asked Annie to bring her.

'How well the child knew what I wanted,' said Isa cheerfully, routing about the collection of moss, ivy sprays, crimson leaves, and late flowers, all thrown together with a carelessness that had cost Annie a good deal of time and trouble; 'these things are not so much uglier than greenhouse affairs, if people would but think so.'

It was a real, not assumed, enjoyment; and yet Annie was not quite wrong in her presumptuous idea, that Miss Clune had asked for flowers to give her a pretext for coming to the Park. She had taken a great fancy to her bright little nurse, and was as willing as Annie herself to give the lady's-maid another respite from night-work.

The intimacy that Annie had looked forward to was really beginning; very unlike what she had fancied it would be, when no thought of sickness or sorrow had entered into her silly notions of familiarity with the Park people.

Isabella herself was the first to let Mr. Salterne into the secret of her interview with the lawyer; she told Ada afterwards that she had rather looked forward to his surprise—perhaps even she would not have objected to a little opposition—and she had been a trifle disappointed.

Mr. Salterne had shewn very little astonishment, and no disapproval, beyond a remark which he tried to make as dignified as usual; failing totally. 'A foolish piece of business altogether; very unnecessary, my dear. I was afraid of something of the kind, when I heard of the solicitor; very unnecessary haste, my dear.'

And then dignity and stiffness completely broke down, and the stern Mr. Salterne's voice grew very shaky over his usual questions—if she did not feel better? if nothing more could be done?

'You are very kind, but you must know how it is now,' said Isa,

Digitized by Google

grateful for the true feeling that she knew was given to very few besides herself; and, in her quiet calm way, she led him on into a plain business discussion, and forced him to admit that her design had set him free from a disagreeable dilemma, and was, in every point of view, the best thing that could be done.

'The next thing is, that letter to Mr. Hatherly,' went on Isa in the peremptory tone that she used to take with Mr. Salterne, 'as it is rather awkward to write about *yet*, and as I should like to carry through this piece of work in my own way, I want to save you the trouble of composition; please copy this.

Sir,

On consideration of the subject mentioned in your letter, I beg to inform you that I see every prospect of an arrangement being entered into, by which you will be spared the undue share of responsibility you have liberally proposed to take upon yourself. I must request a further delay before entering into details, but believe that I shall very shortly recur to the subject.

Yours, &c.

There!' said Isa, when she had read the letter aloud, 'I call that a clever production. It does not explain anything, but guarantees an explanation which will ease that poor ill-used Mr. Hatherly's mind, I hope. How do you like it?'

'Not at all,' was the short answer. 'What do you mean by recurring to the subject very shortly? I shall do no such thing, my dear.'

'Yes, you will; we needn't talk about it, but you will. Just to oblige me, will you send that letter?'

Mr. Salterne never could resist Isa's pleadings—less now than ever; and he resisted the temptation of writing one of his own curt notes—a style of literature which he fancied he excelled in—and sat down submissively to copy Isabella's production, sending his letter by a special messenger to the Abbey Farm that very evening.

It caused no small surprise to Mr. Hatherly; as much to the Vicarage party.

'I hope it does not mean delay and nothing more,' said Mr. Hatherly, going over the next morning to consult Mr. Marvin.

'No, it does mean something more,' cried Annie's impulsive voice; 'it means that that stingy Mr. Salterne is regularly ashamed of letting you do it all, and is going to help for very shame's sake.'

Annie's fondness for the Park belongings had never extended to Mr. Salterne.

'I should be sorry to think so,' said Mr. Hatherly, quietly; 'I have too good an opinion of him to give him credit for such a motive as—'

'Oh!' interrupted Annie suddenly, colouring as she spoke; 'I know! I believe I know, only I mustn't say!' and rushed off to her room.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

BERTRAM; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

CHAPTER VIII.

'O MOTHER, you do pinch my arm so tight! you hurt me so, Mother! —O Robin, she is hurting me, and I can't wake her! *Do* get a light, and wake her for me!'

Robin started up, struck a light in an instant, and then he very nearly dropped it.

'O Amy! what shall we do? Where's Granny? Call her. I'll go off for Dr. Ryder.' And with very little dressing, Robin darted off into the black night.

But he ran against Granny in his haste. 'What is it?' cried she in alarm.

'Oh, go in—go in!' exclaimed Robin. 'I'll get the Doctor. Don't stop me! She'll be dead, I'm sure she will! Fetch Uncle Jake!' And he disappeared.

They were not frightened without cause. A new symptom of Annette's complaint, not at all unusual, and always more or less alarming, had startled them indeed. We need not describe it; but Annette was very bad, and Robin was not very far wrong.

Granny brought water, Amy hid her face, and sobbed, and the tall Gipsy man seemed utterly unnerved. At last Annette became quiet, and her troubled eyes closed.

'Light another candle, Jake,' whispered Granny, 'it's going out.'

Jake rose and extinguished it. 'She's quiet now,' he said, 'and will sleep; the darkness is best for her.'

So they sat still and waited—hours, as it seemed.

Then there were footsteps. Jake sprang up, and lighted another candle. It was Mr. Kay, the Doctor's assistant, with Robin.

'She's sleeping now, Sir,' said Jake.

'I see,' said the young doctor. And he leaned over the bed.

'But perhaps you will give us something for her,' added the Gipsy, 'in case it comes on again?'

'It will *not* come on again,' replied the young man gravely. He gave a kind and feeling glance at the children, and then continued, 'Had I been here at the time, I might not have been able to do anything. There is nothing for me to do *now*.'

He had told them the truth. They were utterly unprepared for it. He felt sorry for them all, but his most pitying looks were for those little children. Amy had raised her head for a moment upon the doctor's entrance; now it fell upon the bed again, and in another instant she was sliding down, a broken heap, upon the floor. Mr. Kay took her up in his arms.

'I am sorry for your trouble,' he said gently; 'but she was scarcely a

Digitized by Google

very near relation, I should think, except to these poor children.' He looked at Amy's pale face; 'I will take her into the air;—and do you come too, my boy. We cannot help poor Mother now.' He was leaving the van, but he turned and said, 'Give me a seat, or a box or two. The dew is so heavy out here for them.'

Jake carried out two boxes of Annette's, and then returned to his mother. 'Poor thing!' he said; 'she was so good to us!'

Madge had seemed like one stunned, but she spoke now.

'She *was* good to us. I wish I had never said those words. Maybe I killed her; but I never meant to do that.' And poor Granny burst into remorseful tears.

Jake thought in his heart that Madge's words *had* perhaps killed Annette, and therefore he was not inclined to be very sympathetic with his mother.

'She couldn't bear it like,' replied he, 'in her weak state. But I'll go now. You can call me if you want me, for I shall be awake.'

But this was a mistake of Jake's, for he went to sleep.

And Mr. Kay placed the two boxes together, and laid little Amy upon them. She soon revived—revived to hear Robin's sobs, and to remember her loss. She put her arms round her brother's neck, and hid her face in his jacket. Mr. Kay stood by. He spoke once or twice, but they did not heed; then he observed kindly, 'You are not afraid of being here, my dears? The daylight will soon come.'

'Oh no, we are not afraid, but we are so miserable,' said poor Robin.

'But do you think, my boy, that I can do any more for you, now that your sister has come to?'

'Oh no—no, Sir, thank you; nobody can ever help us any more.'

'Only One can, my poor children. You must ask Him. But good-bye, I will come again and see you very soon.' And he departed.

They sat and cried on—little hopeless things. At last quite quiet and still. Granny passed and repassed, taking no heed of them. Bright streaks appeared in the eastern sky. The spired tower of Westerleigh church, hovering over them in its nearness, threw a heavy shadow; then the dark form of Brastings sacred edifice further off. All was showing out in the dawning day.

Robin started up. 'O Amy! my promise; we must leave Mother, and go away directly.'

'Leave Mother!' cried Amy; 'O Robin, we can't. But I forgot, we *must* go—we must!' And the wailing cry of both the children re-commenced.

'Granny will never let us go,' sobbed Amy.

'But we *must* go,' returned Robin. 'Amy, I promised.'

'We both promised,' said Amy. 'And now we can't do it.'

'If you will be quiet, Amy. They're both asleep now. And where's the parcel? Get up, dear Amy, and let me look into the box. There it is.'

He took it out, and some string with it, and tied it round his waist.

Digitized by Google

'Now your jacket sticks out behind, Robin.'

'Never mind, Amy, it's no harm. And that is the money.' He opened the bag, and took out the sovereigns. 'I shall have things to buy for you, Amy.'

'O Robin, may we take it? Are you sure?'

'Yes, I am quite sure. Mother said we were to find it. I wonder which is the way. We must ask people to tell us.'

'We mustn't beg, Robin, with all this gold money. We can't say we're poor.'

'We won't tell lies,' replied the boy stoutly. He had picked the few sovereigns, and now he took Amy's hand. 'Hush, Amy. This way, behind the tent. I know which way to go. The *coach* goes to Lewisham, because we were to have gone there by the coach. And it goes down the hill out of the town, and then up again.'

'Is it a hundred miles? We shall be so tired.'

'A hundred miles! no. But, Amy, we will ride on the coach, just as we were to have gone with poor Mother; and the gold money will pay.'

'And Granny can't catch the coach,' said Amy; 'and perhaps we can ride up to Mrs. Sutton's door.'

All this whispered through many tears and sobs.

'It's dreadful to go away,' faltered out Robin.

'Only Mother told us,' said Amy.

'Yes; we faithfully promised. Come this way, Amy. Oh, Mother! Mother!'

He put his lips to the side of the van, and kissed it. Amy did the same. 'Oh, good-bye, good-bye, Mother!'

Daylight had come. They crept softly up to the top of the lane, hand in hand—so Annette had taught them to walk.

A slate was lying on the bank just opposite.

'My slate! Oh, how kind! He must have brought it last night. And a pencil and string!' He put the string over his head, and they walked on in the direction of Westerleigh. The slate had stopped the sobbing for a time.

But now my reader—a lady, with the large experience derived from a nursery of young brothers and sisters—will put in a remark.

'Children do not make these plans, and start off in this way, making all their arrangements so cleverly, and just when they are breaking their hearts too.'

No, not amongst *you*. In your nursery it would be quite impossible. No wonder that you doubt it *now*. But wait a few years. Rather wait for very many years; and when you have been long a visitor amongst the cottagers, you will know something of what *poor* children have to do, and what necessity obliges their overtaxed brains to think of in some particular cases, in their quite early youth. You may find 'old heads upon young shoulders' then, notwithstanding the proverb.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

THE CAGED LION.

CHAPTER III.

HAL.

THE sun had not long been shining on the dark walls of St. Ebba's monastery, before the low-browed gate of Coldingham Priory opened to let pass the guests of the previous night. Malcolm had been kissed and blessed by his guardian, and bidden to transfer his dutiful obedience to his new protector; and somewhat comforted by believing Sir David to be mending since last night, he had rent himself away, and was riding in the frosty morning air beside the kinsman who had so strangely taken charge of him, and accompanied by Sir James's tall old Scottish squire, by the English groom, and by Malcolm's own servant, Halbert.

For a long space, there was perfect silence: and as Malcolm began to detach his thoughts from all that he had left behind, he could not help being struck with the expressions that flitted over his companion's countenance. For a time he would seem lost in some deep mournful reverie, and his head drooped as if in sadness or perplexity; then a sudden gleam would light up his face, as if a brilliant project had occurred to him, his lips would part, his eye flash, he would impel his horse forward as though leading a charge, or lift up his head with kindling looks, like one rehearsing a speech; but ever a check would come on him in the midst, his mouth closed in dejection, his brow drew together in an anguish of impatience, his eyelids drooped in weariness, and he would ride on in deep reflection, till roused perhaps by the flight of a moor fowl, or the rush of a startled roe, he would hum some gay French hunting song, or plaintive Scottish ballad.

Scarcely a word had been uttered until towards noon on the borders of a little narrow valley, the merry sound of bells clashed up to their ears, and therewith sounds of music. 'Tis the toon of Christ's Kirk on the Green,' said the squire, as Sir James looked at him for information, 'where we were to bait. Methought in Lent we had been spared this gallimawfrey.'

''Tis Midlent week, you pagan,' replied Sir James. 'These good folk have come a mothering, and a share of their simnels we'll have.'

'Sir,' entreated the squire, 'were it not more prudent for you to tarry without, and let me fetch provisions?'

'Hoot, man, a throng is our best friend! Besides, the horses must rest.'

So saying, Sir James rode eagerly forward; Malcolm following, not without wonder at not having been consulted, for though kept in strict discipline by his uncle, it had always been with every courtesy due to his rank as a king's grandson; and the cousins, from whom he had suffered,

Digitized by Google

were of the same rank with himself. 'Did this wandering landless knight, now he had him in his power, mean to disregard all that was his due? But when Sir James turned round his face sparkling with good humour and amusement, and laughed as he said, 'Now then for the humours of a Scottish fair!' all his offended dignity was forgotten.

The greensward was surrounded by small huts and hovels; a little old stone church on one side, and a hostel near it, shadowed by a single tall elm, beneath which was the very centre of the village wake. Not only was it Midlent, but the day was the feast of a local saint, in whose honour Lenten requirements were relaxed. Monks and priests were there in plenty, and so were jugglers and maskers, Robin Hood and Maid Marion, glee-men and harpers, merchants and hucksters, masterful beggars and sorners, shepherds in grey mauds with wise collies at their feet, shrewd old carlines with their winter's spinning of yarn, lean wolf-like borderers peaceable for the nonce, merry lasses with tow-like locks floating from their snoods, all seen by the intensely glittering sun of a clear March day, dry and not too cold for these hardy northern folk.

Nigel, the squire, sighed in despondency; and Malcolm, who hated crowds, and knew himself a mark for the rude observations of a free-spoken populace, shrank up to him, when Sir James, nodding in time to the tones of a bagpipe that was playing at the hostel door, flung his bridle to Brewster the groom, laughed at his glum and contemptuous looks, merrily hailed the gude-wife with her brown face and big silver ear-rings, seated himself on the bench at the long wooden table under the great garland of fir-boughs, willow catkins, and primroses, hung over the boughs of the tree, crossed himself, murmured his '*Benedictus benedicat*,' drew his dagger, carved a slice of the haunch of ox on the table, offered it to the reluctant Malcolm, then helping himself, entered into conversation with the lean friar on one side of him, and the stalwart man-at-arms opposite, apparently as indifferent as the rest of the company to the fact that the uncovered boards of the table were the only trenchers, and the salt and mustard were taken by the point of each man's dagger from common receptacles dispersed along the board. Probably the only person really disgusted or amazed was the English Brewster, who, though too cautious to express a word of his feelings, preserved the most complete silence, and could scarcely persuade himself to taste the rude fare.

Nor when the meal was over was Sir James disposed to heed the wistful looks of his attendants, but wandered off to watch the contest in archery at the butts, where arrow after arrow flew wide of the clout, for the strength of Scotland did not lie in the long-bow, and Albany's edict that shooting should be practised on Sundays and holidays, had not produced as yet any great dexterity.

Sir James at first laughed merrily at the extraordinary screwings of visage and contortions of attitude, and the useless demonstration of effort with which the clowns aimed their shafts and drew their bow, sometimes to find the arrow on the grass at their feet, sometimes to see it producing

Digitized by Google

consternation among the by-standers; but when he saw Brewster standing silently apart, viewing their efforts with a scorn visible enough in the dead stolidity of his countenance, he murmured a bitter interjection, and turned away with folded arms and frowning brow.

Nigel again urged their departure, but at that moment the sweet notes of a long narrative ballad began to sound to the accompaniment of a harp, and he stood motionless while the wild mournful ditty told of the cruelty of the Lady of Frendraught, and how

'Morning sun ne'er shone upon
Lord John and Rothiemay.'

Large tears were dropping from under the hand with which he veiled his emotion; and when Nigel touched his cloak to remind him that the horses were ready, he pressed the old man's hand, saying with a sigh, 'I heard that last at my father's knee! It rung in my ears for many a year! Here, lad—' and, dropping a gold coin into the wooden bowl carried round by the blind minstrel's attendant, he was turning away, when the glee-man, detecting perhaps the ring of the coin, broke forth in stirring tones—

'It fell about the Lammas-tide,
When moormen win their hay,
The doughty Earl of Douglas rode
Into England to catch a prey.'

Again he stood transfixed, beating time with his hand, his eyes beaming, his lips moving as he followed the spirit-stirring ballad, and then as Douglas falls, and is laid beneath the bracken bush, unseen by his men, and Montgomery forces Hotspur to yield not to him, but

'to the bracken bush
That grows upon the lily lea,'

he sobbed without disguise; and no sooner was the ballad ended than he sprang forward to the harper, crying, 'Again, again; another gold crown to hear it again!'

'Sir,' entreated Nigel, 'remember how much hangs on your speed.'

'The ballad I *must* have,' exclaimed Sir James, trying to shake him off. 'It moves the heart more than aught I ever heard! How runs it?'

'*I* know the ballad,' said Malcolm, half in impatience, half in contempt. 'I could sing every word of it. Every glee-man has it.'

'Nay—hear you, Sir—the lad can sing it,' reiterated Nigel; and Sir James, throwing the promised guerdon to the minstrel, let himself be led away to the front of the inn; but there was a piper, playing to a group of dancers, and as if his feet could not resist the fascination, Sir James held out his hand to the first comely lass he saw disengaged, and in spite of the steel-guarded boots that he wore, answered foot for foot, spring for spring, to the deft manœuvres of her shoeless feet, with equal agility and greater grace. Nigel frowned more than ever at this exhibition, and

Digitized by Google

when the knight had led his panting partner to a seat, and called for a tankard of ale for her refreshment, he remonstrated more seriously still. 'Sir, the gates of Berwick will be shut.'

'The days lengthen, man.'

'And who knows if some of yon land-loupers be not of Walter Stewart's meiné? Granted that they ken not yourself, that lad is only too ken-speckle. Moreover, you've made free enough with your siller to set the haill crew of moss-troopers on our track.'

'Twenty mile to Berwick-gate,' said Sir James carelessly; 'nor need you ever look behind you at jades like theirs. Nay, friend, I come, since you grudge me for once the sight of a little wholesome glee among my own people. My holiday is dropping from me like sands in an hour-glass!'

He mounted, however, and put his horse to as round a pace as could be maintained by the whole party without distress; nor did he again break silence for many miles.

At the gates of Berwick, then in English hands, he gave a pass-word, and was admitted. He bade Nigel conduct Lord Malcolm to an inn, explaining that it was his duty to present himself to the governor; and being detained to sup with him, was seen no more till they started the next morning. The governor rode out with them some ten miles, with a strong guard of spear-men; and after parting with him, they pushed on to the south.

After the first day's journey, Malcolm was amazed to see Sir James mount without any of his defensive armour, which was piled on the spare horse; his head was covered by a chaperon, or flat cap with a short curtain to it, and his sword was the only weapon he retained. Nigel was also nearly unarmed, and Sir James advised Malcolm himself to lay aside the light hawberk he wore; then, at his amazed look, said, 'Poor lad! he never saw the day when he could ride abroad scatheless. When will the breadth of Scotland be as safe as these English hills?'

He was very kind to his young companion, treating him in all things like a guest, pointing out what was worthy of note, and explaining what was new and surprising. Malcolm would have asked much concerning the King, to whom he was bound, but these questions were the only ones he put aside, saying that his kinsman would one day learn that it ill beseemed those who were about a king's person to speak of him freely.

One night was spent at Durham, the parent of Coldingham, and here Malcolm felt at home, far more grand as was that mighty cathedral institution. There it stood, with the Weir encircling it, on its own fair though mighty hill, with all the glory of its Norman minster and lovely Lady Chapel; yet it seemed to the boy more like a glorified Coldingham than like a strange region.

'The Peace of God rests on the place,' he said, when Sir James asked his thoughts as he looked back at the grand mass of buildings. 'These are the only spots where the holy and tender can grow, like the Palestine lilies sheltered from the blast in the Abbot's garden at Coldingham.'

Digitized by Google

'Nay, lad, it were an ill world did lilies only grow in Abbots' gardens.'

'It is an ill world,' said Malcolm.

'Let us hear what you say in a month's time,' replied the knight lightly: then dreaming over the words.

A few days more, and they were riding among the lovely rock and woodland scenery of Yorkshire, when suddenly there leaped from behind a bush, three or four young men, with a loud shout of 'Stand.'

'Reivers!' thought Malcolm, sick with dismay, as the foremost grasped Sir James's bridle; but the latter merely laughed, saying, 'How now, Hal! be these your old tricks?'

'Ay, when such prizes are errant,' said the assailant; and Sir James, springing from his horse, embraced him and his companion with cordiality that made Malcolm not a little uneasy. Could he have been kidnapped by a false Englishman into a den of robbers for the sake of his ransom?

'You are strict to your time,' said the chief robber. 'I knew you would be. So when Ned Marmion came to Beverley and would have us to see his hunting at Tanfield, we came on thinking to meet you. Marmion here has a nooning spread in the forest; ere we go on to Thirsk, where I have a matter to settle between two wrong-headed churls. How has it been with you, Jamie? you have added to your meiné.'

'Ah, Hal! never in all your cut-purse days did you fall on such an emprise as I have achieved.'

'Let us hear,' said Hal, linking his arm in Sir James's, who turned for a moment to say,

'Take care of the lad, John, he is a young kinsman of mine.'

'Kinsman!' thought Malcolm; 'do all wandering Stewarts claim kin to the blood royal?' but then as he looked at Sir James's stately head, he felt that no assumption could be unbecoming in one of such a presence, and so kind to himself; and ashamed of the moment's petulance, dismounted, and, as John said, 'This is the way to our noon meat,' he let himself be conducted through the trees to a glade, sheltered from the wind, where a Lenten, though not unsavoury, meal of bread, dried fish, and eggs, was laid out on the grass, in a bright warm sunshine; and Hal, declaring himself to have a hunter's appetite, and that he knew Jamie had been starved in Scotland, and was as lean as a greyhound, seated himself on the grass, and to Malcolm's extreme surprise, not to say disgust, was served by Lord Marmion on the knee and with doffed cap.

While the meal was being eaten, Malcolm studied the strangers. Lord Marmion was a good-humoured hearty-looking young Yorkshireman, but the other two attracted his attention far more. They were evidently brothers, one perhaps just above, the other just below, thirty; both of the most perfect mould of symmetry, activity, and strength, though perhaps more inclining to agility than robustness. Both were fair complexioned, and wore no beard; but John was the paler, graver, and more sedate, and his aquiline profile had an older look than that borne by Hal's perfectly regular features. It would have been hard to define what

Digitized by Google

instantly showed the seniority of his brother, for the clearness of his colouring—bright red and white like a lady's—his short well-moulded chin, and the fresh earnestness and animation of his countenance, gave an air of perpetual youth, in spite of the scar of an arrow on the cheek which told of at least one battle; but there were those manifestations of being used to be the first which are the evident tokens of elder sonship, and the lordly manner more and more impressed Malcolm. He was glad that his own Sir James was equal in dignity, as well as superior in height, and he thought the terrible red lightning of those auburn eyes would be impossible to the sparkling azure eyes of the Englishman, steadfast, keen, and brilliant unspeakably though they were; but so soon as Sir James seemed to have made his explanation, the look was most winningly turned on him, a hand held out, and he was thus greeted: 'Welcome, my young Prince Malcolm; I am happy that your cousin thinks so well of our cheer, that he has brought you to partake it.'

'His keeper, Somerset,' thought Malcolm, as he bowed stiffly; 'he seems to treat me coolly enough.' 'I come to serve my king,' he said, but he was scarcely heard; for as Hal unbuckled his sword before sitting down on the grass, he thrust into his bosom a small black volume, with which he seemed to have been beguiling the time; and John exclaimed,

'There goes Godfrey de Bulloin. I tell you, Jamie, 'tis well you are come! Now have I someone to speak with. Ever since Harry borrowed my Lady of Westmoreland's book of the Holy War, he has not had a word to fling at me.'

'Ah!' said Sir James. 'I saw a book, indeed, of the Holy Land! It would tempt him too much to hear how near the Border it dwells! What was it named, Malcolm?'

'The Itinerarium of Adamnanus,' replied Malcolm, blushing at the sudden appeal.

'Ha! I've heard of it,' cried the English knight. 'I sent to half the convent libraries to beg the loan when Gilbert de Lannoy set forth for the survey of Palestine. Does the Monk of Iona tell what commodity of landing there may be on the coast?'

Malcolm had the sea-port towns at his fingers' ends, and having in the hard process of translation, and reading and re-reading one of the few books that came into his hands, nearly mastered the contents, he was able to reply with promptness and precision, although with much amazement, for

> 'Much he marvelled a knight of pride,
> Like a book-bosomed priest should ride;'

nor had he ever before found his accomplishments treated as aught but matters of scorn among the princes and nobles with whom he had occasionally been thrown.

'Good! good!' said Sir Harry at last. 'Well read, and clearly called to mind.—The stripling will do you credit, James.—Where have you studied, fair cousin?'

Digitized by Google

Cousin! was it English fashion to make a cousin of everybody? But gentle humble Malcolm had no resentment in him, and felt gratified at the friendly tone of so grand and manly-looking a knight. 'At home,' he answered, 'with a travelling scholar who had studied at Padua and Paris.'

'That is where you Scots love to haunt! But know you how they are served there? I have seen the gibbet where the Mayor of Paris hung two clerks' sons for loving his daughters over well!'

'The clerks' twa sons of Owsenford that were foully slain!' cried Malcolm, his face lighting up. 'O Sir, have you seen their gibbet?'

'What? were they friends of yours?' asked Hal, much amused, and shaking his head merrily at Sir James. 'Ill company, I fear—'

'Only in a ballad,' said Malcolm, colouring, 'that tells how at Yuletide the ghosts came to their mother with their hats made of the birk that grew at the gates of Paradise.'

'A rare ballad must that be!' exclaimed Hal. 'Canst sing it? Or are you weary?—Marmion, prithee tell some of the fellows to bring my harp from the baggage.'

'His own harp is with ours,' said Sir James; 'he will make a better figure therewith.'

At his sign, the attendant, Nigel, the only person besides Lord Marmion of Tanfield who had been present at the meal, besides the two Stewarts and the English brothers, rose and disappeared between the trees, beyond which a hum of voices, an occasional laugh, and the stamping of horses and jingling of bridles, betokened that a good many followers were in waiting. Malcolm's harp was quickly brought, having been slung in its case to the saddle of Halbert's horse; and as he had used it to beguile the last evening's halt, it did not need much tuning. Surprised as his princely notions were at being commanded rather than requested to sing, the sweet encouraging smile and tone of kind authority banished all hesitation in complying, and he gave the ballad of the Clerks' twa Sons of Owsenford with much grace and sweetness, while the weakness of his voice was compensated by the manlier strains with which Sir James occasionally chimed in. Then as Harry gave full meed of appreciative praise and thanks, Sir James said, 'Lend me thine harp, Malcolm; I have learnt thy song now;—and thou, Harry, must hear and own how far our Scottish minstrelsy exceeds thy boasted Chevy Chase.'

And forth rang in all the mellow beauty of his voice, that most glorious of ballads, the Battle of Otterburn, as much more grand than it had been when he heard it from the glee-man or from Malcolm, as a magnificent voice, patriotic enthusiasm, and cultivation and refinement, could make it. He had lost himself and all around in the passion of the victory, the pathos of the death. But no such bright look of thanks recompensed him. Harry's face grew dark, and he growled, 'Douglas dead? Ay, he wins more fields so than alive! I wish you would keep my old Shrewsbury friend, Earl Tyneman, as you call him, at home.'

Digitized by Google

'"Tis ill keeping the scholars in bounds when the master is away,' returned Sir James.

'Well, by this time Tom has taught them how to transgress. Sent them home with the long scourge from robbing orchards in Anjou. He writes to me almost with his foot in the stirrup, about to give Douglas and Buchan a lesson. I shall make short halts and long stages south. This is too far off for tidings.'

'True,' said Sir John, with a satirical curl of the lip; 'above all, when fair ladies brook not to ink their ivory fingers.'

'There spake the envious fiend,' laughed the elder brother. 'John bears not the sight of what he will not or cannot get.'

'I'll never be chained to a lady's litter, nor be forced to loiter till her wimple is pinned,' retorted John. 'Nor do I like dames with two husbands besides.'

'One would have cancelled the other, as grammarians tell us,' said Harry, 'if thy charms, John, had cancelled thine hook nose! I would they had, ere her first marriage. Humfrey will burn his fingers there, and we must hasten back to look after that among other things.—My Lord Marmion,' he added, starting hastily up, and calling to him as he stood at some distance conversing with the Scottish Nigel, 'so please you, let us have the horses;' and as the gentleman hastened to give the summons, he said, 'We shall make good way now. We shall come on Watling Street. Ha, Jamie, when shall we prove ourselves better men than a pack of Pagan Romans, by having a set of roads fit for man or beast, of our own making instead of theirs half decayed? Look where I will, in England or France, their roads are the same in build—firm as the world itself, straight as arrows. An army is off one's mind when once one gets on a Roman way. I'll learn the trick, and have them from Edinburgh to Bordeaux ere ten years are out; and then, what with traffic and converse with the world, and ready justice, neither Highland men nor Gascons will have leisure or taste for robbery.'

'Perhaps Gascons and Scots will have a voice in the matter,' said James, a little stiffly; and the horses being by this time brought, Sir Harry mounted, and keeping his horse near that of young Malcolm, to whom he had evidently taken a fancy, he began to talk to him in so friendly and winning a manner, that he easily drew from the youth the whole history of his acquaintance with Sir James Stewart, of the rescue of his sister, and the promise to conduct him to the captive King of Scots as the only means of saving him from his rapacious kindred.

'Poor lad!' said Harry gravely.

'Do you know King James, Sir?' asked Malcolm timidly.

'Know him?' said Harry, turning round to scan the boy with his merry blue eye. 'I know him—yes, that is as far as a poor Welsh knight can know his Grace of Scotland.'

'And, Sir, will he be good lord to me?'

'Eh! that's as you may take him. I would not be one of yonder Scots under his hands!'

Digitized by Google

'Has he learnt to hate his own countrymen?' asked Malcolm in an awe-stricken voice.

'Hate? I trow he has little to love them for. He is a good fellow enough, my young lord, when left to himself; but best beware. Lions in a cage have strange tempers.'

A courier rode up at the moment, and presented some letters, which Sir Harry at once opened and read, beckoning his brother and Sir James to his side, while Malcolm rode on in their wake, in a state of dismay and bewilderment. Nigel and Lord Marmion were together at so great an interval that he could not fall back on them, nor learn from them who these brothers were. And there was something in the ironical suppressed pity with which Harry had spoken of his prospects with the King of Scots, that terrified him all the more, because he knew that Sir James and Nigel would both hold it unworthy of him to have spoken freely with an Englishman of his own sovereign. Would James be another Walter? and if so, would Sir James Stewart protect him? He had acquired much affection for, and strong reliance on, the knight; but there was something unexplained, and his heart sank.

The smooth line of Watling Street at length opened into the old town of Thirsk, and here bells were ringing, flags flying from the steeple, music sounded, a mayor and his corporation in their robes rode slowly forth, crowds lined the road-side, caps were flung up, and a tremendous shout arose, 'God save King Harry!'

Malcolm gazed about more utterly discomfited. There was 'Harry' upright on his horse, listening with a gracious smile, while the mayor rehearsed a speech about welcome and victories, and the hopeful queen, and, what was still more to the purpose, tendered a huge pair of gauntlets, each filled to the brim, one with gold, and the other with silver pieces.

'Eh! Thanks, Master Mayor, but these gloves must be cleared, ere there is room for me to use them in battle!'

And handing the gold glove to his brother, he scattered the contents of the silver one far and wide among the populace, who shouted their blessings louder than ever, and thus he reached the market-place. There all was set forth as for the lists, a horseman in armour on either side.

'Hegh now, Sirs,' said Harry, 'have we not wars enough toward without these mummings of vanity?'

'This is no show, my Lord King,' returned the mayor, abashed. 'This is deadly earnest. These are two honourable gentlemen of Yorkshire, who are come hither to fight out their quarrel before your Grace.'

'Two honourable foolsheads!' muttered Harry; then raising his voice, 'Come hither, Gentlemen, let us hear your quarrel.'

The two gentlemen were big Yorkshiremen, heavy browed, and their native shrewdness packed far away behind a bumpkin stolidity and surliness that barely allowed them to shew respect to the King.

'So please you, Sir,' growled the first in his throat, 'here stands

Digitized by Google

Christopher Kitson of Barrowbridge, ready to avouch himself a true man, and prove in yonder fellow's teeth that it was not a broken-kneed beast that I sent up for a heriard to my Lord Archbishop when my father died; but that he of Easingwold is a black slanderer and backbiter.'

'And here,' shouted the other, 'stands honest William Trenton of Easingwold, ready to thrust his lies down his throat, and prove on his body that the heriard he sent to my Lord Archbishop was a sorry jade.'

'That were best proved by the beast's body,' interposed the King.

'And,' proceeded the doughty Kitson, as though repeating a lesson, 'having vainly pleaded the matter these nine years, we are come to demand license to fight it out, with lance, sword, and dagger, in your royal presence, to set the matter at rest for ever.'

'Breaking a man's head to prove the soundness of a horse!' ejaculated Harry.

'Your license is given, Sir King?' demanded Kitson.

'My license is given for a combat *a l'outrance*,' said Henry; but, as they were about to flounder back on their big farm horses, he raised his voice to a thundering sound: 'Solely on this condition, that he who slays his neighbour, be he Trenton or Kitson, shall hang for the murder ere I leave Thirsk.'

There was a recoil, and the mayor himself ventured to observe something about the judgement of God, and 'never so seen.'

'And I say,' thundered Henry, and his blue eyes seemed to flame with vehement indignation, 'I say that the ordeal of battle is shamefully abused, and that it is a taking of God's Name—ay, and man's life—in vain, to appeal thereto on every coxcomb's quarrel, risking the life that was given him to serve God's ends, not his own sullen fancy. I will have an end of such things!—And you, Gentlemen, since the heriard is dead or too old to settle the question, shake hands, and if you must let blood, come to France with me next month, and flesh your knives on French and Scots.'

'So please you, Sir,' grumbled Kitson, 'there's Mistress Agnes of Mineshull; she's been in doubt between the two of us these five years, and she'd promised to wed whichever of us got the better.'

'I'll settle her mind for her! Whichever I find foremost among the French, I'll send home to her a knight, and with better sense to boot than to squabble for nine years as to an old horse.'

He then dismounted, and was conducted into the town hall, where a banquet was prepared, taking by the hand Sir James Stewart, and followed by his brother John, and by Malcolm, who felt as though his brain were turning, partly with amazement, partly with confusion at his own dullness, as he perceived that not only was the free-spoken Hal, Henry of Monmouth, King of England, but that his wandering benefactor, the captive knight, whose claim of kindred he had almost spurned, was his native sovereign, James the First of Scotland.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

A LIVING IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

When Mr. Ashton, the Vicar of Oakhurst, asked me, Caroline Greybrook, to be his wife, I was more happy than I cared to confess; and besides this inner brightness which was quite my own affair, everything was bright outwardly as well; I had not even a separation before me, for Oakhurst was only six miles from my own home, and my own people were living near it on all sides. Mr. Ashton was not rich, but his income would be amply sufficient for his wants and mine, in the pretty parsonage at Oakhurst; I was not to be empty-handed either, though I was a long way from being an heiress.

My father was a man spending a large income over a large family, and holding a good position as a country gentleman, though not as a great squire, in a neighbourhood where the society was chiefly composed of people like ourselves, and the clergy and their families, forming, with occasional additions from a Cathedral town on one side, and a watering-place on the other, a large and very sociable circle. Thus our life, though not a gay and dissipated round, was varied and cheerful, our excellent mother took care it should not be an idle or frivolous one; after my sisters and I left the school-room, she helped us to replace our regular studies with solid reading, and to spend some of our newly-acquired leisure in parish work of different kinds, so that our whole time might not be given up to the course of amusement that threatened to consume it, in the usual country round of visits and visitors, archery in the summer, skating or walking in the winter, riding and dinner parties all the year round, with a few balls and gayer parties at longer intervals.

There was nothing in this life, happy as it was, that I regretted when I promised to marry John Ashton; to be a clergyman's wife appeared to me a high and enviable post, I thought of the change that was before me very seriously, I believe; not without prayer, and much mistrust of myself, but I was proud and happy in the prospect.

Oakhurst was my airy castle and my day-dream, and even my imagination could hardly give a charm that it did not possess in reality; it was a small parish, that had been so long cared for by watchful pastors and judicious squires, that it was considered a model, even in a neighbourhood that I now know to be a highly favoured one; nowhere were the children so orderly, the men so sober and industrious, their wives so careful, or the old women so nearly approaching the ideal of village dames, as at Oakhurst. There was a beautiful little church, which had never been restored, apparently because there had never been a time when it had been so neglected or misused as to require restoration; it stood on the top of a short steep hill, and the parsonage near it, a compact and comfortable house, with a pretty old-fashioned garden. I always

Digitized by Google

think of Oakhurst as it was one day that we all paid a visit to Mr. Ashton about two months before our marriage; the view from the parsonage windows was fit for a picture, gentle hills clothed with thick wood in all the fresh luxuriance of early June, the church near at hand, and several more towers and spires in the distance, glimpses of a white road sometimes bordered with wide green turf with cow or donkey grazing, sometimes lost between high fern-covered banks, topped with rather untidy but most picturesque hedges of hornbeam and silver birch; here and there a cottage with white walls, thick moss-grown thatch, and dark brick chimneys, clustered or built with large overhanging tops, from which the light wood smoke rose blue against the noble trees. The hay was not yet cut, and the meadows in the sunshine were silver-grey, yellow, pink, or delicate fawn colour as the soft wind moved the ripe grass, making it look almost like a lake in its wide expanse of ripple or silky lustre. A fair prospect of a goodly land, such as you will hardly find but in the southern counties: there are beauties enough and to spare in the north; but this rich, almost heavy, warm luxuriance is only found in the tamer landscapes of the south. I am happier now than then, with a happiness that the elders among my readers know to be better even than that of youth; but when I hear anyone speak of the happiest day of their lives, the remembrance of that day comes into my mind.

My mother and sisters, and some of the younger branches, had driven from Wellhurst; my father and I rode, as we both liked best; we were dear companions always, and now our rides together would be few. Mr. Ashton was ready for us; he had lunch prepared for us under the trees on the vicarage lawn, bee-haunted lime trees, fragrant with flower; after lunch we sat in the shade and talked, and then while my dear mother went with the housekeeper for a critical survey of the house and its contents, John took me into the kitchen-garden for a little talk to ourselves. We walked up and down on the broad gravel path at the bottom of the garden, turning at the sunny corner where Mr. Ashton kept his bees, and lavender, thyme, and balm grew for them. I remember telling him I was almost frightened at the prospect of so much prosperity, everything being just to my taste; he laughed, and said he meant to work me so hard that I should regret my leisurely young-ladyhood. I did not quite see what he would find for me to do, his three hundred parishioners were already well cared for, and yet he had plenty of leisure, while the perfections of choir and schools rather awed me. Then he said a few graver words on the uses we were to make of our prosperity, and of the dangers, worse than cares, that we might find in it—words that touched me greatly; what was I, that this good man should think me worthy to share his work and care!

A few days after this, Mr. Ashton came over to Wellhurst, earlier in the day than was his custom, and with a graver face than usual. Of course I was in a fidget to find out what was the matter, and was easily drawn into the garden; as soon as we were alone, Mr. Ashton shewed

Digitized by Google

me a letter which he had that morning received from a nobleman who had long been acquainted with him and his family, offering him the living of Willowden, in Lincolnshire; it was a short letter, saying that of all Lord Milchester's clerical acquaintance Mr. Ashton was the man he should like best to entrust the parish to; he did not know exactly how Mr. Ashton was situated at present, but hoped he would undertake it; then a few particulars—population eleven hundred, chiefly agricultural, the income about eight hundred a year, with a new house, the church and schools in fair order; Lord Milchester would be happy to further any improvements Mr. Ashton should undertake; and the note closed with an invitation to his house in town when the decision had been made.

'Lincolnshire, John?' I said when I had read the letter.

'Yes, Carrie, I have looked out the place in map and gazetteer; it is not in the fens, indeed I believe it is a healthy district; but it is unmitigated Lincolnshire; there is a town, Market Fenton, eight miles off, and a station within five miles.'

'What will you do about it?'

'I must go and see the place first; but if there be no serious objection, I think, Carrie dear, I do think I ought to accept the living. Lord Milchester is not a man to do this lightly, or even for old friendship's sake; if he did not think I should suit Willowden he would not offer it to me: is that very conceited, Carrie?'

'But in Lincolnshire, and to leave Oakhurst and home, we never could!'

'Ah, Carrie, did not you say that Oakhurst seemed too good to be true? and I think Oakhurst and you together would be too good for me; it is too easy and pleasant for a life work; a place for an old man, who is not yet past light work, to retire to; a place for a peaceful evening, not for the laborious day; I am not old enough for it yet, there is a great deal more work in me than it requires, though I would not be ungrateful for the last four happy years; and I trust I have been learning how to work, better perhaps in some ways than in the hurry of a large town parish; and then, Carrie, if I were always to live there and to have you to spoil me, I should most likely grow fat and lazy, and what would you do with me then?'

I had no answer for him then, and he went on: 'Oakhurst would suit you well, the very place I should like to take you to; but you know I belong to the Church first, then to you, and I believe it will be my duty to accept this heavier and less pleasant charge; therefore, my own Carrie, I must give you back your promise, and ask you over again, will you marry the Vicar of Willowden? will you go with me, even into Lincolnshire, Carrie?'

'Oh yes; oh, don't speak so, John, you know I will go with you anywhere, I am very selfish to mind at all, when you are ready for the sacrifice—I know it will be a sacrifice to you; please don't mind what I

Digitized by Google

said, it is only the first surprise; I am afraid, too, I only thought of it as a matter of choice and of pleasing ourselves, and that, except for that, one living was much the same as another; you have a great deal to teach me, John; if I begin by holding you back from your duty—trying to do so, at least—I do not believe I could succeed the least bit.'

'If you will go it will be all right; and then there is the money.'

'I don't believe you have thought of it till this minute.'

'Yes, I have; if we go there we must have some holidays, and some day we may want another five hundred a year more than we do now, and with that population I may want a curate; we shall not be too rich, I dare say.'

'It will be nice to come here for holidays; and then how were you to find out that I preferred you to my own people, if we never went further away than Oakhurst?'

I tried to laugh, but it was not easy, my heart was torn in two, I could not do without him now, but how was I to leave my father and the rest? I had never even thought of a separation before. Mr. Ashton understood how it was, and was very kind; after a little more talk he went to consult my father, and I took my trouble to Mamma.

In less than a week it was all settled, and the little rebellious hope at the bottom of my heart was extinguished; Mr. Ashton was to be Vicar of Willowden, and I, of course, was going with him. I begged to be allowed to superintend the furnishing of the vicarage, and John was not very anxious to undertake it by himself; besides, as it was to be, and he must go quickly, I did not like to let him go alone, as he evidently dreaded it; so we were to be married at the time originally fixed. This once arranged, the next two months passed in a whirl of business and a tumult of feeling that I should be very sorry to go through again; then we were married, the terrible parting was over, and we passed a quiet fortnight in Switzerland, and a hard but enjoyable week in London, where we accumulated a goodly array of packages, and then we set out for our new home. Mr. Ashton had spent a fortnight at Willowden before our marriage, and his Oakhurst belongings and some servants were awaiting us there, as he hoped, in some degree of order; and he had written to announce our coming.

We were both tired with all we had done in the past ten days; John went prosaically to sleep as soon as he had settled me in the railway carriage; I did the same for a little time, and then watched the country we passed through; about Peterborough my heart began to sink, I had never travelled on the Great Northern before, and was unfamiliar even with the aspect of the flat country; things did not improve much as we went on, but I said nothing, I was determined to make the best of everything, and I thought I was prepared to live in a desert.

At last we alighted at the little station that was nearest to Willowden, a very little station, the smallest I had ever seen in England, consisting of a tiny booking-office, like a good-sized summer-house, and a narrow plat-

Digitized by Google

form; there was no village in sight, and there seemed no reason for a station being there at all, for, except that a road crossed the line, there was no sign of habitation: I stood on the little platform, looking after the vanishing train as if it were a departing friend, while my husband inquired for the carriage that he expected to meet us; with a dismayed face he came to tell me that it was not there; we found afterwards that John's letter had not been posted at our London hotel until two days after it should have been received. Our case would have been very awkward, had not a farmer from Willowden come to meet that very train; his little carriage had not left the station, and the boy who drove it, happily recognizing the new parson, was easily persuaded to drive us back to Willowden.

What a drive it was! I shall never forget that long, straight, hedgeless road; the wide corn-fields on either side, that were now only acres of whitened stubble; divided by the wide deep ditches, in which, as we crossed them, the water seemed to flash cold and pale to the very horizon. We met no one, no cart nor gig, no strolling children nor hedge-side cow nor hoppled donkey; if there were villages we did not see them, only a farm-house here and there, so walled in by substantial barns as to look like a little fort, with a pigeon cote by way of watch-tower. It was not a favourable time for seeing a new country, the autumn evening was grey and chill, the clouds came down and hid the level colourless horizon, and a light rain began to fall; my husband wrapped me up from it as well as he could; he had proposed to drive, but the boy had respectfully but firmly declined the offer, (John admired him for it,) so he sat behind, striving to accommodate his legs to our more necessary baggage, and we could only exchange an encouraging word now and then, hypocritical little sentences on both sides, for he was seeing all with my eyes, and feeling more for me than I did for myself, besides being terribly vexed to find that we were not expected.

At last we left the straight road, turning at right angles on to another, equally straight, and into the village of Willowden, brick-built and slated, the better houses standing with one blank end to the road, the cottages in rows, mostly without gardens at all; the straight upright houses looking very bare to my eyes after the wooden or striped plaster walls, deep thatch, and luxuriant gardens, of south country villages. I did not see the church, and as I was about to ask for it we stopped at the vicarage gate, a hand-gate leading into a square of garden ground, planted with vegetables, before the house, which was quite new, only having been finished a few months before the late vicar's death, and the garden had never been laid out.

I could hardly see the house in the dusk; John hurried me up to the door, the rain now falling fast, and left me with one astonished maid while he went back to the carriage with the other to fetch our things, and dismiss the friendly driver with a message of thanks and explanation to his mistress. Quite taken by surprise, the maid shewed me into the

Digitized by Google

drawing-room, regardless of or not remembering its unfurnished condition. It is a good room with two windows, and for Lincolnshire a pleasant view. It is a pretty home-like room now; but then desolate and empty, except for some boxes that had arrived from Wellhurst. A trifling delay had occurred at the gate, and I sat down alone on one of the boxes, that bore my still unfamiliar name in my sister's familiar hand; overcome with fatigue, and in sudden shyness and embarrassment, it seemed a cold welcome. I was already dispirited, and a trifle was too much, so that, though utterly ashamed of myself, I could not restrain my weakness; and when my husband came in, saying, 'My poor child, how wretched for you!' I burst into tears. He did not speak, but went out, and I heard him sending the servants, one to prepare my room and the other to light the study fire; then he came back, and lifting me quite up, carried me into the brightest and cosiest of kitchens, with cat and kettle, and fire-light dancing on burnished brass and gleaming tin, new paint, white floor, well-scrubbed tables, and polished chairs. I knew quite enough of kitchens to be sure that this one was all it ought to be. Mr. Ashton deposited me in Cook's arm-chair before the fire, found me a foot-stool, took off my damp shawls, and excused, petted, and consoled me till he had a reasonable woman to speak to, and then, there on his own hearth-stone, bade me most kindly and warmly welcome. Greatly comforted by the warmth and cheery place, as well as by John's kindness, I repented of my discontent on the spot; my heart went out afresh to my good husband, and I resolved once more that, God helping my weakness, I would be a good wife to him; his work and his interest should be mine, and his country should be my country. Later in the evening, when we were snug in the study over our tea, surrounded with familiar pictures and Oakhurst furniture, we both began to feel really at home, and could laugh over our disasters, and fancy how my father, with his dislike of ceremony, would applaud the prosaic fashion in which John had succeeded in bringing home his bride.

The next morning we took a careful survey, indoors and out; my spirits had quite returned, but my husband was surprised to find how much more dreary everything looked than when he left it; a month of autumn bad weather had brought us to the verge of winter, though it was early yet in October, and the glory of geraniums in the garden at Wellhurst was seldom dimmed till November. He repented that he had yielded to me, and not had the house at least put in order before I came. I was not a bit sorry, and liked the idea of arranging and improving; it would make us more at home when we were surrounded with our own works; and I had already a plan for a carriage drive through the present potato ground in front of the house, for which there was plenty of room. It was a long time before my plan was carried out, for when we went to the church I had hardly eyes for the fine tower and beautiful arches that my husband pointed out, every fitting and arrangement was either in a deplorable condition or in very bad taste; it was evident that

Digitized by Google

improvement must begin here, and our spare money would be absorbed for some time to come. 'I should like to begin to-morrow, John, and pull up the pews and pull down the gallery.'

'It would take you all your life to finish, if you did, Carrie; it must be done, of course, but it will take a good deal of tact and patience to manage it without debt or quarreling; things must remain as they are for this winter, and I must not let the people think that I wish to cast a shadow of blame on my predecessor, or I shall never have the place in their hearts that he held. I wish I may be half as much to them as he has been; he was obliged to build the house, and no doubt would have done something here had he lived; we must carry on his work, but we must wait till the people and I are a little better acquainted, and learn each other's ways, which are diverse, I suspect.'

So they were; and my husband had a good deal of opposition at first, partly to try what he was made of, I think, but the material gave satisfaction in the end, and having lived in several parts of England he knew how to adapt himself to local peculiarities. It was much longer before I could make any way with the poor people; their dialect was a great puzzle to me. I had to learn the names for the commonest things, gaining meanwhile an undeserved reputation for being learned and stuck up, whereas I was only ignorant and shy. My husband still laughs at the story of my bewilderment, when I was applied to by the gardener for leave to order a 'besom' and a 'skep;' how was I to know that he meant a broom and a basket? The manners of the people too were embarrassing; their freedom and independence, and loud voices, sounded like abuse and incivility, to one accustomed to the quiet tones, and, in comparison, polished deference of the south. This I soon got over, but the colloquial difficulties lasted longer; however, I persevered, and I think the women soon grew to like me, and I at least learned to listen, sitting often rather shy and silent in what seemed to me terribly wretched cottages. I found that these people were really better off than most of my Wellhurst friends—at least, they earned more money; but the pride of cleanliness and tidiness was not theirs, while they had plenty of a pride that rendered any hint at improvement very difficult; they have their virtues, though, and I have plenty to say for them when my mother and sisters come to see us, and draw comparisons in their turn.

In spite of all my efforts and resolutions, I felt the loneliness and isolation very much that first winter, and had to suppress many a longing for cheerful Oakhurst; the house was soon in order, nothing could be done in the garden till the spring, my husband was much absorbed in his parish work, having many difficulties at starting; he did not wish me to undertake much visiting until he knew the people better himself; thus I was unavoidably left much to my own resources, which were less extensive than I had imagined them to be—a wholesome discovery, no doubt, but unpleasant in the making. I used to spend a good deal of time at the schools, where I was the most at home, and I resolutely

Digitized by Google

walked alone, when, as it often happened, John could not go with me, or I with him; it was rather an effort, the roads being so dull, and there were few foot-paths in the fields; one always sees where one is going to in Lincolnshire, and this absence of mystery makes exploring the country like reading a story of which one knows the plot: my favourite walk was to the great river, I was never tired of watching the strong swift current of the

> 'Full fed river winding slow,
> By herds upon an endless plain.'

We had some neighbours, very few at first; a fortnight would then often pass without a single caller; and being both fond of society, and accustomed to a good share of it, we missed what had been a daily element of our lives more than we even expected to do; a little more change and intercourse with his kind, would have enabled my husband to take his cares and worries much more lightly. After a time we learned to think much less of distance, and people were glad to see us in proportion to the difficulty we had in getting to them. There were many cases far worse than ours; clergymen who had lived, often on very straitened means, year after year, seldom leaving their parishes, and seeing so few congenial people, that they had grown moody or eccentric: or perhaps, school and college days retreating still farther into the distance, they had become quite sons of the soil, on week-days little to be distinguished from the farmers among whom they lived. And their poor wives had grown peevish and complaining, or slatternly and careless of appearance, in those lonely places to which they had perhaps gone as full of hope and life as I was now: sad cases these, happily far rarer now than when we first went to Willowden; we always saw them with much compassion, and a little fear lest we too should lack spirit and strength to struggle against the influence of our position.

Christmas was rather a trying time, in a strange country and far from our own people, but we were very happy in each other; and with the New Year we had our first visitor in Henry Ashton, one of my husband's brothers. His view of our affairs was very cheering; nothing could be better, he said; a beautiful country, first-rate for hunting, shooting, and growing corn; such fine air, and such good farming. A capital house, well contrived and well built, and not too much smothered in trees; Caroline could have the garden laid out to her own taste. Then we were well off in not having too many neighbours, people were generally bores; and at Oakhurst, with friends abroad and friends at home, it was of no use going to see John, here one could enjoy his society! It was good to borrow Henry's spectacles, and by degrees we began to see through them a good deal.

One day in March, John drove me to Low Marsh, to visit a clergyman and his wife with whom we were now well acquainted, people who suited us both; Mrs. Graham was not at home, but we found an invalid relative

Digitized by Google

of hers on the sofa in the drawing-room, a Mrs. Syddon, whose pleasant face and soft voice attracted me at once. Mr. Graham shortly carried off my husband to give him an opinion in the garden, while I remained with Mrs. Syddon. We had been speaking of mutual friends near Wellhurst, and she asked me if I knew that part of the country.

'Oh yes, it was my home, and my husband lived near.'

'Ah, I remember now, you were Miss Greybrook; I have met your father and mother more than once in old days.'

'Have you? I am so glad; it is pleasant to meet anyone who knows them, even a little.'

'What a lonely country it is after living there, Mrs. Ashton; I fear you do not like Lincolnshire yet.'

'Indeed, no,' I said, tears inclined to come to my eyes at this touch of sympathy; everyone else seemed to think I ought to be delighted to have got here.

'And you are a little home-sick sometimes? Nay, my dear, it is nothing to be ashamed of; I often wonder at the easy way in which girls leave their homes and every old association when they marry, I cannot believe that they make better wives for it.'

'I loved my home very dearly, and so did my husband; he had the living of Oakhurst, quite near, and we expected to live there; we both feel the change a good deal.'

The kind old lady soon drew from me the little history of my troubles, with many a sympathizing word and look.

'I feel quite ashamed to complain like this, and there is really so little to tell,' I said, as I finished.

'It has been more than a little to bear, I am sure, with your disposition; but you must take courage, my dear, the worst part is over, you must have time to get acclimatized in every way; I am sure you struggle against the feelings of exile and distress, and that will bring its own reward.'

'Thank you for saying so; yes, it is better than it was, and I do not think I am really discontented, for I would not have it otherwise, except in little things,' I answered, not very intelligibly.

'Then you must not let yourself be dull—or yourselves, I should say, for it chiefly depends upon you; you must not get into dull ways; as you are situated at Willowden, it is so very easy to fall into hum-drum ways, and next to impossible to get out of them.'

'But what shall I do, Mrs. Syddon?' I said, smiling at the energy of the little pale invalid, who must pass so many lonely weary hours, and yet seemed to think dullness a vice.

'First, you must take care not to be dull yourself, plenty of employment will come to you in a little time; meanwhile, you must make occupation for yourself—draw, read, practise, if you like these things; undertake pieces of work, learn to cook, and manage your house yourself instead of letting a treasure of a servant do it for you; you are not like a

Digitized by Google

stupid person, you will find abundance of interest in all or any of these things, and when you are busy and interested, your spirits will be good, and then you will have plenty of pleasant talk for your husband when he is at liberty; he will take care that nothing comes in the way of your more serious duties. Then you must keep a cheerful house; money will be well spent in new books and papers, or a subscription to a London library, to keep you up to the doings of the outside world, and prevent your getting local; then you should keep as much company as you conveniently can, and at least have people to stay with you, and cultivate your neighbours both for their sakes and your own. These are but trifles; but, if you will excuse so much advice, you will find them of some importance in the end. Take courage, my dear, and you will soon learn to like Lincolnshire. Here comes Mr. Ashton; I hope he will not ask you what we have been talking about; I shall be anxious to hear how you have got on if I live to come and see my niece again.'

Mrs. Syddon never did revisit the Grahams, she died within a year of the only time I saw her; but I often think of her, for I tried hard to follow her counsels, and her prophecy has certainly been fulfilled; for now, after living for more than twelve years in Lincolnshire, we have both become very much attached to our home, and I am sure if we had to leave Willowden now, it would be a great grief to us. My husband sees much return for his labours, not only the inward work that can never be estimated, but the parish is much improved; the people of all classes are most kind and friendly to us both, and help us in all our work; we have a beautiful church, and it is well filled; the schools prosper; and the choir, my especial pride, far overpasses that of Oakhurst, or indeed of any country one I knew in the less musical South; the people, too, are intellectually better developed, and more eager to learn, though with all our efforts we cannot teach the order, cleanliness, and general civilization that seem to be indigenous in what Mr. Graham calls our beautiful Bœotia.

It is both strange and pleasant to me, a south-countrywoman, to find how thoroughly Lincolnshire our children are; and though my sons look on a visit to Wellhurst as the summit of human felicity, and have a tender regard for the place where Mamma was a little girl, I fear when there they indulge largely in disparaging comments on south-country ways, and arguments with Grandpapa and Uncle Philip on the general superiority of Lincolnshire.

For me, I am very happy; the old days of my home-sickness and disgust have long passed away. I hope my husband does not remember that such ever existed; and I have only recalled them in the hope that my experience and short-comings may warn and instruct some who may be in a similar situation, trusting they may find, as I have surely done, that

'Light flashes in the gloomiest sky,
And music in the dullest plain.'

M. E.

Digitized by Google

CRIB AND HIS COMPANIONS.

THE first dog! If he was ours in childhood, he remains for ever a dog by himself, a wiser, dearer, prettier, more important animal, than any of his successors. He might be a yellow, bristly, little mongrel, as, after the lapse of many years, and much reflection, I have come to think that mine was; but the child-love spent upon him so tenderly, exalted him in his life-time, and enshrined him in his death. Had he lived to be seen with grown-up eyes, I feel I should have called Crib a cur, for he could hardly, with the points about him which I remember best, have been so very beautiful. He was rather larger than a Skye terrier, wiry-haired, but curly. He had a round head, and a short nose, and drooping ears, and a short stiff tail. There was a tradition in the nursery that his grandfather had been a French poodle—and that legend inspired me with a notion of Crib as I should like to see him—clipped as like a lion as could well be managed, with a great ruff of hair before, and none behind, and his tail shaved small, and a tuft at the end of it.

His ancestors, the poodles, of whom we had three in china, with baskets in their mouths, on the nursery mantel-piece, looked just like that, and I felt that if Crib could ever have justice done him, he would be as smart-looking as the china dogs, and not at all unlike a lion. But who was to do it? because Crib would not hear of my sawing much at his hair with the blunt nursery scissors, and the nurses could not be persuaded to see the matter in a right light, and I had no one else to help me; so the end of it was, that after very hard work, and dangerous work too for little fingers, with those unmanageable scissors, Crib's back was clipped into a few great ridges, from the loss of several bunches of his yellow curls; but I had the grief of seeing that he never looked a bit more like a lion, and never would, if no one would help by being kind enough to be his barber; and no one ever did.

The most remarkable thing about Crib was his gravity. It impressed me almost to a painful degree. Like some older people, I imagined goodness and gravity were all the same thing, and as Crib was never naughty, and I knew I was always being told I was, his extreme goodness being quite unattainable became rather depressing. I never thought of it as probably being low spirits in Crib, which it really must have been, (for I remember that he never played about like other dogs,) or I should have pitied him, and tried to comfort him. But his gravity seemed far beyond all pity, and filled me with so much respect, that I felt much more as if I belonged to Crib, than I ever did that he belonged to me.

Faint misgivings as to this extraordinary wisdom and gravity sometimes, however, crossed my mind, and that was upon the occasions which we called Crib's Frog-fights.

Why Crib fought the frogs, and then killed and ate them, I cannot

Digitized by Google

imagine. The nurses said it was because he was a French dog, or at all events, that his grandfather having been French, he had been used to eat frogs, and his grandson had inherited the taste; and when we found that he only ate the legs, just as the nurses said 'them nasty French' did, we were quite sure we had got to the bottom of Crib's proceedings. I don't believe now, we had. The sight of a frog made him furious; his hair bristled, and his white teeth glistened as he growled, till he shook all over in his passion; he would stand stiffened, with his tail stuck on end, growling savagely at a frog, who would be sitting bolt upright, in the complacent way they always do between their hops when upon an expedition; but when once Crib had seen him, poor Froggie went no further; he was only growled at as long as he was quiet, but, at the first hop, Crib sprung upon him, and catching him in his mouth, dashed him away again, and then shivering with fury, would pick him up again and again every time he moved, till at last, the foam all dropping from his mouth like a mad dog, he would tear the frog limb from limb, and eat him.

These proceedings of Crib's frightened me extremely, and put my faith in his gravity and goodness to a severe test, by what the nurses called these 'goings-on' of his. Why Crib should be angry with the frogs nobody could think; it was quite evident he ate them because he hated them, and not because he liked them. Many a battle have I watched, peeping from behind one of the pillars of a verandah, where he generally found his frogs, holding on to it in horror, afraid of Crib, and shocked at him, but yet obliged to look out now and then to see how the fight went on, and delighted to have him back again in his right mind as soon as his frog-fury was over.

When Crib came, he was a great half-grown puppy, but already immoveably grave; for three or four years, through long summer days spent out in the garden and woods, he was generally my companion; and for a whole year, Crib and I had it all our own way; as far, at least, as the caprices of the nurses would allow us. We could wander about for hours, so that we answered to the nursery roll-call for dinner and tea.

But these periodical returns to civilization were looked upon by me (though probably not by Crib) as the greatest possible annoyance. One dream of happiness always came back after every fit of childish misery, and that was to run away and live in a wood or cave, as a wild child. Over and over again, every detail of the flight, both for Crib and myself, was planned; for Crib was to come too; and I set about a systematic training for both him and myself, for the life we were to lead.

The first and most important step seemed to be, that we ought to learn to live upon what the servants called 'broken victuals.' Scraps of bread and butter, bits of sugar, cakes, and apples, and bits of bone for Crib, were carefully collected, and stowed away in the pocket of my frock (bones and all) at every opportunity. These were eaten when we got away together, quite by ourselves, as we did sometimes for half a

Digitized by Google

day. Such happy days, when our training for turning wild was being carried on in earnest.

The bread and butter, and other nursery scraps, were to be superseded, of course, in time, by the berries and acorns, which I should get used to as I got wilder; and Crib was to catch rabbits.

Somewhere on the rocky sides of those blue hills, beyond the river, there would be a cave where we should live when we *were* wild; but, in the meantime, it was very difficult to find good hiding places to go on with our training properly. The prettiest, but not the safest place by any means, was a beloved Summer-castle in the wood. A little plot of smooth mossy turf, surrounded by a wall of golden gorse, and roofed in by the dark branches of a fir, in which a whole shower of goldfinches used often to be singing, their sweet warbling little notes filling the whole place with music; the gold drop on their wings glancing in the sun, as they flitted and twittered amongst the branches—those dark fir branches, through which the sky looked so beautifully blue, as they moved across it in the light wind and threw flickering shadows on the moss below. When the sun was very hot, there would be sharp little reports going on all over the tree, where the fir-cones were opening, and then the air would be filled with the aromatic, piny scent—a cedar scent, which always brings back that Summer-castle in the wood. Through the red trunks of the fir trees, across the dark brown bog, could be seen the distant sea, like a bar of silver in the sun; but I cared more then for the goldfinches, and the ring-doves cooing all over the wood, and the yellow and black-velvet humble bees droning over the gorse blossoms, than for the silver sea, or the blue hills beyond the river. Crib's chief attraction to the castle seemed to be a general flavour of rabbit which he always pretended to find there. Little he cared for the symmetry of the velvety, mossy, green carpet, as he scratched away with both fore-paws, only pausing to take breath now and then, with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and then, after a long satisfactory snuff into the hole he had excavated, to work again, harder than ever, throwing out the earth behind him, and tearing away at the bits of roots with his teeth. If you attempted to encourage Crib, by a word or a pat, when he was excavating, he always took it as an insult, bounced out of the hole he was making, and fiercely showed his teeth. Of course he spoilt the castle, and never caught the rabbit, but it 'kept him good;' and besides, if he chose to do it nobody could stop him, and it was all in the way of training.

But the castle, though so pleasant and pretty, was no longer tenable as a fortress; the nurses knew all about it, and had a way of coming down upon it, and taking it by storm, which quite put an end to all feeling of being a wild child who lived there. A flutter of cap-ribbons might at any moment appear above the gorsy walls, and, for a lost savage, it was very trying to be told, by Jane or Betsy, to come in that moment to the nursery dinner, and 'have your hair brushed, and that dirty pinny off, you naughty child.'

Digitized by Google

But, at *last*, Crib and I had possession of two impregnable fortresses, where we retreated in safety for a whole year and a half, whenever our larder was supposed to be in a satisfactory state for standing a siege, and it was thought we could hold out long enough. The first place was a hay-loft, belonging to an unused stable, some way from the house, where the stable cats always had their nurseries, being quiet and remote from civilization; and a pair of white owls nested under the roof, swallows built on the rafters, and bats flew in and out at night. It was a grand place when you were once in; but it took so much scrambling to get into, that it was not an available fortress for a hurried retreat. Climbing up into a manger, and helping Crib, and then getting him and myself through the broken bars of the hay-rack, which nearly squeezed us both flat, all took time; so castle number two was not often resorted to. Our grand fortress was always a castle in a stack, and we had a succession of these, all more or less eligible. The very best was a burrow in the top of a straw-stack. It was a perilous clamber to get into that castle, the only approach being a jump from a ledge in a neighbouring hay-stack, at a great height from the ground; but once there, nothing could be more delightful. The burrow was our own making; Crib scratched at it, but perhaps did not help as much as he thought he did, and I pulled out the straw; and when done, it was a long sloping tunnel, into which one could slide feet first, with a door-way, over which the golden straw stalks hung so naturally, that no nurse in the world would ever have seen it was a castle, and contained the naughty child she shouted for below. Crib knew perfectly well that he was to be neither seen or heard when *en retraite*, he lay still, his sharp hazel eyes peeping sideways down at the angry nurse, and not moving a muscle till she was safe away. Then Crib would get up and shake himself, and try to get a little exhilaration by mouse hunting in the castle; or he sat and watched the process of weaving rush baskets, or the stringing of the lovely great white and yellow daisies, into chains and bracelets, for the 'nursery children' up at the house. An old copy of Paradise Lost was always carried up to that castle, and Crib had to listen to some very queer versions of Satanic and Angelic speeches read out to him. Sometimes he went to sleep, and so did his mistress, who only woke up to find the shadows long, and the evening drawing in, and much pleased at having been a savage so long, had to prepare for the scolding and sending to bed, which always awaited the return to the nursery.

One of the greatest delights was to get up, and out, and away with Crib in the dawn of a summer morning. A feat we very seldom accomplished, (perhaps two or three times,) but the wonderful beauty of that morning world, as seen for the first time by a child's eyes, remains a vivid memory still.

One well-remembered morning, a great star was looking in at the window, paled and fading in the sky, when I opened it and leant out to listen to the birds, and determined to get Crib, if he would come, and go

Digitized by Google

out. Dressed at last, and past the nursery door, and down those strangely silent stairs, and Crib called from his guard at the foot of them, what a wild delight to open a glass door, and find the great crystal-clear globe of blue air above, and running out upon the dewy grass to look back at the house, looking so strange in the level sun-light, with its white blinds all down, like a many-eyed giant with his eyes shut up and fast asleep; but we never stirred beyond the sight of those shut-up eye-windows, for I dared not. I could not have gone to my castles for anything, not feeling at all sure whether there might not be live giants, or something else as queer in them at that hour. Everything looked mysterious in the morning light, the sun, large and near, just above the rocky outline of the eastern hills, and the shadows long and level below the trees. The birds, so tame in the stillness, the flashing of the jewel-like dew-drops from every leaf and blade of grass, so strangely beautiful and brilliant; and then the delight of the acres of golden dandelions and silvery daisies, all over the lawn, as far as eye could see; all gold, and green, and white. Flowers of all kinds, but those lawn dandelions and daisies especially, were all the world to me, loved with a strange keen child-love, which somehow made of them sentient things to be pitied for being trodden on, and never to be picked and thrown away to die. The hills, far and near, were in that morning light more beautiful than a dream; but I cared for them, I think, about as much as Crib did, whose way of amusing himself was generally by making his toilet by a remorseless roll amongst the dandelions. Crib was asleep on his mat again, and his mistress in bed, before the servants were stirring.

Going up-stairs there was a door to be passed, which nothing in the world would have induced me to pass at night alone, and even in daylight I never looked at it and went by with a run. Out of that door we believed came at times a frightful pair of hob-goblins, about whom the nursery was for years in a state of chronic depression. The goblins were invoked by the nurses whenever we made too much noise, or *would* go out of the nursery. They must have been, what I never heard of before in any Folk Lore, a married pair of hob-goblins. The nurses called them Mr. and Mrs. Bogy; but Mrs. Bogy was known familiarly, in a kind of grim fun, by the name of Mrs. Scratchy, because she kept her nails sharp and long to scratch naughty children with. Our goblins were not supposed to be dangerous by daylight; but still they were an awful pair—ghosts, giants, and goblins, all in one. Bogy himself, however, was not altogether malevolent; at all events, he *was* capable of being propitiated, and when we had been very good, it was rather a comforting promise to hear, 'Then I'll go and tell Bogy what a good child you are to-day.' But Mrs. Scratchy was an untold terror; so extreme was my dread of her, that I never opened my eyes after once getting into bed, lest her head and curl-papers should appear within the curtains; for we *had* once seen her—and just where the nurses described

Digitized by Google

her—coming out of that dreadful door; trespassing beyond the nursery bounds in the twilight, three or four years before, forgetting the two Bogies, when just then *that* door opened, and in the distance there was a sight which frightened me nearly to death. A large ugly head came out of the door, in the traditional wide, white, flappy cap borders, and the forest of curl-papers, which we knew were worn by Mrs. Scratchy. Rushing back to the nursery, I went to bed trembling, and crying myself to sleep, for I dared not tell what I had seen. What I *did* see, I think must have been a Gamp, of grim and gaunt proportions, but whoever or whatever she was, she remained an ideal of all that was most terrible for years. Our respect for Crib was much enhanced by knowing that he slept so pluckily all alone at the bottom of those stairs, while that dangerous Mrs. Scratchy was all the time at the top.

Part of the plan of training for being wild, was of a nautical character. We should very likely have to cross rivers and ponds sometimes when we were quite wild, and so the more I knew about boating the better, particularly as a very tempting opportunity for learning navigation presented itself. For a few days, once a month, there was always to be found a long shallow oval-shaped brewing-tub on the shores of a very small pond, some distance from the house, where the tub used to be taken for periodical cleaning and soaking, and by it was always a long flattish implement, known as a mashing stick, not at all unlike an oar, which did capitally for punting. I got the tub into the water, though it took a long time launching her, and she was very difficult to get into when she was once afloat, and remarkably unsteady on the water at all times; but the delight of finding only water below and sky above, and voyaging about in one's own boat, was almost overwhelming. The water was very shallow, and when stirred up by navigation, very dirty; but no voyage upon the bluest of Swiss lakes has ever seemed so beautiful since. It always upset as we came to land; it could not be helped, it was a way the boat had, and it could never be avoided; but shoes and socks soon got dry, and Crib was always there to welcome me heartily to land again. How to make him take to the sea I could not imagine; it took all my spare bits of bread and butter to coax him to get into the boat at all, and he would always jump out again, if he did get in, before we put to sea. At last I found that if another dog, called Floss, came in first, he would come too. So Floss—a sleek and sleepy brown spaniel, who always did anything she was told—was made to lie down at one end of the boat, and Crib, at last, generally agreed to stand up at the other end, and once afloat, he seemed to think it was wiser to stay there, and all went right as long as he was steady; but if he moved, we went aground, and were always on the verge of upsetting as we got off again, for the difficulty of trimming a boat of that build, with two dogs, would have puzzled the oldest Jack Tar afloat. This boating was the greatest delight as long as it lasted; one day, however, having managed to get

Digitized by Google

a younger sister to the pool, and trimmed my boat with her, instead of the dogs, to our great pleasure we punted successfully round and round the pond, but of course upset in a foot and a half of muddy water on landing as usual, and frocks and shoes told a tale, which put an end for ever to a nautical career. I was then and there told 'that Bogy would have me' if I ever went near that pond again.

Crib's independence of character quite overawed me; dearly as he was loved, I hardly ever patted his yellow curls, from a sort of intuitive feeling that he thought it a nuisance. Floss, on the other hand, was so overcome at the slightest notice, that she would creep along the ground to one's feet, whining and throwing herself flat on her back, with her legs in the air, in a perfect paroxysm of humility, when you wanted to pat her, and I did not like her for being so absurd; it was not like Crib, not like my Crib, who was so stiff and stately, though so small; who would stand still for a moderate amount of patting, but never came to ask for it, looking about as you patted him all the time with a nonchalant air, as much as to say, 'If it pleases you to pat me, pray go on, only don't keep me long; and then giving himself a good shake, he would walk away and scratch his feet violently upon the grass, and look back just as if he was saying, 'That's over, now *are* you coming with me?' Floss, in spite of her humility, was looked upon in the nursery as a very illustrious dog, from a tradition that her eldest puppy had been given to the Queen by her former master; and as the mother of a dog at Court, we always felt she was 'greater than she knew.'

Crib never cared much about Floss or any of the other dogs; but he was devoted to a cat who had been used to share his basket-bed and his dinner, when they were puppy and kitten togther. She was a large cat, not so very much smaller than Crib himself as to size; but he had a curious way of picking her up across the back, and amusing himself by walking about with her in his mouth. He had begun it when she was only a mouthful for even his puppy jaws; but it looked a very uncomfortable proceeding for both parties when they got older; however, Pussie seemed to like it, and Crib might often be seen deliberately walking all round the house with her in his mouth. He had carried her into the kitchen once or twice when strange dogs appeared in the court-yard: and this trick of his probably saved both their lives. One day, when he and his cat were sunning themselves at the back of the house, a mad dog, which was being pursued, ran into the yard, and flew at another dog who was there, and would certainly have bitten Crib next, if he had not instantly taken the precaution of picking up his cat and carrying her into the kitchen. The mad dog rushed up into a laundry, and worried a cat and her kittens who were lying in a basket there, passing a laundry-maid, who was in the room, without seeming to see her, and was afterwards hunted down and killed.

All the dogs spent a good deal of their time hunting on the bog; forbidden ground for me, so when Crib was going to hunt there, I could

Digitized by Google

only follow him to the edge of it, and sit on the remains of the nearest turf stack on terra firma, to watch him dashing out upon the great wide-away bog with Floss, and often two or three other dogs, who would come down to join the fun. Away they went, tails wagging and noses down, beating backwards and forwards, further and further out, till they got to the heather, half a mile or more away, which was always a sure find for a hare. Then one could see the wild scurry of delight as they touched upon the scent, the dogs jumping straight up, five times their own height, in their bounds to get above the heather, and in a moment more, coming silently and swiftly to the wood, who should be there but Puss herself, her pretty grey-brown fur the colour of the dried bog-grass, her long ears well back to catch the yelps behind her, and her eyes back also. Many a time I thought I should catch Puss in my pinafore, sitting breathless in the very path she must take on her way to the hill; but I never did catch her, nor did the dogs either. One by one they always came trailing along the bog behind her, Waterloo, the red greyhound, with his long sweeping stride, never far behind poor Puss, a yelping terrier or two next, Crib a bad third, and Floss nowhere. The same old hare lasted them at least a year, but they were never a bit less keen upon it, and, after losing her periodically in the wood, went back to the bog as pleased and as fresh as ever. It is part of a fox-hunter's creed, that a good fox rather enjoys being hunted, would rather be hunted than not, and in fact, likes the whole thing from the Tally-ho to 'the death,' and no one would like to be so unsportsmanlike as to doubt it; so I only hope, on the same principle, that Puss enjoyed her scurries from the bog to the wood, particularly as she never came in for that trying part of the fun, which, in a fox's case, is called 'the Finish.'

The bog birds had no peace, and must have hated these prowling forays. Two or three pair of plovers would always follow the dogs, filling the air with their pretty plaintive notes, wailing little cries, as if they were begging them to go away, pitching down almost upon their backs, and nearly brushing them with their rounded wings, and getting more and more noisy as they fancied they decoyed the dogs further from their nests, alighting daintily on a heather tussock a few yards off, now and then in front of them, with their elegant crested heads looking out over the long dead grass, and then up and away as the dogs came on, the silvery lining of their wings glancing in the sun, and then, with a flitting wavering flight, flying back to their distant nests. Very often a curlew, numbers of which nested about, would go right up into the sky, and fly backwards and forwards above its nest, its long sweet whistle sounding all over the bog. Many a nest, of snipe, and curlew, and wild fowl, must the dogs have dashed into as they beat the ground in good sportsmanlike fashion. Every now and then I could see them come to the edge of a wide bit of black water, and pause, one foot in the air, looking with their keen eyes across it 'like a moss-trooper on a foray,' a great dash in, and a splash of silver in the sun, a swim

Digitized by Google

over, one after the other, and away again, till they swept on and on, and were all out of sight, and one could only guess where they were by the fresh birds they put up, which went on wheeling and screaming above them.

Sometimes they were so long away I dared not wait any longer, and went home, and they went on hunting all the summer night, and came back very battered and boggy-looking dogs in the morning, but bringing with them a sweet bog fragrance on their coats from brushing through whole acres of candle-berry myrtle.

Far out, far beyond the haunts of the turf-cutters, and beyond the heather, the bog was at one time swarming with snakes. The wettest parts were always the snakiest! for snakes delight in water, and even when they are swarming upon hot dry rocky bits of ground, as they so often are, there is sure to be water near. They may often be seen swimming in the most graceful way, with their heads above the water, in the black bog pools, or lying asleep on a patch of bare boggy soil the black colour of which they seem to take, by a wonderful law of nature, the bog adders being darker by many shades than those of the uplands. On hot summer days, a whole knot of snakes may sometimes be found basking on a moss-hag; a shot fired into one of these knots, one day, is said to have left twenty-six for dead, while well and wounded snakes glided away in all directions. But that was fifty years ago; there are not half the number now, although the turf-cutters have a great dread of them still; and no wonder, as they believe a bitten person swells up and goes all over diamonds and stripes like the snake that bit him. People are hardly ever bitten; but dogs suffer dreadfully. They are generally stung in the throat, which swells very much; if they are taken care of at once they seem to recover, but only for a time; they are nearly always fatally poisoned, and in a very short time begin to pine away, showing symptoms of spasmodic affections, often ending in frightful convulsions. A dog hardly ever seems to get over it ultimately; and the snakes murdered most of our dogs, poor Crib and Floss amongst the number.

The day Floss was bitten, she was seen walking round the house with Crib, evidently just come from the bog, both dogs looking very miserable, and Floss, creeping up to her master, whining all the time most piteously, threw herself on her side, as if she was dead, at his feet; he saw there was something the matter, and taking her up, soon found the fatal lump beginning to swell under her throat, so she was carried into the house, drenched with quantities of oil, and rubbed with it, and she recovered as usual for a few weeks; but after that, she got off her feed, and more than a year afterwards, died, quite worn away to skin and bone. When Crib was bitten we never knew; but a year or more after Floss had died, he began to show the same symptoms; he got so worn away, poor little dog, that he seemed a bundle of yellow hair and bones, and his attacks of convulsions were pitiful. The servants declared he was poisoned by eating toads, which he had been seen to pick up in

Digitized by Google

mistake for frogs. At last he was so ill, that it was thought better he should disappear; and so he did. One day I missed my poor little yellow dog waiting at the window, upon three legs, (for his fits had partly paralyzed him,) where he came day after day to be ready for me when lessons were over; that day I missed him, but was afraid to ask, for the sack and the bow-string had been familiar institutions amongst our pets of late; but when another day came, and there was no sign of Crib, I asked the servants, and getting very well-meaning but highly ambiguous answers, in a sort of despair I went to the Calcraft of the household, who I was sure had seen the last of Crib, if anybody had, and then was told if I would not cry I might see him; and so, with fingers clasped and tightened, to try to help to keep my promise, he took me to a shed, where I kissed a bunch of wet yellow curls, blinded by the tears which were not to drop. It hardly looked like poor Crib's head, he was so stiff and strange; but deep into my mind came the chilling, blank, cold dread, with which the unaccustomed sight of death so sadly overwhelms many a child; a dread which often remains for years an ever recurring misery, and which is *never* told.

I was broken-hearted for Crib: I could not go near our castles, for they reminded me too much of him; I could not work in my little garden, for Crib was buried there, and I did not like to touch the earth so near his grave; and with him, too, the whole scheme of my life had come to an end; how could I turn wild without Crib? so it was no use thinking of all that any more; 'and now the worst of it all was,' as I thought to myself after every fresh bit of childish misery in a burst of tears and temper, 'Crib's dead, and I don't mind if I die too, for I shall be nothing in the world but an ugly, stupid, tiresome, tame child, after all!'

GWYNFRYN.

A MISSIONARY PRIEST IN PARIS.

THE name of the Abbé Planson is well known and well loved in France. He was a missionary priest—that is, he had no fixed cure of souls; but he used to travel about the country, stopping in towns and villages to preach, and, still more, to visit all the charitable institutions, to see that they were well organized, well worked, that their funds were sufficient—in short, that they fulfilled the intentions of their pious founders. Where these charitable societies were wanting, he never rested till he had himself established them, and seen them in full work. This good man, with no private property beyond his Breviary and his cassock, built more than twenty churches, more than twenty houses of refuge for the poor and for penitents; he never spent eighteenpence on a dinner, but he gave thousands of pounds in charity. The writer who not long ago published the account we are going to give, knew the good Abbé

Digitized by Google

personally, and says that he gives an exact account of one of his days, an account which he gradually drew from the Abbé's own lips, in perfect unconsciousness that he was telling anything remarkable.

I went off early in the morning (said the Abbé) to see a poor man for whom, the day before, I had obtained admission into a sort of private hospital, founded by some worthy people whom I did not know. Ah! I often think what we priests shall say hereafter when God shows us all that good laymen have done! But I had been a long time getting the order, there were so many candidates for admission. However, at length a bed was empty, and my poor man received, and there he was in a comfortable room, sweet and airy, with the best medical attendance, a Sister of Mercy to nurse him, and a chaplain in the house to see after his soul. There is a chapel where he will hear daily service if he recovers sufficiently; and, should he die, he has been well prepared for death. I am so thankful for him! That was not all; my poor man had a little girl, and sore puzzled I was to think what could be done for her. I was thinking it over on my way to take the service at St. Sulpice. Just as I got there who should I see but Madame de ——, a lady who has saved more children than Herod killed. She has the faith of a saint, the courage of an apostle, and the heart of a mother. She has given her time, her fortune, her life, to orphans; she brings up, clothes, and finds places for, a hundred children. I went boldly up to her.

'Madam, I have a little girl of seven whose mother is dead, her father in a hospital; without a relation, and without a friend but me in the world; I implore you to take this child.'

'I am very sorry, but where could I put her? all my beds and cots are full.'

'I dare say, Madam; but what will become of her if you refuse to take her in?' It was Christmas-tide, so I added, 'In the name of our Lord, poor and lying in a manger, I ask you to take my child.'

'To whom have I the honour of speaking?' said the good lady.

How I wished I had been a Cardinal!

'Only a poor Missionary, my recommendation is worth nothing; but our Lord pleads for her. Think how cold it is! I am Abbé Planson, missionary priest.'

You would hardly believe it, my dear Friend, but she knew my name, and said most kindly that she could not refuse me, and that I was to bring my child to her at three o'clock, adding, 'I have no room, but we will find one somewhere.'

Off I went to say Mass, very full of thankfulness, and of wonder at the goodness of God. Service over, I was going home to breakfast, but there was no time for that; a young woman came up to me whom I had known and instructed seven or eight years ago. 'You here, my dear Louise!' for I spoke to her as if she were still a child.

'I am no longer Louise, I am Madame ——,' she said, very sadly;

Digitized by Google

and then, showing me a pretty little child with her, she added, 'give your blessing to my child, and ask that she may be happier than her mother.'

Louise was well dressed, and seemed in good health; I saw in a moment that she had made an unhappy marriage. And so it was; the husband was an author, a poet, a genius of some sort—very clever, I have heard since—he fell in love with my poor Louise, and persuaded her to marry him. He soon showed himself what he was—an infidel, and a profligate. The poor girl was almost broken-hearted, and had gradually left off attending to her religious duties. I found out that she had not been to the Holy Communion for a year! But she was quite ready to listen meekly to my exhortations, and I soon prepared her to communicate at the first opportunity. The poor thing was comforted, and said she could go on now with fresh courage. But her child was not yet baptized. The husband, apparently merely to distress his wife, had refused to let her take it to church, and threatened to kill any priest who should baptize it—*that* did not trouble me much. Louise was now determined to run any risk, and left me with the promise of returning with a godmother. I had my own plan for getting a godfather, though she thought it would never answer. Off I went, in a cab to save time, and at the other end of the town I found the man I wanted, Louise's father-in-law, a sort of Dutchman, with seemingly no other occupation in life than to smoke his pipe, and empty his beer-jug. He lived on an allowance given him by his son, small enough, as you may suppose, but still sufficient to subsist on, and this was creditable to Louise's husband; I suspected him of breaking *all* the Commandments, but it seemed that he had some regard to the fifth—better than nothing! I found the old Dutchman a good sort of man, not at all set against religion. I explained to him how his little grand-daughter must be baptized; he did not see the necessity for it; but I managed to touch his heart. Luckily, he was fond of Louise. He began talking to me of his late wife, his young days, and his country. I actually knew the town where he was born, and had preached in the church where he had been baptized! We became great friends. He offered me some beer; I accepted. 'Your good health, Sir.' 'And yours, Mr. So-and-so.' I would have smoked a pipe with him had he asked me! In less than an hour I got him to be godfather, and we reached the church just in time to meet Louise and her mother, who was to be the godmother. The Baptism was performed; grandfather and grandmother, who had had some little quarrel, made friends over the baby; and Louise was very happy. That same evening she told her husband, and—what do you think—the queer man was not at all angry; but, on the contrary, sent me all his writings, poems, tales, novels, such a heap! And very well printed they are! They seem to me rather light reading; but I will try to get through them all the same. Perhaps the poor man is more foolish and thoughtless than wicked.

Now, dear Friend, do you think I have got to the end of my day? Not at all. During the Baptism I had heard sobs and groans.

Digitized by Google

'What is that?' I asked the verger, when the service was over.

'A lady who wants to speak to you, Sir.'

I sent off the Christening party, and told the verger that I would see the lady in the vestry. Poor thing! when alone with me she fell on her knees, hardly able to articulate, 'Father, Father, forgive me!'

'My child,' said I, trying to recall her face, 'take comfort; if you only need my pardon, it is granted to you; if you need another's, we will try to obtain it.'

She became a little calmer, and looked at me, and seeing that I did not remember her, she said, 'You used to be so good to me, have you quite forgotten me?'

By a great effort of memory I did at last recognize in this poor afflicted woman a young girl of whom, many years before, I had the care; and to whom I gave particular heed, as, though then innocent and good, she was of a very ardent impetuous disposition. I guessed what all these repentant sobs and tears meant.

'What, my poor child, is it really you?'

'Yes, Father, it is I; but not what I was when you knew me. You see an unhappy creature, who has fallen from one fault into another till she has lost her God, her family, and even her name. I am now—' She stopped.

'You are now,' said I, 'a penitent, who would fain recover her God, her family, and her name. God is very good, my child; if you give Him back your heart, He will give you back all that you have lost. Stay here, pray to Him, dry your tears, and in a few hours come to me, and we will see what is best to be done.'

I left her, there was no time to be lost, and in a few minutes I was with that good Madame de ——.

'I want now something more than my little girl's cot; give me a good room for a grown-up penitent, whom we must at once get out of the snares of the world. She repents to-day; but the devil is sure to interfere, and she may not repent to-morrow.'

'Oh!' said Madame de ——, 'that is a very urgent case, of course we will take her in; she shall have my bed, if we have no other.'

'That is what I call speaking like a Christian. And my little girl?'

'Our good God has provided for her; one of our orphans has been reclaimed by some good relations; they are quite able to take charge of her, so they are coming to fetch her presently, and we shall put your child in her place. Only make haste and fetch her, for we cannot bear to see empty beds.'

I don't think that I took time even to thank Madame de ——. Away I rushed, and found my poor little child, who had been left at a porter's lodge till called for, very much like a parcel! Poor lamb! she had all her wardrobe on her, for the landlord had seized on everything else to pay himself the arrears of rent. I took a cab and drove to the College, where I lodged. I was told that a lady was waiting for me in the parlour.

Digitized by Google

It was my penitent, and her punctuality made me hopeful. But, as I expected, by this time some misgivings had mingled with her repentance, and she was evidently afraid of what I might require her to give up. I was not going to let my poor lost sheep escape me again.

'First of all,' said I, 'promise me that you will not leave this house except to go where I shall take you.'

She hesitated, and began to explain how she was situated; I stopped her.

'No, I can listen to nothing till you have promised to obey me; if you only want to sadden me by the story of your faults, and the sight of your useless remorse, I know all that already. That is not what the Lord willed when He sent me to you. For your mother's sake, for the sake of the old times which the sight of me recalled to you, be as obedient as you used to be, and then you may find again the peace and happiness of your youth.'

She was overcome by these words, and promised to do all that I ordered. Then I was ready to listen to her story. I need not tell it to you; but at this time she was preparing to go on the stage. As she is very handsome, well-educated, and accomplished, everyone connected with the stage predicted that she would have a brilliant success; she was intoxicated with the prospect, and literally thought of nothing but how best to secure her triumph. She had even come into the church to see a celebrated picture, where a dress and an attitude were represented, which she wished to copy on the stage! Instinctively, when she came into church, she knelt down to repeat a prayer; the prayer recalled vividly what she was trying hard to forget. At that moment I came out of the vestry, in my surplice, to go to the font; I had to pass near her, she looked up and saw me, that look brought before her her innocent days, her devotion, her parents' tenderness—and then her broken vows, her sins! She saw what she had been, what she was, what she was going to be for ever! Once modest, now boldly seeking for admiration; once full of sorrow for the least faults, now untroubled by the greatest. She knew that she had changed, but that God can never change; that He can forgive, but that He can also punish; and, almost involuntarily, in her terror she called out to me, who had formerly helped her in the right path.

'My child,' I said, 'you did well. I shall reconcile you with God, I am sure—I *hope* with your family. You shall recover your good name; but you must break off with every semblance of evil. I am going to take you to a holy Home, whence you will not go out till you return to your father's house.'

She had promised to make no objections; but I saw that the effort was great, and her heart not yet in the sacrifice.

'Dear child,' I continued, 'what more have you to think about? Would you wait for fresh temptations? Leave all, and save your soul!'

Digitized by Google

By the infinite grace of God I obtained what I hardly dared hope for. She gave a full consent.

'Yes, Father, I will come; God has conquered, were it to cost my life, I will obey you.'

The cab was waiting for us, the little orphan in it fast asleep on my cloak, and in a few minutes we were all three with Madame de ——; the little one was put into the hands of a kind nurse, who dressed her from head to foot; and my courageous penitent taken to the room prepared for her. With many tears the poor creature thanked Madame de ——, and said that her eyes were now opened, and she felt horror for her sins. This was no passing feeling; by prayer, by meditation, by confession and absolution, by the Holy Eucharist, this strayed, but not lost, soul was restored. And now, happy again in her family, my poor charge blesses God, and leads the life of a Christian.

Here the good Abbé stopped; and the friend, who had been listening to him, said, 'Father, where did you dine that day?' 'Dine,' he repeated in great astonishment, 'I am sure I don't know; but what *can* make you ask?' The friend's answer was to kiss the Abbé's hand, and ask for his blessing.

FEMALE RECRUITS FOR THE CHURCH MILITANT.

No. II.

In a previous number, we endeavoured to put before our readers some remarks on the condition of the lower orders, and the wisdom of certain endeavours now made to raise their tone, by the means of agents selected from themselves, but working in combination with their more educated superiors. We stated that there were at present three distinct efforts, all grounded on a similar principle, but adapted to the needs of three distinct classes, viz:—

I.—Serving Sisters.
II.—Mission Women.
III.—Trained Nurses.

We gave a short outline of the work attempted by the first of these organizations, and will now proceed to notice the second.

The feeling involved in Sisterhoods, is that of separateness. Here and there in the vast field of Christ's visible Church, women are to be found, called like those of old to leave all, and devote themselves to those works of mercy which can only be attempted by persons who are willing to consecrate their lives to their accomplishment. It is obviously impossible

Digitized by Google

for any lady residing in the midst of a family to take charge of a sick ward, or a number of penitents. These specialities in benevolence can only be undertaken by separated persons. But there is an immense field of work which can be best attempted by those, who animated by the same spirit of devotion to their Divine Master and His poor, are also engaged in family duties, and work each from the centre of her own home. The Parochial Mission Woman Association is essentially of the latter kind. Its agents are 'poor women belonging to the class among whom they are to penetrate, and among which they are resident.' Each is selected by the Incumbent in whose parish or district she is to work, and is placed by him under the guidance and superintendence of a lady, who is also of his selection. The person thus chosen, is seen by one of the Lady Managers prior to her appointment, with a view to ascertain that she has a right apprehension of the nature of the work she undertakes, and is desirous to fulfil it heartily. The Lady Managers also arrange the allowance they consider necessary for her maintenance. They have carefully avoided fixing a rate of payment, and vary the allowance according to the various circumstances of the women, and the habits of the localities in which they are to work. The object being, not to find persons willing to undertake a certain amount of labour for a certain amount of wages, but rather, women anxious to devote themselves to the active service of the poor, who are hindered by the necessity of earning their own livelihood, or that of their family. To such persons the Association secures a maintenance, according to their wants and their previous earnings. These weekly allowances vary from six shillings to twelve shillings, the recipients being therefore in no way raised above their neighbours' imitation. In fact, the Mission Woman is to be herself what we desire every poor woman around us to become. She is a living proof that it is possible to be clean, tidy, and comfortable, on means similar to their own. That these lessons on thrift are largely successful, is proved by the growing deposits collected by the Mission Women from the poor, which are stated in the last Report to have amounted during the year 1866 to the large sum of £6863 0*s.* 1¾*d.*

It is not our intention to describe the constitution of the Association or its rules. Full details can be obtained on application at the Office of the Society, 15, Cockspur Street, London, S. W. We merely wish to speak of the work actually performed by many of these 'voluntary and devoted Christian women,' a work so varied, humble, and self-denying, that it is most difficult to define. To seek out the lowest and most degraded, and try to teach them a better life. To go from room to room in the worst courts and alleys of our cities, occupied solely in the endeavour to improve the condition of their wretched inhabitants. To do all this, not by words only, but by humble deeds, requires of the Mission Woman the devotion of her whole life to the improvement of the homes of the poor. Yet this is what is actually being done by many of the one hundred and thirty now in connection with the Parochial Mission

Digitized by Google

Woman Association. They are not allowed to distribute gifts, or carry alms, but the help they give is not less real, because it is not expressed in money or tickets. Besides being in her own person and home a model of order and thrift, a good Mission Woman gives practical lessons on the blessings of open windows, the use of soap and water, and the economy of wholesome food. She tidies the room, makes the bed, and fetches the water, for a sick person. She mends the clothes of the aged or blind; she carries the baby to Baptism, or wins from the unmarried mother the secret of her misery. Perhaps the best description of her multiform duties, is that given by a Mission Woman who had been at work two years, to one who was just entering on it. 'I always thinks we should be like general servants to all the poor of the district.' And like other servants, the Mission Woman has her mistress, in her Lady Superintendent, who is also her friend, counsellor, and guide, in all the many difficulties which she encounters in her arduous work. Moreover, the Mission Woman's influence on the poor is well tested by the number she brings to the Weekly Meetings held for their benefit by their and her common friend, the Lady Superintendent, and where they become personally acquainted with their clergyman, who frequently takes this opportunity of giving a little special service to the assembled women.

It is very difficult for us to estimate rightly the difficulties which crowd the path of a poor woman who is anxious to lead a Christian life. The pressure of poverty, the absence of quiet, the strength of bad habits, and the ignorance of good, all combine to keep her the miserable slovenly drudge we too often find her. We cannot go along the great thoroughfares, and observe the countenances of the women as we pass them, without being struck with their care-worn anxious expression. How seldom do we see a smile, or notice a cheerful tone, conveying the idea of happiness in its owner! Even when the man is in receipt of good or even large wages, how little of real comfort is to be found in his home! 'A feast to-day, and a fast to-morrow,' describes too many of their lives. It is painful to reflect on the ignorant waste and improvidence which disgrace the habits of our poor, especially in London. It would be a matter of surprise to many country ladies, to know how many women in our great metropolis never 'handled a needle' till they came to a Mother's Meeting, or washed their stockings till taught to do so by a Mission Woman. Numbers of the same low class possess neither beds nor bedding, but sleep huddled together on the floor like beasts. To give a bed to such people, is merely to supply the means for an immediate carouse, as it would be at once pawned for gin. But to lead them by slow degrees to deposit, now a farthing, and then a penny, till they purchase a bed, is to raise them morally from the habits of animals to those of human beings. And who so fitted to do this long and steady work, as one so near to themselves in station, that she offers no temptation to imposture, and whose own testimony to the comfort of a clean bed is natural and interesting? Schools and churches do much, but they leave still some-

Digitized by Google

thing undone, for they do not necessarily touch the home life of our poor. Model lodging-houses and improved dwellings are grand things, but you must also teach our poor how to live in them, if you would see them contain model households. And this lesson can be best taught to other wives and mothers, by one who has had experience of a life of poverty and labour, who has known want and conquered difficulty, who works among the real poor with the sympathy of an equal by birth, and the influence of a superior by grace. We look to Serving Sisters, as a great means, under God, of raising the tone of our domestic servants. We look to Parochial Mission Women, as the human agents for improving the homes of our poor, and the habits of their women.

(To be continued.)

ON THE PLEASANTNESS OF COMMON THINGS.

THERE are some people whose life-streams flow through the pleasant pastures of the earth, full of home joys and quiet sunshine, and rich in conscious happiness; while those of others, full of wild passionate beauty, fall in an instant from the heights of bliss to the depths of woe—even, it may be, to the Valley of the Shadow of Death: and others, again, steal silently through the busy scenes of ploughing and sowing, seeing little loveliness in the dull fallow fields that border their monotonous course, and, it may be, are not a little enriched thereby. Now such as these often miss, by not looking out for it, much that might brighten their lives; and to them I would say a word or two on the Pleasantness of Common Things.

There are so many little bits of beauty strewed along the way-side of life, if one will but take the trouble to pick them up and look at them! Everyone knows how beautiful the hedges are in spring, when every bough is gemmed with emerald buds, and the banks are beginning to be stored with white daisies and yellow primroses and purple violets; but if a man walks between them with his eyes fixed on the ground, he cannot grumble at not being refreshed by the sight of them. And, in the same way, if we go through life thinking of, and expecting, nothing beyond the dry dull routine of every-day work, we cannot wonder that everything assumes rather a *couleur de fog* than a *couleur de rose;* for these way-side flowers have a due sense of their own value, and are not going to throw themselves at our heads! enough that they spring up at our feet, and if they are worth our having at all, it is worth our while to stoop down and seek them!

Well then, we will say you are a man of business, living, it may be, in a bran new terrace at the West End, with a little strip of ground *behind* your house which your children dignify by the name of 'the garden,' and

Digitized by Google

a less strip *in front* divided from those of your neighbours by a wire network, over which you dutifully endeavour to train nasturtiums and convolvolus, which, as soon as they attain imposing dimensions, are eaten by slugs or raked up by cats; or, at any rate, covered with blacks and dust, thus quashing your aspirations after 'something green' to remind you of old days in the country. At the back your windows look out on the blank wall and chimneys of a mews, which disrespectfully turns its back on you; and in front, you are faced by another terrace exactly similar to your own, on the other side of a not over-wide road!

You come home from your office one evening in spring in a very bad temper; you have to go some thirty miles out of town next day on business, and this will necessitate your being at your office an hour earlier than usual, and not getting home till you don't know when!

'But the day in the country will do you good, dear!' says your wife, trying, as women will do, to see a brighter side to the question.

'Pshaw!' you exclaim impatiently, 'what sort of *country* do you expect I shall find in a dirty stupid old town like A——? And if it *were* country, what chance should *I* have to see anything of it, cooped up with business men and business papers all day? Such nonsense!'

Stay a little, my friend. Perhaps your wife is not talking quite so much nonsense as you think. Probably it is quite true that, as you say, the country town to which you are going has few attractions to a passing stranger, especially on market day, which is, no doubt, the one on which you visit it: probably, too, you will plunge into business the instant you arrive, and only emerge therefrom just in time to catch the evening train back to town: but does the journey thither and back count for nothing with you? May not the hour or two in an express train passing through a sweet spring landscape, be a refreshing change from your daily ride to the City on the knife-board of a red or green omnibus? Certainly it will not be, if you sit well back in your corner, draw your travelling cap over your eyes, and devote yourself to the study of your 'Standard,' or 'Morning Star,' till you fall asleep over it! But put your paper in your pocket, and the money-market out of your head, when the first quarter of an hour has shown you the chief news and brought you fairly out of London; put down your window, and look about you, and see if there is nothing to refresh eyes too used to the dingy atmosphere of a city office, and minds too much engrossed with the affairs of red tape!

Look at these meadows between which you are passing now, how brilliantly green they are! a bright, new-looking, rejoicing green, such as one hardly meets with apart from English pasture-land. The sun is high now, and every blade of grass is twinkling with the little drop of last night's heavy dew, which he will soon demand from it. See how the sheep are clustering in the little spot of shade under that big full-flowered horse-chestnut in the middle of *this* field; and now notice the group of cows in the next, one or two standing fetlock deep in that shady pond, and the others lying near them in every variety of picturesque attitude,

Digitized by Google

with flickering light and shade on their sleek well-fed sides; and oh! it is worth while to have a laugh at the antics of that youthful jackass yonder, who is certainly a very wag amongst donkeys!

Now, what say you to this young fir plantation, where the dark boughs contrast so grimly with the laughing sunbeams that play at hide-and-seek among them, and now and then find their way to the ground, and gild into bright relief a little patch of dewy moss round one of the tall straight stems. See, here is a glade opening through them; it is intended for a road, but is so seldom used that the ruts are all overgrown with short turf sprinkled with daisies and cowslips, and the tall dark trees spread their boughs on either side and make quite an avenue of it.

Now the plantation has suddenly ceased on the edge of a broad breezy common, in the full glory of its golden gorse! What a blaze of colour after the sombre shade of the fir trees! How dazzlingly white is that dry dusty road in the glowing noon-day sunshine, and how quaint are the figures of that old woman and her donkey slowly making their way along it! It makes one hot to look at the woman's red shawl. Ah! here is the parish church, standing on the outskirts of the common, with the village lying just beyond it; it is not a very pretty one, but the tower looks venerable and the church-yard is well kept. That is a fine cedar in one corner of it; and look, there is something going on there—a tall clergyman in deep mourning, with three little children, is just moving from under the tree, and now you can see that there is a new grave there and fresh flowers upon it.

'Poor things!' you say, 'that must be the rector of the parish; and I dare say that is his wife's grave. The poor children!'

Somehow this little scene stirs you more than anything has done lately, and you are vexed with yourself for being so 'absurdly sentimental,' till you find your memory going back to a spring morning long years ago, when you stood at your father's side by a new-made grave, in the far-away country churchyard so seldom thought of now, and you fall into a train of thought not wholly sad, but touching and softening, as old remembrances of 'the days that are no more' must always be: and perhaps, there comes a renewal of vows made by that mother's grave, and since then too often broken, to remember her gentle teaching, to walk in the ways she loved, and to seek the rest she longed for; and you are glad to have had these things put into your head in this unobtrusive way, and to have leisure to think of them a little.

And by the time you wake up from your reverie, you are passing amongst the out-lying farms and cottages of the busy little market-town to which you are going.

Yes, you may pull out your papers and note-book now, and refresh your memory as to the business you have to transact. I will leave you in peace for the rest of the day, if you will let me accompany you back to town this evening.

Well! here you are at the station again; and on the whole, things

Digitized by Google

have gone better than you expected. To be sure, that crotchety old farmer gave you no end of trouble, those people are so ignorant! and the second-rate attorney whom he insists on employing was uncommonly pugnacious, but then you knew you had right on your side, and so had no hesitation in 'giving him a piece of your mind,' which, we all know, is rather an exhilarating process! Then the agent you went specially to see was 'quite a gentleman,' and you had an hour to spare after your business with him was ended, during which he took you into the old-fashioned garden at the back of his house, and you had a cup of afternoon tea (a thing you would despise at home!) with his wife and daughters on the lawn; and they gave you some flowers, a nice countrified nosegay of tulips, jonquils, polyanthus, wall-flowers, and a few early roses, which will delight the young ones at home.

And so you get into the train, and rush back between the quiet farms, where the day's work is done, and the lads are swinging idly on the gates or gossiping with the milk-maid at the dairy window, and the farmer has laid down his pipe in the porch and is giving a rosy grandchild a ride round the paddock on one of the cart-horses, which have just been turned out for the night. Then you pass a pretty villa, whose smooth lawn was empty in the morning, but is now covered with a merry band of croquet-players in the various picturesque postures which that pleasant game induces. They will not be able to see much longer, for the sun is down already, though the western sky is still all ablaze with crimson light, gradually softening and fading through all the exquisite gradations of colour of which an evening sky is capable, to the darkening blue of mid-heaven, in which the stars are faintly beginning to appear. Here are some flat meadows with a stream running through them, which you did not notice in the morning, but now there is a spirited game of cricket going on in one of them, and you start up in excitement as a long sweeping stroke from one of the bats sends the ball flying across the field with two fielders after it!

'That will be a three!' you exclaim; 'oh! what folly to try a four!'

For zeal getting the better of discretion at the wickets, the ball is thrown in, and the long-armed batter ousted; and you sink back in your corner quite disappointed, for you have been a keen cricketer in your day, and still like to see good play.

You laugh to yourself over some awakened recollections of school-days, and presently you find yourself passing the churchyard which attracted your notice in the morning; there are lights in the church now, and groups of country people winding up the narrow path to the open door, and even above the noise of the train, you catch the peal of the clear-voiced bells, and know there must be evening service about to begin. It is but a glimpse; but the peaceful impression of that quiet village nestling beside its church, its inhabitants responding to the call of that church to offer up within its walls their praise for the day's blessings, abides with

Digitized by Google

you, as you rush past the common, over which, in spite of the growing twilight, the gorse still sheds a golden glow, and the geese are moving in a long white line towards the village.

From this glowing breadth of horizon you suddenly enter the deep shadow of the fir plantation, which seems like a cold hand laid heavily upon you.

Here are the meadows that were so bright with sunshine this morning; the shadows are lying long and dark upon them now, and the sheep are glimmering somewhat weirdly under the horse-chestnut, whose white blossoms stand out here and there in the faint light.

Soon you are nearing London, and there is little more to be seen on earth but houses, (and presently hovels,) becoming more and more crowded; but the heavens are fair with growing moonlight and brightening stars, yet unobscured by the fogs of the great city.

There is nothing very pleasant in your journey from the station on the top of an omnibus, but your home looks all the brighter when you reach it; and as your wife meets you with a sympathetic face and inquiry as to whether you are 'quite knocked up,' the chances are you answer cheerfully: 'Well, I've had rather a nice day of it on the whole, the country is looking so lovely! I really think, my dear, we must manage to give the children a treat while the fine weather lasts, and let them have a day in the green fields; it would do them all the good in the world—and us too, I believe!'

Now, surely, this business journey into the country has turned out to be very far from the unmitigated bore you anticipated!

Has it not rather been very full of beauty and pleasantness to you, refreshing your mind and body with the loveliness of the present and the pure remembrances of the past?

And if you say to me: 'This may be all very well in spring or summer, but suppose it was a winter day instead?' I answer, that *if you look for it*, you may find almost, if not quite, as much pleasantness at one season as at another.

I had occasion to go into Surrey late in last November, and I assure you I have seldom had a pleasanter journey than on that short winter afternoon; when the sun had gone down behind the deep blue line of the low Surrey hills, which stood out against a flaming background of orange sky gradually fading into primrose colour, and then deepening again into blue towards the zenith, in which the evening planet hung quivering with silver light; when the golden hue of the fading oak trees contrasted brightly with the dark tracery of more leafless boughs; when every ploughed field gleamed with a thousand tiny rivulets in its thousand furrows, from the late rains; and every pool set in the midst of its fresh green meadow flashed back the rich hues of the many-tinted sky from its liquid prism, and reflected the wildly graceful branches of willow or bramble that hung around it. Is there no beauty in all this? Is there nothing to soften and elevate one's heart, and, calling one for a moment

Digitized by Google

out of the toil and soil of work-a-day life into the great peace-world of Nature, to lead one's heart up to Him Who 'giveth us richly all things to enjoy?'

And yet they are but very common things that have come under our notice—things that many of us would pass without a glance; common trees, common fields, common sky. (if one can ever call *the sky* common!) But we have sought the kernel of beauty and love that lies folded in every leaf; and this, as greater things, 'They that seek shall find!'

SUSIE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY PACKET.

Durham, June 16, 1868.

My dear Sir,

Can you find room for a few words about Shoreditch, and the Sisters of the Poor, whose work has so much interested your readers? I should like to tell you a great deal about last winter: the depths of misery brought to view in that season of scant work, high prices, and extreme poverty; the self-devotion and burning charity which sprang forward to cope with them, and the rich reward received; the harvest of souls won back to their Lord by means of deeds of mercy shown to perishing bodies. I would gladly tell you too of the clergy-house, now nearly finished, the sight of which gladdened my eyes when I arrived at Shoreditch this Whitsuntide; and of the schools, not yet begun, nor, alas! likely to be just yet. For, though offerings are made for them from time to time—though choristers and elder scholars are indefatigable with their collecting cards, though many poor people in the district lay by their pence from week to week, and some kind friends at a distance do the same, with a prayer for a blessing on the work—still the estimated cost of the building is £2200, and the amount already received only about £300.*

Yet the need is very great. The Sisters are threatened with the immediate loss of their temporary school-room. Indeed, it was to have been pulled down some weeks ago; and, to judge by appearances, its owners may be saved that trouble by its coming down of itself any day.

When the Sisters are turned out of this loft, they will have no place whatever in which to carry on their school, except their own little house, where they will be sadly crippled for room. Indeed, that house is far too small for what is now carried on within its walls; and I do not see how half the girls I have seen in the temporary school-room can be crowded into it.

But what I really want most to speak of, is the day I spent at H——, a village in Sussex, where, about eight weeks ago, the Sisters opened a little house of charity, half infirmary, half convalescent home, for the women and children of St. Michael's district. The cottage has been lent them for a year by one of their associates, with liberty to rent it afterwards. It is a very suitable building, and will contain eight patients, and two Sisters in charge of them. When I arrived at Shoreditch, I found that Sister M—— was visiting this new work, and she soon sent for me to see herself and it. Accordingly, Sister A—— and I got up early the next morning; and soon after five o'clock, she placed me in charge of a chorister, to be convoyed to the

* I have since heard the good news that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have given £500 to the schools.

Digitized by Google

London Bridge Station. My young guide, a bright intelligent lad, piloted me very cleverly, and took great care of me; but he shook his head most resolutely when I wanted to put some pence in his hand by way of payment for his trouble. Happily, however, I had discovered that listening to fairy tales was his greatest pleasure in life; and certainly we crowded as many as we could into the walk. There was something new and odd in telling stories to a choir boy during a walk through the city at that hour.

It was new, too, to find oneself at London Bridge so early; and it made one remember that Wordsworth had been there yet earlier. The effect struck me as much like that which he has described so well. If the houses did not seem absolutely asleep, they were by no means wide awake; and the mighty heart of England throbbed but faintly and fitfully.

A whirl of an hour and a half through the hay-fields and meadows of Surrey and Sussex, brought me to the H—— station; and after a walk of somewhat more than a mile, I reached the pretty cottage which had passed so happily into the Sisters' hands. At first, I believe, the possession somewhat embarrassed them, though they perceived at once how useful it might be made to their sick and convalescent poor. But with their scanty means they did not see how they were to furnish it, and meet all the subsequent expenses it would entail. However, they contrived to get together what was really essential in the way of furniture, and to take in three women and two children, all urgently needing change and country air. One of the women, a sufferer from a painful and incurable disease, was unable to leave her bed; but on my arrival, I found all the rest gathering round the breakfast-table, with two Sisters pouring out the tea and cutting bread and butter; and I was kindly pressed to join them. The remembrance of that breakfast is very pleasant. It was a lovely morning, and I was quite cheered by seeing those pale Londoners breathing the delicious Sussex air, and enjoying country milk and bread and butter. One of them told me afterwards that she had been brought up in a Dorsetshire village, but had lived in London for thirty long years, during which time she had not once seen a green field. Poor thing! she plainly did not know how to enjoy country sights and sounds enough, or to breathe enough pure air. It was making a strong woman of her, she said, as no doctor's stuff could have done. Her companion was a Londoner born and bred, as ignorant of the country, it seemed, as the old woman at Whitechapel, who had never been out of the city, and who, when shown during her last illness a bough with ripe apples upon it, admired the new sight very much, and thought it must be the most beautiful thing in the world, except one, and that would be a carrot tree!

After breakfast, the Sisters took me over the house, and let me pay a visit to the invalid, and brighten up her room with some coloured prints, which had been given me by a kind friend for the walls of the cottage.

In the afternoon, they took me and the two children, who were growing quite strong and stout, into the neighbouring forest of St. Leonard. While finding our way through its winding paths, I first heard the local legend of the Saint whose name it bears, Leonard, the deacon hermit, once a courtier of the Frank King Clovis, afterwards the disciple of St. Remigius. Formerly, he was much beloved in England; and the one hundred and fifty churches dedicated in his name, testify to the honour in which he was held. And rightly, for his life was one of eminent holiness and of charity, displayed especially towards prisoners and captives. It seems that St. Leonard used once to dwell in this forest, as at a later period of his life he inhabited a wood near Limoges in France. But the Sussex forest had a denizen of an opposite character—a worm, or dragon, of great power and malignity, the scourge of the adjoining country. The Saint and dragon could not brook one another's neighbourhood. Again and again they fought, St. Leonard, though sorely wounded, driving the creature further and further towards the very heart of the forest, till at last it

Digitized by Google

disappeared, never to be seen again. But every spring reveals the spots on which those successive struggles took place. They are marked by beds of fragrant lilies of the valley, which sprang up after the ground had been sprinkled with the blood of the warrior saint.

The legend struck me as one of exceeding beauty, reminding us Whose life-blood dropped upon the earth, and gave birth to 'Christ's dear virgins, glorious lilies;' and how they have ever adorned the garden of the Lord, His Church, most richly when the conflict with the Evil One has been hottest.

Sister M—— and I returned to London that evening; and on the following day I had some opportunity of watching the ceaseless yet ever varying work of the Sisters. The only novelty in the house consisted in two large presses, a great comfort, after keeping one's stores in bags, boxes, and hampers for nearly two years. It was cheering to see how well filled they were with 'coats and garments,' sent by the friends of the poor. The Sisters spoke very thankfully of this supply. Not only clothing has been sent them, but blankets and counterpanes. Oddly enough, however, they have never received a single pair of sheets, greatly wanted as they are for those little beds at H——.

I beg to remain,

Yours faithfully,

S. W.

[I have kept back this letter in hopes of being able to tell you definitively whether the Sisters were going to rent the house at H—— at the conclusion of the first year. There seems, however, a difficulty in coming to a decision. The little hospital is of the greatest use to the poor of Shoreditch; and it affords change of work and country air to the overworked Sisters. At the same time, the cost of keeping it up is serious, and the little band of workers hardly bears division.]

GOSSIP.

My dear Mrs. Montgomery,

I was once in your position—*i. e.* the young wife of a working clergyman; and I have too vivid a remembrance of those old days—of their hopes and their fears, their aspirations, and their mistakes—not to feel an interest in your troubles. You ask the readers of the Monthly Packet to assist you in your attempts to 'raise the tone' of those whom I would call (if I did not dislike labelling and ticketing my fellow Christians as if they were stuffed specimens in a museum) your husband's 'middle class' parishioners. Do not fancy I am copying a leaf from one of my husband's old sermons, if I divide my subject into two heads.

You ask, 'How am I to pull them out of their gossip?'

My two heads are: 1st, What is gossip? and my 2nd, How should you set about curing people of the habit?

I dare say I shall startle you by saying that I do not consider gossip to be altogether reprehensible. Scandal is; and people are too apt to confound them. Gossip may lead to scandal—it often does. Still, as many a pretty road leads into an ugly country, so it is here. Do not go too far by it. Stop in time. That is all.

What is gossip? The word has changed its signification much. It now means a thing, not a person. The persons originally called 'Gossips,' were those who were co-sponsors for a child in baptism. Their being so connected established between them, (the co-sponsors,) and also between them and the child they stood for, a spiritual relationship. They became 'sib,' *i. e.* related, in God. Time went on, and

Digitized by Google

as neighbours were generally selected to be sponsors, 'My Gossip' got to mean 'My neighbour.' I have seen a sermon by an old writer, in which the Good Samaritan was called the 'Gossip' of him who fell among the thieves. When people began to speak of *gossiping*, they meant talking as neighbours and intimate friends do talk, that is to say, of the every-day matters which are mutually interesting. And so, in a great measure, is the case now.

You speak of science and politics as what you would like to hear the people you visit talk of. These things are very important, no doubt; but they never will be the staple of daily friendly conversation, except among statesmen and philosophers.

Now I am going to put a home question. What do you and 'Augustus,' as a general rule, talk of when you sit by the fire in the evenings? Is it not of the past day's work? Where you have been—whom you have seen—what they said to you, and you to them—what has grieved you—what has cheered you—what you forgot to do yesterday—what you mean to do to-morrow? Of course it is so. And it is natural. Our daily talk will be of our daily life—of the things that are 'sib' to us. Now, you have been brought up in a different way from your young neighbour, the brewer's daughter. Her subjects of interest are not 'sib' to yours. If you wish they should become so, as it is desirable for both your sakes they should, you must (instead of keeping up the distinctions of class, as (excuse me) you appear to do, and to desire that she should feel that you do,) try to come together on a common ground; try to become, as far as in you lies, 'sib' to her. And that will not be done by showing her that you regard her as your mental inferior, by lending her magazines with only what you consider the 'improving' papers cut open, or by looking contemptuous if you find she has read only the story, 'which you never read.' Why do you *not* read it? If it be a good magazine, the story will have no harm in it. It is natural for your young neighbour to read it. It is a fair ground for mutual interest. If you and she can become 'sib' over the story, it is a point gained, and then in time you may become so over the solid articles. The more people try for points of unity, the more they will find; and the more people look for points of diversity, the more a thousand-fold will they discover.

Do not think too much about 'raising' other people's 'tone.' Wait and see, first if it really wants more raising than your own does. In some respects you may have the advantage, in others they may. Those who have had most to do with Parish Visiting, find that they learn full as much as they teach. And even in extreme cases, where things are really very bad, remember what good George Herbert says of sermons—it applies to many other things:

> 'If all want sense,
> God takes the text, and preacheth patience.'

And now for my second head.

We may here take for granted that the 'gossip' is of a very paltry kind, such as it is desirable that your young neighbours should be broken of. 'How,' you ask, 'am I to pull them out of it?'

Let us think a little what is meant by pulling a person out of anything, (out of a ditch, for instance,) or up anything, (such as a steep hill.) We will suppose you to be on the top. It is not helping your neighbour, either bodily or mentally, to stand and look down on him, saying, 'See how much better off I am than you are! My clothes are not soiled. I am not heated and breathless, as you are. Why are you not as I am?' No! If you mean to pull your neighbour up, you lean down towards him; you take him by the hand, and you draw him to you, not by jerks, but steadily and *heartily*.

Now, just consider a moment. If any of your neighbours read the Monthly Packet, will they think you are extending a friendly hand to them, when they find you stigmatizing them as belonging to an inferior 'class,' and telling them they are

Digitized by Google

not of 'your society,' because they read novels, call you 'Mrs. Montgomery,' and do not habitually sit in their drawing-rooms. Let me ask you why they should sit in their drawing-rooms if they do not like it. I know it would make you or me uncomfortable not to sit in ours. But tastes differ. And they are in their own houses. 'An Englishman's house is his castle.'

I wonder if you will forgive me for saying that I fear your first parish experience was too pleasant to be wholesome. That model village owned entirely by your father—where all the floors were sanded, and all the dressers were of shining oak—where the squire employed all the men, and the lady clothed all the children, and 'made a fine rout' if the houses were not kept tidy, or the little ones were irregular at school. All this was pleasant for you, as I said before; but believe me, it was not wholesome, either for squire, or lady, or parson, or parson's wife. Nor am I sure it was so for the cottagers themselves. The rich should respect the poor, as well as the poor respect the rich. For they are brethren, 'sib' in GOD.

Now, why should the lady fancy she has a right to lecture the poor man's wife if her house is not nicely kept? The squire's income may be numbered in pounds, and the labourer's in pence. There is that difference between them, it is true; but did it never strike you, that even in earthly matters, there is one aspect in which they are equals? Each is mistress of her own house. And there is no doubt that the person lectured remembers the fact. But for conventional habits, she would shew that she did. The removal to St. Philip's must have been like a plunge into cold water, startling, but bracing; and your first lesson on the 'free-born British spirit' was not long in coming. You 'told a shabby child to take a flower out of its hat,' and the answer was, 'Father says it be to bide.' To be quite frank with you, I should say 'Father' was right. Not right in wishing the flower to 'bide,' but right in asserting his claim to be master of his own family. The child came to school to be taught; and in the matter of her lessons, you and the school-mistress had authority over her. In the matter of her bonnet you had none. Advice as to a child's dress requires to be given with the greatest delicacy. I am not sure that, except where cleanliness or absolute decency are in question, a clergyman's wife is entitled to offer even advice; anything more than advice, even when given directly to the mother, is a liberty, and no one likes liberties. An order sent to the parent by the child is an insult. No wonder the man resented it.

Then again, as to those in a rank above your Sunday scholars. Your position as a clergyman's wife does not entitle you to settle what rooms people ought to occupy, or what subjects they may choose to read of or to talk about. You cannot, I fear, 'pull' your husband's new parishioners. Some persons can stand that process, if it be done with judgement, and if the hand that pulls is a well-known one. But a stranger ought never to make the attempt. It is sure to be a failure.

Your last question is, 'Whether there would be any use in trying to be more intimate with such uncongenial people?'

As long as people are uncongenial there can be no intimacy. I am by no means sure that it would be desirable, were it possible. But there may be—there *ought* to be—mutual good-will, mutual respect, and mutual interests. If you seriously wish to bring about such union, and from your inexperience do not know how to set about it, may you not find the missing link in the wife of your husband's fellow-labourer and brother-priest?

My dear young friend, (if you will allow me to call you so,) it gave me great pain to read your allusion to 'the Curate's wife;' the 'cheap furniture,' put in 'by great effort, into her drawing-room.' What causes people to buy cheap furniture rather than what is costly? The answer is obvious. Now, wealth never made a true lady yet. Nor can the want of it *unmake* one. Mrs. —— may be a gentlewoman in mind, although her tables and chairs be not handsome, and though the inexperienced servant whom she has kindly taken to train may forget to open the drawing-room windows.

Digitized by Google

You are fond of reading standard books, you say. Of course you know the Essays of Elia. Remember that on 'Old China.' Should it not teach you to make allowances for those whose luxuries are hard bought and slowly won. And as you yourself seem rather to over-rate what money procures, can you wonder at some of Mr. Montgomery's parishioners over-valuing the money itself? It is difficult for those who are still working for their wealth to realize that they are in fact only stewards of it. Men who are prevailed on by your husband to give their money for good purposes, cannot always see that they are receiving, not doing a favour.

My sermon has been a long one. It is time it was ended. Do not mistake my meaning. I am far from wishing to prevent your keeping up the cultivation of your mind. Only, have patience with those who have not been taught as you have been. And do not over-estimate trifles. Remember what is the main business of a clergyman; to win souls for his Master; to be in all unimportant matters, 'all things to all men,' for that end. By this I mean he should study to enter into the feelings of his flock; to sympathize in their sorrows; to allow for their hindrances. In one word, to have fervent charity towards them—that charity which 'is not easily provoked;' which 'vaunteth not itself;' which 'hopeth all things, endureth all things.'

And you are a clergyman's wife. Being so, you must be one of two things. Either your husband's greatest earthly help, or his greatest hindrance.

I am, Madam,
Yours faithfully,
MONA.

THE HAVRE EXPOSITION.

My dear ——

It is time now that I say something about the Exposition, which was originally intended only for the display of maritime objects, but has gradually been expanded into one of those miniature world-fairs of which we have seen so many in various countries, since the first great Exhibition in Hyde Park, in 1851. The building at Havre is one-storied, and of wood; the ventilation is defective, though it is well lighted from above. The shape is an irregular parallelogram, if I may make use of such an expression; and within the enclosure is a large plot of ground, laid out partly as a garden, and partly occupied by models, machines too unwieldy for the interior, kiosks, pagodas, and ornamental summer-houses; there are several aviaries, and a large white pavilion in the centre, painted white, intended for a club and reading room, and containing a handsomely decorated hall to be used on the occasion of the Emperor's visit, and—chief source of attraction—an aquarium, the finest and largest ever constructed.

To see this only, it would be worth while to pay a visit to Havre. The aquarium is built of wood and stone, in imitation of Fingal's Cave in the Hebrides; squared blocks painted black, represent the peculiar columnar form inside and out, and a composition is used as a substitute for the basalt. The entrance and exit are at either end; the opening is however hidden from within by a projecting pillar. Outside it is surrounded by water, in part of which three or four seals can be seen playing about very contentedly or coming out to bask in the sun. They form an unceasing source of amusement to the crowds standing on the banks, which are prettily planted with reeds, rushes, and other water loving things. Aquatic birds are paddling about, and some tame sea-gulls are perched upon a buttress of rock, gazing calmly upon the people swaying backwards and forwards below them. You cross a little wooden bridge, and from the heat and glare without find yourself in the dim cool light of the cave. The sides are lined from end to end with plate-glass cases, divided from each other by stone-work: there is a means of communication between

Digitized by Google

every two cases generally, and you see the fish availing themselves of this wider space, and swimming to and fro. These miniature sea caves are strewn with sand and small pebbles, and the back-ground is filled in with irregular pieces of rock, madrepores, and branches of coral, while sea-weeds and algæ are growing abundantly. You can see numberless tiny shrimps and prawns chasing one another in and out among the feathery sprays, or hanging in rows by their feelers from the huge sea-fans. The rocks are full of tiny caves and holes, out of which the fish dart, either in play or pursuit; or else they lie asleep—turbot, soles, mackerel, and plaice, all in closest proximity, seemingly unconscious of each other's presence. The happy family principle seems carried out among these creatures, for dog-fish appear on confiding terms with smelts and such small fry, lobsters and cray-fish of considerable dimensions seem to confine their appetite to preying on dead brethren, and sucking any remaining juice out of the pallid shrimps or prawns that one sees occasionally lying toes up among the sea-weed and pebbles. Gazing into the cool opal coloured water, one may fancy how it would feel to be a denizen of the sea; a far from unpleasant life among all those shiny glossy creatures at the bottom of the ocean, provided always that one were supplied with a similar breathing apparatus to that which you can watch so accurately in the body of that very ugly skate, or be able to move through the dense mass of water as elegantly as yonder red gurnet with rainbow fins expanded like wings, and sapphire eyes. Two or three large conger eels are curled up side by side, their fat coils speckled like a leech, and above them an airy little sea-horse rides up and down, curving his neck and carrying his long tail-like body gracefully behind him. A singular looking creature is the sea-elephant, with his long proboscis, and fleshy tusk-shaped appendage on either side of it; his back is iridescent, and beautifully marked with tiny brown spots. In another case, where the water is artificially heated by currents of hot air, one can see the coral insect at work; and most curious it is to see the slow but regular progress, a perceptible difference shewing itself after the lapse of two or three days in the milk-white mass. But what a sense of time it gives, when one thinks of reefs and islands produced by these tiny beings working on and on in that eternal twilight, till what began as a soft sponge-like substance, ends by forming a continent.

The names of the inmates are written over the different compartments, and the orders to which they belong. In the middle of the cave, on either side, are two grottoes, in one of which is exhibited a collection of American crustacea and mollusca; amongst others, those extraordinary crabs, covered with a green shield, and encumbered with a long paddle-shaped tail: they are, I understand, considered a great delicacy in some parts of the States. There are land and water tortoises, turtles, chameleons, reptiles of different kinds; oysters in various stages, and a very fine assortment of the lowest forms of marine life; amongst others, those wonderful little bags of opal jelly that pass existence in expanding and contracting, and floating about in rock pools; anemones of many sorts, star-fish, sepia, and barnacles, which, however injurious to the bottoms of our vessels, are exquisite in form and colour. The bivalve opens, and a tiny plume of prismatic colours presents itself, waving hither and thither, then sinking back into the shell, a minute spot of crimson and purple is all that remains visible. You get quite dizzy at last, looking so long and earnestly at the mimic sea-bottom, and catch sight perhaps of a face reflected in some dark part of the plate-glass, whose vacant stare reminds you painfully of that slit-mouthed John Dory, who with nose pressed against the case seems returning the gaze! If smoking were not allowed in the aquarium, the air would be cool and pleasant; and there are plenty of seats, the want of which is a great drawback inside the building.

There is a monopoly of chairs; they are only to be found in the gardens; these, when we arrived in June, were a wilderness, but a marked improvement shows itself from day to day, and when the much talked of visit of the Emperor comes off in

Digitized by Google

August, they will be in full beauty. The almost total absence of rain ever since the opening of the Exposition, (though there have been thunder-storms occasionally,) has proved a great draw-back to the plants, though as much as possible is effected by artificial watering. The French are remarkably ingenious in transplanting trees of a large size; and there are to be seen rows of espaliers, carefully trained on iron frames, in full bearing, and which seem to have borne removal with little or no injury. The autumn previous to transplanting, the top root is cut off, and the tree throws out a quantity of fibrous roots which adhere to a large portion of earth. A deep hole filled with water is prepared, and into this, when the proper season has arrived, the tree, with a considerable ball of earth adhering to its roots—is plunged. The roses have been very fine, and are now succeeded by a varied show of carnations, geraniums, and petunias, while asters and other autumn flowers are being brought forward to replace them. There is a small arboretum, and in one part of the gardens the beds are botanically arranged according to their natural orders. Hardly a day passes without the introduction of some novelty or improvement. At night the gardens are illuminated with gas, and on the top of the large white building that I have alluded to as occupying the centre of the enclosure, the electric light is always shown from nine to eleven o'clock. Crowds then walk up and down smoking and talking, a band plays, and the ladies sit about in groups enjoying the cool evening breeze. The light is singularly cold and powerful, throwing intensely black shadows and making the moon-beams pale in contrast. The complexion of the upturned faces is very ghastly, and crossed as the brilliance is by the yellow flicker of the gas lamps, the effect on an evening when the wind stirs the flags floating in every direction, and moves the branches of the trees, is very weird and spectral.

The Exposition having, as I before said, been originally intended only for maritime objects, much of the space is devoted exclusively to them. There are huge anchors, cables, paddles and screws, models of many celebrated steamers built either at home or abroad, models of noted yachts; these last, exquisite pieces of workmanship, every curve and line being copied with mathematical accuracy in very hard polished wood. There is in one part, a miniature whale-boat, with all the accoutrements complete; in another, a similar boat full sized thoroughly fitted up, the harpoons, spears, knives for cutting and preparing the blubber, &c., ranged in a semicircle over it. Fire-arms are now much used in the whale fishery, and by some, a combustible material is introduced, which bursts as soon as it enters the body of the animal, causing most frightful wounds, and a death, if not so lingering as in former days, much more painful; on the other hand, human life is not so liable to be endangered by the struggles of the animal in endeavouring to free himself. A little beyond the whale boat, you see a group of divers in full costume, with helmets and air tubes; some of the contrivances, though very ingenious, are so complicated as to be quite unfeasible. There are India-rubber rafts to be inflated in case of ship-wrecks, which would inevitably get out of order when they were wanted; and a waterproof coat, which is supposed to include a knapsack, a pillow, and a tent covering!

One of the most interesting sections is that devoted to machinery. In the Internationals of 1851 and 1862 there was so much to be seen, that one could not afford sufficient leisure for studying the annexes in which the machines were at work; but here, all being on a much smaller scale, they can be investigated thoroughly without fatigue. There is always a crowd watching the manufacture of chocolate. A large enclosure contains the apparatus necessary for crushing the beans, huge sacks of which stand open against the rails, they are emptied into a mill, and as the ground powder issues from an open shaft at the side, it falls into another large receptacle like a churn. Here it is mixed with water, spice, and sugar, and here also I presume that the adulteration with flour or other substances is effected, but though I have watched frequently and narrowly, I was never able to discover anything besides the orthodox sugar and spice that are displayed in sacks alongside of the beans! From

Digitized by Google

this churn, where it is whirled round and round with great rapidity, it oozes out the consistency of thick treacle, and is received next from the mouth of a machine resembling a turning-lathe, by a man whose practised hand grasps a lump half a pound or a pound in weight, a handle determines the amount of the issue, but he always tests his accuracy by flinging the brown lump on a scale, from which it is instantly removed to a baking tin, stamped with four, six, or eight divisions, and the name of the maker. When a certain number of these tins have been filled, they are placed on a table, which is shaken by machinery first in one direction and then in another, and with an occasional pat from the man the chocolate sinks into its proper shape. When the divisions into which it will afterwards be broken are sufficiently defined, the table is stopped, and the tins disappear into a baking oven, whence they reappear on the other side of the enclosure, ready for your purchase. There are sugar-plum manufactories going on, ice-making, vegetable shaping, a very clever cork-cutter, another for making wooden wedges and dove-tailing, a huge machine for utilizing small coal by pressing it into bricks, water fans, ventilators, envelope-cutters, steel pens—and hook and eye makers, and hundreds of other things besides, too numerous to mention.

In the gardens a goffre-maker drives a thriving trade, but the material goffred is not muslin, but batter. He has a little gas-stove complete, the batter is poured into a double goffering iron, which he turns first one side and then the other over the gas jets, and there appears a hot crisp cake, which is duly sugared by his wife and devoured in hundreds by the crowd who always surround his little pagoda.

The American iced drinks are in great request; you can see them prepared, unless indeed you are satisfied with simply swallowing a delicious compound that is effervescent, iced, and creamy, flavoured with anything you may desire from coffee to pine-apple, and served in a silver and glass tankard.

One room is devoted exclusively to sewing machines, and you are distracted as you walk between rows of needle-women by their advocacy of the rival merits of Wheeler and Wilson, Wilcox and Gibbs, and a dozen other English and American makers. Some of the French machines have been made as low as twenty-five francs, clumsy of course in the stitching, but it is surprising that anything capable of doing needle-work can be brought out at that price. The same manufacturer has superior machines at forty and fifty francs. The centre of the room is occupied by a tailor who professes in the course of two hours and twenty minutes to measure any gentleman and provide him with coat, waistcoat, and trousers, of a pepper and salt mixture, complete for twenty-one francs! It is amusing to see all who have invested in this cheap and expeditious suit walking about looking ludicrously like the lay figure standing in the centre of the compartment. Ten women and two men, all dressed in blouses of black glazed calico, are stitching away, some by hand and some by machine, to get the suits finished by the appointed time, and looking, poor things, so hot, so tired, and dusty! Sundays and week-days the labour goes on all the same, and though no doubt they must have periods of rest, and regular meals, all the refreshment that I ever saw them partake of was claret and iced water; the latter is brought in bottles that have been refrigerated; the water with which the caraffes have been filled is reduced to a large lump of ice, and on this water is poured, the ice generally remaining unmelted for ten or twelve hours, and allowing of the water being renewed many times. Some of the braiding and fine tucking is exquisitely turned out, and you are shewn specimens in glass cases, that are as highly finished as the best hand work.

The dolls in the Exposition really surpass any to be met with in London; they are of composition, with jointed leather bodies, and hands and feet accurately modelled. The heads turn on the shoulders, and can be raised or lowered; the hair is real, and most elaborately dressed. Baby dolls seem wholly to have disappeared, they are supplanted by 'young ladies' in every imaginable costume, from an elegant *baigneuse* with white serge veste, short skirt, and dainty little trousers trimmed with pleated

Digitized by Google

scarlet braid, and hempen shoes and oil-skin cap ornamented to match, up to a young bride in white satin, pearls, and Brussels lace. Then again there is the *jeune fille* attired for her *premier communion* in white muslin dress and veil, with rosary, crucifix, and ivory missal in hand, a complete copy of the hundreds of young creatures that we saw thronging the streets on their way to or from their respective churches on the *Fête Dieu*. Present fashions are illustrated by seeing some of the dolls seated *en peignoir* at their toilettes, with the dressing-table covered with chignons, elaborate bows and plaits of hair about to be affixed by a *bonne* in white cap and short full skirt standing behind their chairs. Eye-glasses and watches are worn by all, and the gored trains and tunics in every variety might serve as patterns to first class milliners! Undressed, the dolls cost from seven or eight francs upwards, but with their wardrobes they sum up to nearly as many sovereigns.

The mechanical toys are very ingenious; in the garden there is a pavilion, where for half a franc you may hear dozens of artificial birds singing, see them hop about, ruffle their plumage, sip water, and peck their food; a wonderful baby is included, that sits up, opens and shuts its eyes, speaks and cries, (the two last, however, I suspect, by the aid of a ventriloquist,) and a conjuror, about a span high, who presents you with a book and answers your questions automatically at the striking of a bell. There is a man in the Exposition who shows off the pretty butterfly trick introduced by the Japanese troupe, and who spins crowns of blue or pink paper, making them ascend and descend, repelling and attracting them, simply by the action of a fan. This seems so easy that everyone is anxious to attempt it, signally failing after the most strenuous efforts. The same man has paper bats, which return to you when thrown off a fan—on the same principle as the boomerang, I remarked to him smilingly one day. '*Pardon, Madame,*' he answered quite gravely, '*pas un boomerang un chauve souris,*' evidently looking upon the former as the name of another animal! Talking of fans reminds me how exquisite some of those exhibited are, with medallions, miniatures of royal personages, charming little Watteau groups all in delicate painting either on ivory or vellum, gold and silver inlaying, ebony, and ivory, mixed with the cut steel now so much in vogue. Very high prices are asked for these elaborate nick-nacks, one hundred francs being considered a very moderate sum. The pale yellow tortoise-shell used for handles is costly; some, of Brussels lace, white over coloured *crèpe*, are very light and elegant, with mother o' pearl mounts. The lace shown is quite equal to any at the London or Paris Exhibitions, the patterns are works of art; one dress of water lilies and ferns in black Brussels was a perfect picture, the different thickness of stitch giving the lights and shades.

There is one section much frequented by the ladies, in which, silks, satins, velvets and furs, &c., are displayed in large glass cases. I do not think, however, that, on the whole, our best London shops would not have surpassed them both in colour and texture. In lace and shawls the French have certainly the palm, but they have such wonderful art in arranging and displaying even ordinary goods, that they can make a trophy of ropes or of iron look graceful. Neither the glass nor china were, as a whole, remarkable, though there were many very beautiful articles taken separately. The wood inlaying and furniture were very good, and considering the materials and labour, not expensive. Some of the mock jewelry and machine-made trinkets were wonderful pieces of deception; they require to be tested before even an experienced eye can distinguish between them and the genuine precious stones displayed a little further on. Pink coral seems to fetch fabulous sums, 1000 francs for a brooch; and yet only fashion could make it more admired than the deep bright red of one's childhood.

I have said nothing about the music-room, which is, however, a favourite lounge of an afternoon, and is the only part inside the building provided with seats. The playing generally begins about three o'clock, and lasts till five or six o'clock; the performers are sometimes very good, and the pianos selected by the best makers. There are one or two very fine harmoniums, which I have heard occasionally of a morning, remarkably sweet and yet powerful. This apartment is devoted entirely to

Digitized by Google

musical instruments of different kinds; a band plays sometimes, and it is then filled to overflowing with eager listeners, who applaud vehemently. I am bound to confess that a French crowd appears to me louder, more pushing, selfish, and disagreeable, than an English one under similar circumstances. The way in which second class Frenchmen stare and pass their remarks on English ladies, is also very offensive to our insular pride!

I have lingered so long in the Exhibition that I have left myself little space to speak of the town itself. In the principal square stands the Hotel de Ville, a large handsome building in the same style as the Tuilleries; opposite is a public garden supplied with chairs and seats, tastefully laid out with fountains and flower-beds filled with roses, geraniums, and some remarkably fine yuccas. This is a much frequented thoroughfare, people going to and from their work, nurses with numberless children, old people and invalids resting under the shade of the trees; and yet you never see a flower plucked, a branch broken, or the turf trampled on; why cannot our English work-people exercise an equal self-restraint in our parks? On either side of the square are rows of many-storied houses, let as apartments above and for shops below. All having been built in the same style, they have a handsome appearance, in good keeping with the Hotel de Ville, exactly opposite to which opens the Rue de Paris, where the principal shops and hotels are to be met with, and which runs past the theatre, the market, and the old parish church, terminating at the docks. The quay is a busy place; crowds of foreign looking sailors, whose ships have come from nearly every port of importance in the old and new world. This reminds me that I did not allude to that annexe at the Exposition devoted to the exports and imports of Havre. You may see there samples of almost every article of trade, from the hempen ropes and nets for the manufacture of which this part of Normandy is famous, up to huge mountains of sponges from the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, rare woods and spices, drugs, berries, dried leaves of tea, tobacco, and cocoa; elephants' tusks, undressed whale bones, and various skins, furs, and feathers. Cotton is of course the staple, for Havre may be called the Liverpool of the north of France. Bales of cotton are always unlading, and you will have half a dozen samples thrust upon you before you reach the end of the quay. When one hears of the mere refuse pickings of one English warehouse realizing £500 a year, an idea may be formed of the business passing through the hands of some of the principal cotton merchants. There is a continual chatter of monkeys and parrots along the quay, batches of fifty or sixty cages and hutches piled one upon the other; the creatures exposed without shelter in a broiling sun, and seemingly enjoying the intense heat, the parrots screeching and stretching themselves as far as their narrow limits allow of, and the monkeys extending their lean hands through the bars, and grinning, after their usual hideous fashion, at the passers by. Parrots and other foreign birds are often to be seen at the windows of small poor houses—presents, doubtless, from some sea-faring son or brother, and rivaling with their bright plumage the equally brilliant blossoms with which doors, windows, and the tiny gardens, are sure to be filled. In the dirtiest alleys the eye fastens gratefully on a patch of bright colour from a box of nasturtiums or carnations, and very dirty some of the old parts of the town are. It is a matter of surprise how those old gabled houses, built of wood and plaster, can hold together, they are bent and shaking under the accumulated weight of centuries; and still more astonishing is it that the inhabitants are ever free from cholera or typhus, when black open sewers run right under the latticed windows, and no drainage is attended to in those close lanes and courts, which have remained untouched since the days when Havre was a fishing village and Harfleur a populous town.

One Sunday morning we noticed a dense column of black smoke ascending from that side of the quays furthest from the town. Directly after service we hastened, notwithstanding the intense heat, in the direction of the docks, and working our way through the crowd gathered round the Bassin Imperiale, we were astonished to see the face of the water in a blaze. It appears that through some carelessness in dropping a spark, a barrel of petroleum on board a ship laden with it, had caught fire; we had heard no explosion, but by the time we reached the spot the vessel was burnt to the water's edge. A dark line showed where her hull was, and a few splintered shriveled pieces of wood was all that remained of her masts and spars. The water for many yards round was a sheet of liquid flame, the oil boiling and seething on the crests of the waves that broke against the stone sides of the pier. Happily the wind was blowing from the land, else the damage done would have been much greater; as it was, the buttresses of the pier and all the boats moored in the neighbourhood suffered severely from the blistering heat, notwithstanding the fire engines and jets of water continually playing upon them. The streams pouring from the hose in different directions looked like child's play with a syringe, against the devouring force of the

Digitized by Google

fire. A huge column of dense black smoke kept blowing across the mouth of the river to Honfleur, looking solid in its intense darkness; flames, leaping up every now and then as the wind caught them, mingled with it, making the profoundly black mass appear as if shot with living fire. Then the wind would catch the smoke and flame together, whirling them round and round, till they reared up, a spiral pillar from thirty to forty feet in height; again, the breeze falling, you saw only the lake of fire, the heat and glare almost scorching your face and making you forget the power of the noon-day sun blazing above you. We remained a long time, thinking at one moment that the violence of the flame must be abating, as it paled from crimson to amber, when again it would burst out with redoubled fury as if it had discovered fresh supplies of oil to feed its insatiable appetite. It was not till past nine o'clock in the evening, more than twelve hours after the accident occurred, that the sooty cloud ceased to be visible, covering the usually bright sunny stretch of water between Havre and Honfleur.

P. B.

HINTS ON READING.

THE Dean of Norwich has done good service to our Church by his little book of *Sermons on the Prayer Book*, dealing in a popular manner with many of the shallow carelessly made objections to the selection of Sunday and Daily Lessons, and other ordinances of our Church. It is a book very fit to give to surface arguers.

The Voice of the Good Shepherd, by the Rev. R. Swayne, (Rivington,) is a course of *really* eloquent and exceedingly interesting sermons on the Prodigal Son.

Marion's *The Wonders of Optics*, (Sampson Low,) an extremely amusing book, translated from the French by C. Quin, and full of marvels—which, to use a hackneyed expression, are like a fairy tale.

The Old Deccan, by Miss Frere, (Chapman and Hall,) a most curious collection of legends—the Hindoo echo of our nursery tales. The history of the Christian Ayah who narrated them is one of the most interesting parts of the volume.

As light history, good for reading aloud, Burton's *English Seamen under the Tudors*, is to be mentioned as full of interest, though disfigured here and there by sneers at the piety of the old captains.

After Life, by E. M. Sewell, (Longmans,) is, as no doubt our readers are already aware, the conclusion of *A Journal of a Home Life*. It is a more interesting book, for the Spanish journey gives it variety; and there is something very deeply thought out in the study of both Ina and Agnes.

Among pretty little slight books that have a good tone and do no harm, and so are just fit to lend to the ailing or those incapable of anything but the lightest literature, may be mentioned *Reading for Honours*, and *The Story of Hermione*—the first clever; the second harmless, if wonderfully silly and impossible. How did either the *reformed* convict or the Roman Catholic priest get to Norfolk Island? We must confess it is strange to us that any English Church writer should of all places in the world select Norfolk Island as the working ground of a Roman Catholic Missionary!

We must not pass by without a mention, a tiny book of exquisite poetry on *St. Mary's Home*, Manchester, sold by Mr. Masters; nor Mr. Warne's charming little packet of *Victoria Stories*.

Many of our readers will be glad to see the *Sketches of the Rites and Customs of the Greco-Russian Church*, which have from time to time appeared in our pages, collected together in a considerable volume in Russian yellow and black, full of real pictures of domestic life, and of the manner in which the Church is ever invoked to bless either in joy or sorrow, or in any undertaking of life.

Aunt Judy's versions of nursery tales are delicious; Mrs. Overtheway, as usual, full of character. We hope that the mince-meat of the Vendéen wars will lead the readers to the real book—Madame de la Rochejaquelein's Memoirs—one which every person ought to have read.

The *Stories for all the Sundays in the Year*, now being put forth by Messrs. Hodge, are perhaps the more likely to impress the lesson for the slight exaggeration in them. In their short limits it may be impossible to avoid these; but the magnitude of the crimes, and the suddenness of the conversions, is curious, and gives the whole an oddly sensational tone. But perhaps the taste of the age must be followed even in penny religious books.

Digitized by Google

Notices to Correspondents.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Lina *would be glad to know why it is considered unlucky to spill salt. Also, if any of the Readers of* The Monthly Packet *can tell her the author of the Processional Hymn,* While the Cross is gleaming; *and if there is any tune published that is set to it.——The* Editor *believes that the notion of the unluckiness of spilling salt is connected with the Eastern sense of obligation to keep the peace between men who had eaten salt together. He who spilt the salt would intend to prepare for an act of violence.*

M. J. *begs for information on the arrangement and working of Communicants' classes, especially on the means of interesting and encouraging the recently confirmed, who have passed beyond their clergyman's immediate influence.*

The Editor *would be much obliged if the Author of* Spare Fuel, *or any friend of hers, would send her present address. A post-office order sent to that from which she wrote originally has been returned from the Dead-letter Office, and will lapse if not claimed before the end of September.*

A. H., Pimlico, *asks where she can get flax, already spun into thread, woven into linen at a cheap rate.*

Mr. Allnutt acknowledges with thanks the receipt of 2s. 9d. from Alphega, *for* The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea.

Two Shillings and Sixpence from M. H., *for* The Keble Memorial College Fund, *is thankfully acknowledged.*

M. C. L. *and* many others *inform* Adelaide *that she will find the lines—*

'Tis better to have lov'd and lost,
Than never to have lov'd at all.'

in Tennyson's In Memoriam, xxvii.

L. K. *answers* her own *query, that* Angels' visits few and far between *is to be found in Campbell's* Pleasures of Hope.

E. A. B. *asks the author of the lines—*

'And such is mine inconstancy,
That you too shall adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much—
Loved I not honour more.'

We believe (but cannot at present refer) they are part of the Marquis of Montrose's poem to his love.

D. H. *asks the author of these lines:—*

'Oft by the bed where want and woe were laid,
His faithful rounds a Christian Sunshine made;
Earnest as Paul their erring souls to gain,
Tender as woman to relieve their pain;
In Christ he bade the sinking soul rejoice,
And speechless glances blest the good man's voice.'

They are from a prize poem on The Tower of the Two Wardens *at Winchester College.*

A. *wishes to know if any reader of* The Monthly Packet *will state the expense of taking it jointly with her. A communication addressed to the Editor will be forwarded to her.*

Declined with thanks:—Hints to Village Choirs.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

Digitized by Google

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 34. OCTOBER, 1868. PRICE 1s.

MEDIEVAL SEQUENCES AND HYMNS.

No. X.—FOR FESTIVALS OF APOSTLES.

(Cujus laus secundum Nomen)

GOD, the Lord, Whose praise and glory
Is according to His Name;
Who His ever righteous judgments
Doth through all the world proclaim;

Him the wicked conscience-stricken
As his Judge with fear doth own,
Him the righteous loves adoring,
Ransomed by His grace alone.

These of old were counsels hidden
In the depths beyond our sight;
But the Wisdom of the Father,
God of God, and Light of Light,

Now hath visited His people,
Now hath come amongst His own,
And the secrets of the Godhead
Hath to men as Man made known.

He the mysteries aforetime
Under figures dim concealed,
To the lowly and the foolish
Of the world hath now revealed.

Whom he hath exalted highly,
Clothed with power and dignity,

Digitized by Google

That to every land and nation
They His witnesses might be.

They are firmaments containing
Mysteries celestial,
They the clouds abounding ever,
Whence the rains of doctrine fall;

They the Church's deep foundations,
They her gates and corridors,
They the pedestals and pillars,
Reared on which she upward soars;

Lanterns of the Word, diffusing
All around their brilliance;
Salt of earth, the earth preserving
By their acts of continence;

They the shepherds of the sheep-folds,
Keeping well their flocks from blame;
They the teachers, guiding rightly
Their disciples' heart and aim.

Therefore, by their intercession,
Grant that we at Thy right hand,
May with them receive our portion
In the heavenly Fatherland.
Amen.

CHILDREN'S SONG BY THE SEA.

We who sing beside the shore,
By our grand orchestral ocean,
Tune our singing to his roar,
Murmurous rest or loud emotion:
Fresh as in our fathers' ears,
Rings his olden endless story:
Ancient monarch of the years,
Young as in his primal glory!

Double lessons doth he give—
Alternated for our learning—
Lessons how to love and live,
Never trite, though still returning:

Digitized by Google

None as he so free and strong—
So by strength our mighty Master
Teaches us to war with wrong,
And to bravely bear disaster;

So he teaches at the noon
In his loud majestic splendour;
Then in whispers 'neath the moon,
'Be ye lowly, loving, tender.'
That he sounds in notes of war,
Waves magnificently rolling!
This in murmurs on the shore,
Like the holy church bells tolling.

For the heart and head of life,
These are lessons not for scorning;
For the rest and for the strife,
For the evening and the morning:
He is worthy of our song,
And our loyal hearts' devotion—
He, the tender and the strong,
Brave and loving-hearted ocean!

S. J. Stone.

PSALM CXXIX.

(Sæpe Expugnaverunt.)

Many a time, many a time,
When life was yet in its morning prime,
They banded together to work me ill,
The mark of the ploughshare is on me still;
They made the furrows, but *God* sowed the seed,
And He is righteous—He is indeed.

Ye that would touch His children, beware!
The little ones are the Father's care;
Your grass shall wither before it grow—
Your sheaves lie dead in the harvest glow—
And they that go by in the evening gold,
Leave you no blessing for flock or for fold.

M. C.

Digitized by Google

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'COURAGE AND COWARDS;' 'IVON,' &c.

VII.

WARS WITH GREECE.

A.D. 1141 TO A.D. 1160.

BLIND Béla had left three young sons, the eldest of whom, Géza, was but ten years old; so again there was a child on the throne and a regency at the head of the state. Usually these were most disastrous circumstances, and foreboded much evil to Hungary; but in this instance, the country conferred the regency on wise men, who ruled with wisdom and moderation, and instead of separating into factions, gathered the whole strength of the nation closely round the Prince.

It was perhaps fortunate that the Queen Ilona had died a few years before, as, maybe, the regency would have found her difficult to deal with. From her father she had inherited Bosnia, (Rama, as it was then called,) and this became the portion of her second son, László, while István, the youngest, inherited Sirmia. At the head of the regency was Duke Bélus, a Serb, brother-in-law of the late Queen, and Palatine of the kingdom. With him were associated the Archbishop of Grán and some of the Magnates; and for the first few years all went well. The nation took both king and kingdom under its protection, and managed both so well, that, when afterwards restored to one another, neither had anything to complain of. The young King found his kingdom strong without and prosperous within; while the nation could not but acknowledge that her youthful sovereign was both noble-minded and courageous.

Those parts of Hungary which had been desolated by war, especially the Zips and Transylvania, were colonized by Saxons, invited into the land by Duke Bélus, who accorded them all sorts of freedoms and privileges, that they might the more easily be induced to forget their own country. These colonists were called indiscriminately 'Saxons,' but in reality, many of them are said to have come originally from Flanders, whence they had been driven by the inundations of the sea. However, they had come immediately from Saxony, and Saxons they continue to be called to this day, though there are many differences observable in the language and manners of those dwelling in the Zips, and those in Transylvania.

The Wallacks, inhabiting the districts colonized by the Saxons, were made subject to them; and without the consent of the new-comers no Magyar or foreigner might settle in their territory. They brought with them from Germany their own manners, customs, and laws, and are even now a most singular example of colonists who have retained their

Digitized by Google

national peculiarities for centuries. They took part with the Magyars and Szeklers in the Diet, paid a fixed yearly tribute to the government, and contributed a certain number of men to the army; but they were subject to none but the king or his appointed deputy, and chose their own priests and magistrates. These privileges belonged chiefly to the Saxons of Transylvania, who felt the benefit of them in later years, when, while religious persecution raged in other parts of Hungary, they enjoyed the full and undisturbed exercise of their religion.

When the young King was eleven or twelve years old, he was betrothed to the Russian Princess Euphrosyne, whose pretty name we should hardly recognize under its Magyar equivalent of Fruzsinka. She came at once to Hungary to be brought up with her future husband, whose little sister, Adelheid, was at the same time sent away to the court of the Emperor Konrad, to be brought up with his son Heinrich, her betrothed. The betrothals of ancient days seem to have had little or no influence on the relations between the countries severally represented by the future bride and bridegroom; for, even when he received Adelheid at his court, Konrad had also a kind word of encouragement for Borics; and though he was disturbed by the rising excitement in Italy caused by the preaching of Arnold of Brescia, the Emperor found leisure to assist this most unfortunate of adventurers in an attack upon Hungary, which resulted indeed in the capture of Presburg, but was speedily avenged, in a great battle at Leerfelde, in which the Germans were defeated. The year following was distinguished by a new Crusade, preached by St. Bernard of Clairvaulx, which brought through Hungary Friedrich of Suabia (afterwards Barbarossa), Otto of Freisingen, (the son of the Duke of Austria, and a great chronicler of the period,) and Louis VII. of France. In the train of this latter came a less welcome visitor, who was for ever appearing where he was least expected and least wanted. This was no other than Borics, who, finding himself recognized, and fearing to be imprisoned, fled by night to Constantinople, where he was kindly received by Manuel Comnenus, who gave him a Grecian princess for his wife, thinking he might be a useful instrument wherewith to harass Hungary.

Meanwhile, Hungary had become much attached to her youthful King and Queen; so much so indeed, that when Fruzsinka's brother was driven from Kiew by Dolgoruki, the powerful founder of Moscow, the nation determined to risk a Russian war to re-establish him in his capital and dry the Queen's tears. This might seem a motive scarcely strong enough to justify a foreign war; but Hungary remembered the time when Magyar blood and valour had before assisted in replacing the rulers of Russia on their several thrones, and the young King was burning with eagerness to lead the army to the assistance of his brother-in-law. Magyars and Circassians fought successfully beneath one banner; and Dolgoruki, after suffering several defeats, found himself obliged to surrender the town of Grodez and make peace. But no sooner

Digitized by Google

was the Russian war thus happily concluded, than Géza found himself attacked by a far more formidable foe, who indeed was destined to trouble his dominions for many a year to come. Manuel Comnenus, the last remarkable Emperor of the East, and grandson, on his mother's side, of László I., having lost many of his Eastern possessions to the rapacious Turks, was considering how best he might indemnify himself for these losses by incorporating the territories of some of his barbarous neighbours; and turned his eye on Hungary accordingly. For Hungary was still 'barbarous' to the historian of that day; while Greece was the home of the highest civilization. If, as Jókai Mór ironically observes, 'civilization consists, not in moral and spiritual integrity but in the arts of sculpture and silk-weaving,' then, indeed, we cannot deny that Greece had the advantage; but this in great measure disappears if we do but compare a few pages from the histories of the two countries.

Manuel spent one half his life in excess, the other in causeless warfare. On one occasion, in the midst of a battle, he was drinking from a stream, and in answer to his complaint that there was blood in it, a soldier standing by exclaimed, 'It is not the first time you have drunk the blood of your people!'

The Magyar is a 'barbarian,' because he turned the rapacious Crusaders out of the country, and reserved his hospitality for the chivalrous; but the Greek is 'civilized,' because he contented himself with supplying the knights with false coin, meal mixed with chalk, and unfaithful guides who led them astray. Such deeds as these were not the order of the day among 'barbarians.'

Manuel readily found an excuse for going to war with the 'barbarians:' first in Borics, who had put himself and his claims under his protection; secondly in Csudomil, Prince of Servia, who was a cousin of Géza and an enemy of himself; and thirdly in Wladimerko, Prince of Swenigrod, a Russian ally, whom Géza had defeated in the late war. Bélus, the Palatine, having some idea of Manuel's intrigues, had induced his nephew Csudomil to renounce his allegiance to the Greek Empire, and declare himself a vassal of Hungary, promising him all needful support. Manuel was just arming for an expedition against Roger II. of Sicily, when he received the news of Csudomil's* defection; and hurrying into Servia, he compelled the Prince to retire to the mountains, seized some of the fortified towns, and devastated the open country, before the promised assistance could arrive from Hungary. In the following year (1151) he returned with a still larger army, and in the first battle, personally encountered the Servian Prince, who struck the Emperor a blow which clove his helmet. Manuel, however, wrested the weapon from his grasp, and took the Prince back a prisoner to Constantinople, where he soon induced him to return to his allegiance. Forty Hungarians, likewise taken prisoners in this battle, Manuel caused to stand before his throne, clad in robes of gold and purple, that it might appear his captives were

* Called by Greeks Blachin.

Digitized by Google

all dukes and counts. Thus far, however, he had not come into open collision with Hungary; but now, on Géza's return from the Russian campaign, Manuel assailed him with bitter reproaches, for having secretly supported the rebellion in Servia, and for having lately attacked his friend and ally Wladimerko, and then proceeded to cross the frontiers with a large army, one division of which, commanded by Borics, he sent across the Danube to seize Branizowa, while he himself led the remainder across the Save and surprised the garrison of Semlin. The King and Palatine could not succeed in bringing either the Emperor or Borics to an open fight; and as the winter came on, both parties were obliged to relinquish the campaign and retire to winter quarters. As soon as spring returned, Géza was eager to reassemble his army and fall upon the Greeks; but, by the advice of his counsellors, he at length consented to abandon a war, which would exhaust the nation to no purpose, and might prove highly dangerous under the new combination of circumstances; for it now seemed likely that he might have another Emperor to defend himself and his country against, and one more formidable than Manuel; inasmuch as the Eastern empire was fast declining from her once high position, while the Western was developing new resources, extending her power on all sides, and aspiring to the leadership of Europe.

Six years before, Friedrich of Suabia had led through Hungary an army of Crusaders, so numerous that their ships choked up the rivers, and they themselves had scarcely space sufficient to march through the plains.* He and his followers had behaved themselves on the march much as if they had been in an enemy's country, laying hands on all they fancied, and committing many acts of violence; but it seemed that Friedrich retained an agreeable impression of his journey, for no sooner was he chosen Emperor in the room of his uncle Konrad, than he announced to the Princes of the Empire his determination to lead an expedition into Hungary, and compel her to acknowledge him as her lord. Hungary's fair and fruitful plains were tempting; but the Princes could not forget the defeats they had but lately sustained at the hands of the Hungarians, and they were by no means in favour of the enterprise. Finding it impossible just then to win their consent, and unable to proceed without it, Friedrich abandoned his project for the time; and for the next few years, Italian affairs left him no leisure to recur to it. It was only laid aside, however, not forgotten; and the war-note having once been sounded, Hungary knew what she might expect whenever Barbarossa should have disposed of the Reformer Arnold.

Meanwhile, there were troubles at home. The practice of giving each of the royal princes a dukedom, to be held as a fief of the kingdom, was, as usual, productive of discord. István, Géza's youngest brother, Prince of Sirmia, gave occasion for some suspicions that he was aspiring to the crown. Whether it really was so, or whether Géza's suspicions were roused by seeing the favour shown to the Prince by the Palatine, does not appear;

* Otto von Freisingen.

Digitized by Google

but they do not seem to have been altogether without foundation, as István, without attempting any explanation, fled to Constantinople, where Manuel was only too glad to receive him graciously; and to attach him the more closely to himself, gave him his niece Maria in marriage. The district containing Branizowa, Nissa, and Belgrade, which had been won from Hungary, Manuel had given to his relation, Prince Andronicus Comnenus, not however thereby ensuring either his attachment or gratitude. A little power only made Andronicus feel that he should like more; and while the Emperor was carrying on an unsuccessful campaign in Sicily against Roger II., Andronicus was busy weaving a conspiracy, in which he had induced Géza to join by promising him the restoration of the conquered territory. To ruin Hungary's dangerous foe, and at the same time to gain an important territory, was a prospect so tempting that it quite dazzled Géza and even his wise ministers. The King led a large army to assist Andronicus, increasing it by Bohemian mercenaries and levies of the new Saxon colonists. But by the time they reached Branizowa, the conspiracy had been discovered, Andronicus safely lodged in prison, and the town garrisoned by faithful troops. All this the Hungarians only discovered when they reached Branizowa, and found that, instead of being received as friends, they were looked upon as enemies. They had scarcely begun the siege of the place, when they learnt that the Greek general, Basilius, was approaching to its relief, and that with him were the two fugitive Princes, István with his followers, and Borics with some Kuman auxiliaries whom he had enlisted in his service. Géza, not knowing what might be the strength of the enemy, abandoned the siege, and drew his army off towards the west, intending to retreat across the Save, which afforded an easier passage than the Danube. But the Greek general received warning of his intention, cut off his retreat, and suddenly attacked him. The unexpectedness of the attack at first threw the Hungarians into some disorder; but speedily recovering themselves, they won a complete victory, in which most of István's followers were slain, while he himself and Basilius with difficulty escaped. In this battle, the unhappy Borics also ended his tempestuous career, being slain by his own Kuman soldiers. To avenge this defeat, Manuel led a large army to the Danube the following year; but he had already met with a so much more determined resistance from the Hungarians than he had expected, that he was by no means disinclined to embrace any honourable opportunity of making peace. Géza was also weary of war; and a treaty was concluded, (1156,) whereby both parties agreed to restore their conquests, release their prisoners, and for the future abstain from giving any assistance to conspirators. Not, however, that Manuel renounced his scheme, but he thought he might find some means of accomplishing it more easy than open warfare. His great trust was in István, who was quite ready to sacrifice his country and become a vassal of the Greek Empire on the first opportunity. László, the second brother, having had some quarrel with the King,

Digitized by Google

joined István in Constantinople about this time, though he did not enter so readily into Manuel's plans, and was too much attached to his own Polish wife to listen to any proposals for repudiating her, and marrying instead a relation of the Emperor. He therefore never enjoyed the same degree of favour as his brother; but, as an enemy of the Hungarian King, he might always be made use of to excite disturbances in his dominions.

An embassy, sent about this time by Manuel to Barbarossa, requesting him to interfere in Hungary in István's behalf, completely failed of its object. Friedrich had no leisure to think of subduing Hungary by force of arms, but he was not sorry to have an excuse for meddling with her internal affairs, and therefore sent an embassy to Géza, representing István's claims, the only effect of which was to cause the King to send the Bishop of Raab to the German court with an explanation of the true state of affairs. The Bishop informed Friedrich that 'the King had made his brother equal to himself, in all respects but the royal title, and had only banished him in consequence of his open rebellion.' These representations might or might not have convinced the Emperor, but they were accompanied and enforced by a more powerful argument, namely, an offer, which he was but too glad to accept, of six hundred chosen archers and some other troops of cavalry, to assist him in those Italian conquests which were draining the empire of men and money. The Emperor was quite convinced of the injustice of István's claims, and sent him back to Constantinople by way of Venice; and, in the following year, derived much assistance from the Hungarian auxiliaries at the taking of Milan. (1158.)

A year later, Friedrich was anxious to gain the support of Géza, and with him of Hungary, in another matter. On the death of Pope Adrian IV., the majority of Cardinals had chosen as his successor Alexander III., a sworn enemy of the Emperor; whereas the minority had complied with his wishes by electing his friend Octavian, known as Victor IV. The Western Church, therefore, had now two Popes, who anathematized one another and their respective adherents, thus affording to Christendom at large anything but an edifying spectacle. To put an end to this scandal, Friedrich summoned a council of the Church to meet at Pavia, (1160.) and decide the question. The deputies of the Hungarian Church were present, and recognized Victor as the lawful head of the Western Church, as Géza had already done in the national synod; but when, shortly after, two Legates came to Hungary from Alexander, and by their representations won over the Bishops, with the influential Archbishop of Grán at their head, to consider their master as the lawful Pope, Géza also embraced his cause; and so zealously, that he even wrote to Louis VII. of France, likewise an adherent of Alexander, promising that, if Friedrich had any designs against his dominions, he would himself come to his assistance by pouring an army into Germany. Géza carried his submission to the clergy so far, that about this time he yielded to Alexander the

Digitized by Google

right, hitherto always exercised by his ancestors, of appointing and removing the Bishops. The errors and feebleness noticeable in Géza's government towards the close of his reign, may probably be attributed to the fact that he had lately lost his wise uncle and counsellor, Duke Bélus, whom Manuel had appointed Prince of Servia, partly, no doubt, in the hope of gaining for himself, and withdrawing from Hungary, so wise a counsellor. It is, however, pleasant to know that Bélus remained to the end the same honest man he had ever been, and continued faithful to the King and Hungary, notwithstanding the favours of his new master.

In the full flush of manhood, after a reign of twenty years, Géza died, without having had time to unravel the various complications which threatened the peace of Hungary, though he cannot be denied the credit of having maintained her honour and independence against the Emperors of West and East. If ever country had cause to echo the dictum of Louis XI., 'The lion should have but one cub,' surely it was Hungary! and now, again, there were three young princes, sons of Géza; while, to make matters still worse, the late King's two brothers, István and László, were still living at the Byzantine court, watching their opportunity.

(To be continued.)

THE CAGED LION.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TIDINGS OF BEAUGÉ.

MALCOLM understood it at last. In the great chamber where he was bidden to wait with 'Nigel' till 'Sir James' came from a private conference with 'Harry,' he had all explained to him, but with a curtness and brevity that must not be imitated in the present narrative.

The squire Nigel was in fact Sir Nigel Baird, Baron of Bairdsbrae, the gentleman to whom poor King Robert II. had committed the charge of his young son James, when at fourteen he had been sent to France, nominally for education, but in reality to secure him from the fate of his brother Rothsay.

Captured by English vessels on the way, the heir of Scotland had been too valuable a prize to be resigned by the politic Henry IV., who had lodged him at Windsor Castle, together with Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, and placed both under the nominal charge of the Prince of Wales, a youth of a few years older. Unjust as was the detention, it had been far from severe; the boys had as much liberty as their age and recreation required, and received the choicest training both in the arts of war and

Digitized by Google

peace. They were bred up in close intercourse with the King's own four sons, and were united with them by the warmest sympathy. In fact, since usurpation had filled Henry of Lancaster's mind with distrust and jealousy, his eldest son had been in no such enviable position as to be beyond the capacity of fellow-feeling for the royal prisoner.

Of a peculiarly frank, open, and affectionate nature, young Henry had so warmly loved the gentle and fascinating Richard II., that his trust in the father, of whom he had seen little in his boyhood, had received a severe shock through Richard's fate. Under the influence of a new, suspicious, and avaricious wife, the King kept his son as much at a distance as possible, chiefly on the Welsh marches, learning the art of war under Hotspur and Oldcastle; and when the father and son were brought together again, the bold free bearing and extraordinary ability of the Prince filled the suspicious mind of the King with alarm and jealousy. To keep him down, give him no money, and let him gain no influence, was the narrow policy of the King; and Henry, chafing, dreaming, feeling the injustice, and pining for occupation, shared his complaints with James, and in many a day-dream restored him freely to his throne, and together redressed the wrongs of the world. Meantime, James studied deep in preparation, and recreated himself with poetry, inspired by the charms of Joan Beaufort, the lovely daughter of the King's legitimatized brother, the Earl of Somerset; while Henry persisted in a boy's passionate love to King Richard's maiden widow, Isabel of France. Entirely unrequited as his affection was, it had a beneficial effect. Next after his deep sense of religion, it kept his life pure and chivalrous. He was for ever faithful to his future wife, even when Isabel had been returned to France, and his romantic passion had fixed itself on her younger sister Catherine, whom he endowed in imagination with all he had seen or supposed in her.

Credited with every excess by the tongue of his step-mother, too active-minded not to indulge in freakish sports and experiments in life very astounding to common-place minds, sometimes when in dire distress even helping himself to his unpaid allowance from his father's mails, and always with buoyant high spirits and unfailing drollery that scandalized the grave seniors of the court, there is full proof that Prince Hal ever kept free from the gross vices which a later age has fancied inseparably connected with his frolics; and though always in disgrace, the vexation of the court, and a by-word for mirth, he was true to the grand ideal he was waiting to accomplish, and never dimmed the purity and loftiness of his aim. That little band of princely youths, who sported, studied, laughed, sung, and schemed in the glades of Windsor, were strangely brought together—the captive exiled king, the disinherited heir of the realm, and the sons of the monarch who held the one in durance and occupied the throne of the other; and yet their affection had all the frank delight of youthful friendship. The younger lads were in more favour with their father than was the elder. Thomas was sometimes

Digitized by Google

preferred to him in a mortifying manner, John's grave quiet nature prevented him from ever incurring displeasure, and Humfrey was the spoilt pet of the family; but nothing could lessen Harry's large-minded love of his brothers; and he was the idol and hero of the whole young party, who implicitly believed in his mighty destinies as a renovator of the world, the deliverer of Jerusalem, and restorer of the unity and purity of the Church.

'Harry the Fifth was crowned,' and with the full intention of carrying out his great dream. But his promise of releasing James became matter of question. The House of Albany, who held the chief power in Scotland, had bound Henry IV. over not to free their master; and it was plain that to send him home before his welcome was ensured would be but tossing him on their spears. In vain James pleaded that he was no boy, and was able to protect himself; and vowed that when the faithful should rally round his standard, he would be more than a match for his enemies; or that if not, he would rather die free than live in bondage. Henry would not listen, and insisted upon retaining him until he should himself be at leisure to bring him home with a high hand, utterly disregarding his assurance that this would only be rendering him in the eyes of his subjects another despised and hated Balliol.

Deeming himself a divinely appointed redresser of wrongs, Henry was already beginning on his great work of purifying Europe in preparation for his mighty Crusade; and having won that splendid victory which laid distracted France at his feet, he only waited to complete the conquest as thoroughly and rapidly as might be; and lest his grand purpose should be obstructed, this great practical visionary, though full of kindness and generosity, kept in thraldom a whole troop of royal and noble captives.

He had, however, been so far moved by James's entreaties, as to consent that when he himself offered his devotions at the shrine of St. John of Beverley, the native saint who shared with the two cordwainers his gratitude for the glories of 'Crispin Crispian's day,' his prisoner should, unknown to any save the few who shared the pilgrimage, push on to reconnoitre his own country, and judge for himself, having first sworn to reveal himself to no one, and to avoid all who could recognize him. James had visited Glenuskie with a special view to profiting by the wisdom of Sir David Drummond, and had then been at Stirling, Edinburgh, and Perth. On his way back, falling in with Malcolm in his distress, he had conceived the project of taking him to England; and finding himself already more than half recognized by Sir David, had obtained his most grateful and joyous consent. In truth, James's heart had yearned to his young cousin. His own situation had become much more lonely of late; for Henry was no longer the comrade he had once been, since he had become a keeper instead of a fellow-sufferer. It was true that he did his best to forget this by lavishing indulgences on his captive, and insisting on being treated on terms of brotherly familiarity; but though

Digitized by Google

his transcendent qualities commanded love, the intimacy could be but a semblance of the once equal friendship. Moreover, that conspiracy which cost the life of the Earl of Cambridge had taught James that cautious reserve was needed in dealing with even his old friends the princes, so easily might he be accused of plotting either with Henry's immediate heir or with the Mortimers; and in this guarded life, he had hailed with delight the opportunity of taking to himself the young orphan cousin of kindred blood, of congenial tastes, and home-like speech, whom he might treat at once as a younger brother and friend, and mould by-and-by into a trusty counsellor and assistant. That peculiar wistfulness and gentleness of Malcolm's look and manner, together with the refinement and intellect apparent to all who conversed with him without alarming him, had won the King's heart, and made him long to keep the boy with him. As to Malcolm's longing for the cloister, he deemed it the result of the weakly health and refined nature which shrank from the barbarism of the outer world, and he thought it would pass away under shelter from the rude taunts of the fierce cousins, at a distance from the well-meaning exhortations of the monks, and at the spectacle of brave and active men, who could also be pious, conscientious, and cultivated. In the renewed sojourn at Windsor, which James apprehended, the training of such a youth as Malcolm of Glenuskie would be no small solace.

By the time Malcolm had learnt as much of all this as Sir Nigel Baird knew, or chose to communicate, the King entered the room. He flung himself on his knees, exclaiming with warm gratitude as he kissed the King's hand, 'My liege, I little kenned—'

'I meant thee to ken little,' said James, smiling. 'Well, laddie, wilt thou share the prisoner's cell?—Ay, Bairdsbrae, you were a true prophet. Harry will do all himself, and will not hear of loosing me to deal with my own people my own gate. No, no, he'll have me back with southron bows and bills, so soon as this small trifle of France lies quiet in his grasp! I had nearly flung back my parole in his face, and told him that no English sword should set me on the Bruce's throne; but there is something in Harry of Monmouth that one *must* love, and there are moments when to see and hear him one would as soon doubt the commission of an angel with a flaming sword.'

'A black angel!' growled Sir Nigel.

'Scoff and chafe, Baird, but look at his work. Look at Normandy freed from misrule and exaction, in peace and order. Look at this land. Was ever king so loved? Or how durst he act as he did this day?'

'Nay, an it were so at home,' said Baird, 'I had as lief stay here as where a man is not free to fight out his own feud. Even this sackless callant thought it shame to see two honest men baulked.'

'Poor Scotland!' sighed James. 'Woe is the land where such thoughts come readiest to grey-haired men and innocent boys. I tell you, Cousin, this precious right is the very cause that our poor country

Digitized by Google

is so lawless and bloody, that yon poor silly sparrow would fain be caged for fear of the kites and carrion-crows.'

'Alack, my Lord, let me but have my way. I cannot fight! Let Patrick Drummond have my sister and my lands, and your service will be far better done,' said Malcolm.

'I know all that,' said the King kindly. 'There is time enough for settling that question; and meantime you will not be spoilt for monk or priest by cheering me awhile in my captivity. I need you, laddie,' he added, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, with all the instinctive fascination of a Stewart. 'I lack a comrade of mine own blood, for I am all alone!'

'O Sir!' and Malcolm looking into his face saw it full of tenderness.

'Books and masters you shall have,' continued James, 'such as for Church or state, cathedral, cloister, or camp, shall render you the meeter prince; and I pass you my royal word, that if at full age the cowl be your choice, I will not gainsay you. Meantime, abide with me, and be the young brother I have yearned for.'

The King threw his arms round Malcolm, who felt, and unconsciously manifested, a strange bliss in that embrace, even while fixed in his determination that nothing should make him swerve from his chosen path, nor render him false to his promise to Patrick and Lilias. It was a strange change from being despised and down-trodden by fierce cousins, or only fondled, pitied, and treated with consideration, by his own nearest and dearest friends, to be the chosen companion of a king, and *such* a king. Nor could it be a wile of Satan, thought Malcolm, since James still promised him liberty of choice. He would ask counsel of a priest next time he went to confession; and in the meantime, in the full tide of gratitude, admiration, and affection, he gave himself up to the enjoyment of his new situation, and of the King's kindness and solicitude. This was indeed absolutely that of an elder brother; for observing that Malcolm's dress and equipments, the work of Glenuskie looms, supplemented by a few Edinburgh purchases, was uncouth enough to attract some scornful glances from the crowd who came out to welcome the royal entrance into York the next day, he instantly sent Brewster in quest of the best tailor and lorimer in the city, and provided so handsomely for the appearance of young Glenuskie, his horse, and his attendants, that the whole floor of their quarters was strewn with doublets, boots, chaperons, and gloves, saddles, bridles, and spurs, when the Duke of Bedford loitered into the room, and began to banter James for thus (as he supposed) pranking himself out to meet the lady of his love; and then bemoaned the fripperies that had become the rage in their once bachelor court, vowing, between sport and earnest, that Hal was so enamoured of his fair bride, that anon, the conquest of France would be left to himself and his brother, Tom of Clarence; while James retorted by thrusts at Bedford's own rusticity of garb, and by endeavouring to force on him a pair of shoes with points like ram's horns,

Digitized by Google

as a special passport to the favour of Dame Jac—a lady who seemed to be the object of Duke John's great distaste.

Suddenly a voice was heard in the gallery of the great old mansion where they were lodged. 'John! John! Here!—Where is the Duke, I say?' It was thick and husky, as with some terrible emotion; and the King and Duke had already started in dismay before the door was thrown open, and King Henry stood among them, his face of a burning red.

'See here, John!' he said, holding out a letter; and then, with an accent of wrathful anguish, and a terrible frown, he turned on James, exclaiming, 'I would send you to the Tower, Sir, did I think you had a hand in this!'

Malcolm trembled, and sidled nearer his prince; while James, with an equally fierce look, replied, 'Hold, Sir! Send me where you will, but dare not dishonour my name!' then changing, as he saw the exceeding grief on Henry's brow, and heard John's smothered cry of dismay, 'For Heaven's sake, Harry, what is it?'

'This!' said Henry, less loudly, less hotly, but still with an agony of indignation; 'Thomas is dead—and by the hand of two of your traitor Scots!'

'Murdered!' cried James aghast.

'Murdered by all honest laws of war, but on the battle-field,' said Henry. 'Your cousin of Buchan and old Douglas fell on my brave fellows at Beaugé, when they were spent with travel to stop the robberies in Anjou. They closed in with their pikes on my brave fellows, took Somerset prisoner, and for Thomas, while he was dealing with a knight named Swinton in front, the villain Buchan comes behind and cleaves his head in twain; and that is what you Scots call fighting!'

'It was worthy of a son of Albany!' said James. 'Would that vengeance were in my power!'

'Ay, you loved him!' said Henry, grasping James, his passion softened into a burst of tears, as he wrung his prisoner's hand; 'Nay, who did not love him, my brave free-hearted brother? And that I—I should have dallied here and left him to bear the brunt, and be cut off by yon felon Scots!' and he hid his face, struggling with an agony of heart-rending grief, which seemed to sway his whole tall powerful frame as he leant against the high back of a chair; while John, together with James, was imploring him not to accuse himself, for his presence had been needful at home; and to turn the tenour of his thought, James inquired whether there were any further disaster.

'Not as yet,' said Henry; 'there is not a man left in that heaven-abandoned crew who knows how to profit by what they have got; but I must back again ere the devil stir them up a man of wit!—And you, Sir, can you take order with these heady Scots?'

'From Windsor? no,' said James; 'but set me in the saddle, let me learn war under such a captain as yourself, and maybe they will not

Digitized by Google

take the field against me; or if they do, the slayer of Clarence shall rue it.'

'Be it so,' said Henry, wringing his hand. 'You shall with me to France, Jamie, and see war. The Scots should flock to the Lion rampant, and without them the French are no better than deer, under the fool and murderer they call Dauphin. Yet, alas! will any success give me back my brother—my brother, the brave and true?' he added, with the *abandon* of an open nature and simple age. 'It was for my sins, my forgetfulness of my great work, that this has come on me.—Ho, Marmion! carry these tidings from me to the Dean; pray him that the knell be tolled at the Minster, and a requiem sung for my brother and all who fell with him. We will be there ourselves, and the Mayor must hold us excused from his banquet; these men are too loyal not to grieve for their King.'

And with his arm round the neck of his brother John, Henry left the room; and before another word could be said, Sir Nigel was there, having only retired on the King's entrance. The news was of course all over the house, and with an old attendant's freedom he exclaimed, 'So, Sir, the English have found tough cummers at last!'

'Not too honourably,' said James sadly.

'Hout, would not the puir loons be glad enow of any gate of coming by a clout at the man's brother that keeps you captive!'

'They have taken away one of those I loved best!' said James.

'I'm no speaking ill of the lad Clarence himself,' said Nigel; 'he was a braw youth, leal and bold, and he has died in his helm and spurs, as a good knight should. I'd wish none of these princes a waur ending. Moreover, could Swinton have had the wit to keep him living, he'd have been a bonnie barter for you, my Lord; but ony way the fight was a gallant one, and the very squire that brought the tidings cannot deny that our Scots fought like lions.'

'Would Douglas but so fight in any good quarrel!' sighed the King. 'But what are you longing to ask, Malcolm? Is it for your kinsman Patrick? I fear me that there is little chance of you hearing by name of him.'

'I wot not,' said Sir Nigel; 'I did but ask for that hare-brained young cousin of mine, Davie Baird, that must needs be off on this journey to France; and the squire tells me he was no herald to be answerable for the rogues that fought on the other side.'

'We shall soon see for ourselves,' said James; 'I am to make this campaign.'

'You, you, my liege? Against your own ally, and under the standard of England! Woe's me, how could ye be so lost!'

James argued on his own conviction that the true France was with poor Charles VI., and that it was doing the country no service to prolong the resistance of the Armagnacs and the Dauphin, who then appeared mere partizans instead of patriots. As to fighting under the English banner, no subjection was involved in an adventurer king so doing: had not the

Digitized by Google

King of Bohemia thus fought at Crecy? and was not the King of Sicily with the French army? Moreover, James himself felt the necessity of gaining some experience in the art of war. Theoretically he had studied it with all his might, from Cæsar, Quintus Curtius, and that favourite modern authority, the learned ecclesiastic, Jean Pavé, who was the Vauban of the fifteenth century; and he had likewise obtained greedily all the information he could from Henry himself and his warriors; but all this had convinced him that if war was to be more than a mere raid, conducted by mere spirit and instinct, some actual apprenticeship was necessary. Even for such a dash, Henry himself had told him that he would find his book-knowledge an absolute impediment without some practice, and would probably fail for that very reason when opposed to tough old seasoned warriors. And prudence apart, James, at five-and-twenty, absolutely glowed with shame at the thought that every one of his companions had borne arms for at least ten years past, while his arrows had no mark but the target, his lances had all been broken in the tilt-yard. It was this argument that above all served to pacify old Bairdsbrae; though he confessed himself very uneasy as to the prejudice it would create in Scotland, and so evidently loathed the expedition, that James urged on him to return to Scotland, instead of continuing his attendance. There was no fear but that his ransom would be accepted, and he had been absent twelve years from his home.

'No, no, my Lord; I sware to your father that I'd never quit you till I brought you safe home again, and God willing, I'll keep my oath. But what's this puir callant to do, that you were set upon rearing upon your books at Windsor?'

'He shall choose,' said James. 'Either he shall study at the learned university at Oxford or at Paris, or he shall ride with me, and see how cities and battles are won.—Speak not yet, Cousin; it takes many months to shake out the royal banner, and you shall look about you ere deciding. Now give me yonder black cloak, they are assembling for the requiem.'

Malcolm, as he followed his King, was not a little amazed to see that Henry, the magnificent victor, was wrapped in a plain black serge garment, his short dark hair uncovered, his feet bare; and that on arriving at the Minster, he threw himself on his knees, almost on his face, before the choir steps, there remaining while the *De profundis* and the like solemn and mournful strains floated through the dark vaultings above him, perhaps soothing while giving expression to the agony of his affliction, and self-accusation, not for the devastation of the turbulent country of an insane sovereign, but for his having relaxed in the mighty work of renovation that he had imposed on himself.

Even when the service was ended, the King would not leave the Minster. He lifted himself up to bid Bedford and his companions return, but for himself, he intended to remain and confess, in preparation for being 'houselled' at the Mass for the dead early the next morning, before hastening on the southern journey.

Digitized by Google

Was this, thought the bewildered Malcolm as he fell asleep, the godless atmosphere he had been used to think all that was not Glenuskie or Coldingham—England above all?

Indeed, in the frosty twilight of the spring morning, though Henry was now clad in his usual garb, sleeplessness, sorrow, and fasting made him as wan and haggard as any ascetic monk; his eyes were sunken, and his closed lips bore a stern fixed expression, which scarcely softened even when the sacrificial rite struck the notes of praise; and though a light came into his eye, it was rather the devotion of one who had offered himself, than the gleam of hopeful exultation. The horses stood saddled at the west door, for Henry was feverishly eager to reach Pontefract, where he had left his queen, and wished to avoid the delay of breaking his fast at York, but only to snatch a meal at some country hostel on his way.

Round the horses, however, a crowd of the citizens were collected to gaze; and two or three women with children in their arms made piteous entreaties for the King's healing touch for their little ones. The kind Henry waited, ungloved his hand, asked his treasurer for the gold pieces that were a much-esteemed part of the cure, and signed to his attendant chaplain to say the Collect appointed for the rite.

Fervent blessings were meantime murmured through the crowd, which broke out into loud shouts of 'God save King Harry!' as he at length leapt into the saddle; but at that moment, a feeble withered old man, leaning on a staff, and wearing a bedesman's gown, peered up, and muttered to a comrade,

'Fair-faced, quotha—fair, maybe, but not long for this world! One is gone already, and the rest will not be long after; the holy man's words will have their way—the death mark is on him.'

The words caught James's ear, and he angrily turned round. 'Foul-mouthed raven, peace with thy traitor croak;' but Bedford caught his arm, crying, 'Hush! 'tis a mere bedesman;' and bending forward to pour a handful of silver into the beggar's cap, he said, 'Pray, Gaffer, pray, pray for the dead and living both.'

'So,' said James, as both mounted, 'there's a fee for a boding traitor.'

'I knew his face,' said Bedford, with a shudder; 'he belonged to Archbishop Scrope.'

'A traitor, too,' said James.

'Nay, there was too much cause for his words. Never shall I forget the day when Scrope was put to death; on this very moor we are entering on. There sat my father on his horse, with us four boys around him, when the old man passed in front of us, and looked at him with a face pitiful and terrible. "Harry of Bolingbroke," he said, "because thou hast done these things, therefore shall thy foes be of thine own household; the sword shall never depart therefrom, but all the increase of thy house shall die in the flower of their age, and in the fourth generation shall their name be clean cut off." The commons will have it that at that moment my father was struck with leprosy; and

Digitized by Google

struck to the heart assuredly he was, nor was he ever the same man again. I always believed that those words made him harder upon every prank of poor Hal's, till any son save Hal would have become his foe! And see now, the old bedesman may be in the right; poor pretty Blanche has long been in her grave, Thomas is with her now, and Jamie,'—he lowered his voice,—'when men say that Harry hath more of Alexander in him than in other men, it strikes to my heart to think of the ring lying on the empty throne.'

'Now,' said James, 'what strikes *me* is, what doleful bodings can come into a brave man's head on a chill morning before he has broken his fast. A tankard of hot ale will chase away omens, whether of bishop or bedesman.'

'It may chase them from the mind, but will not make away with them,' said John. 'But I might have known better than to speak to you of such things—you who are well-nigh a Lollard in disbelief of all beyond nature.'

'No Lollard am I,' said James. 'What Holy Church tells me, I believe devoutly, but not in that which she bids me loathe as either craft of devils or of men.'

'Ay, of which? There lies the question,' said John.

'Of men,' said the Scottish king; 'of men who have wit enough to lay hold of the weaker side even of a sober youth such as Lord John of Lancaster! Your proneness to believe in sayings and prophecies, in sorceries and magic, is the weakest point of all of you.'

'And it is the weakest point in you, James, that you will not credit upon proof, such proof as was the fulfilment of the prophecy of the place of my father's death.'

'One such saying as that, fulfilled to the ear, though not in truth, is made the plea for all this heart-sinking—ay, and what is worse, for the durance of your father's widow as a witch, and of her brave young son, because forsooth his name is Arthur of Richemont, and some old Welsh rhymester hath whispered to Harry that Richmond shall come out of Brittany, and be King of England.'

'Arthur is no worse off than any other captive of Agincourt,' said Bedford; 'and I tell you, James, the day may come when you will rue your want of heed to timely warnings.'

'Better rue once than pine under them all my life, and far better than let them betray me into deeming some cruel crime an act of justice, as you may yet let them do,' said James.

Such converse passed between the two princes, while King Henry rode in advance, for the most part silent, and only desirous of reaching Pontefract Castle, where he had left the young wife whose presence he longed for the more in his trouble. The afternoon set in with heavy rain, but he would not halt, although he gave free permission to any of his suite to do so; and James recommended Malcolm to remain, and come on the next day with Brewster. The boy, however, disclaimed all weariness, partly because bashfulness made him unwilling to venture

Digitized by Google

from under his royal kinsman's wing, and partly because he could not bear to let the English suppose that a Scotsman and a Stewart could be afraid of weather. As the rain became harder with the evening twilight, silence sank upon the whole troop, and they went splashing on through the deep lanes in mud and mire, until the lights of Pontefract Castle shimmered on high from its hill. The gates were opened, the horses clattered in, torches came forth, flickering and hissing in the darkness; the travellers went through what seemed to Malcolm an interminable number of courts and gateways, and at length flung themselves off their horses, when Henry, striding on, mounted the steps, entered the building, and turning the corner of a great carved screen, he and his brother, with James and Malcolm, found themselves in the midst of a blaze of cressets and tapers, which lighted up the wainscotted part of the hall.

The whole scene was dazzling to eyes coming in from the dark; and only after a moment or two could Malcolm perceive that close to the great fire sat a party of four, playing at what he supposed to be that French game with painted cards of which Patrick Drummond had told him, and that the rest seemed to be in attendance upon them.

Dark eyed and haired, with a creamy ivory skin and faultless form and feature, the fair Queen Catherine would have been unmistakeable, save that as Henry hurried forward, the lights glancing on his jaded face, matted hair, and soaked dress, the first to spring forward to meet him was a handsome young man, who wrung his hand, crying, 'Ah, Harry, Harry, then 'tis too true!' while the lady made scarcely a step forwards; no shade of colour tinged her delicate cheek; and though she did not resist his fervent embrace, it was with a sort of recoil, and all she was heard to say was, '*Eh! Messire, vos bottes sont crottées.*'

'You know all, Kate!' he asked, still holding her hand, and looking afraid of inflicting a blow.

'The battle? Is it then so great a disaster?' and seeing his amazed glance, 'The poor Messire de Clarence. It was pity of him, he was a handsome prince.'

'Ah, sweet, he held thee dear,' said Henry, catching at the crumb of sympathy.

'But yes,' said Catherine, evidently perplexed by the strength of his feeling, and repeating, 'he was a *beau sieur courtois*. But surely it will not give the Armagnacs the advantage?'

'With Heaven's aid, no! But how fares it with poor Madge—his wife, I mean.'

'She is away to her estates. She went this morn, and wished to have taken with her the Demoiselle de Beaufort; but I forbade that, I could not be left without one lady of the blood.'

'Alack, Joan—' and Henry was turning, but Catherine interrupted him. 'You have not spoken to Madame of Hainault, nor to the Duke of

Digitized by Google

Orleans. Nay, you are in no guise to speak to anyone,' she added, looking with repugnance at the splashes of mud that reached even to his waist.

'I will don a fresh doublet, sweet-heart,' said Henry, more rebuked than seemed fitting, 'and be ready to sup anon.'

'Supper? we supped long ago.'

'That may be; but we have ridden long since we snatched our meal, that I might be with thee the sooner, my Kate.'

'That was not well in you, my Lord, to come in thus dishevelled, steaming with wet—not like a king. You will be sick, my Lord.'

The little word of solicitude recalled his sweet tender smile of gratitude. 'No fear, *ma belle;* sickness dares not touch me.'

'Then,' said the Queen, 'you will be served in your chamber, and we will finish our game.'

Henry turned submissively away, but Bedford tarried an instant to say, 'Fair Sister, he is sore distressed. It would comfort him to have you with him. He has longed for you.'

Catherine opened her beautiful brown eyes in a stare of surprise and reproof at the infraction of the rules of ceremony which she had brought with her. John of Bedford had never seemed to her either *beau* or *courtois*, and she looked unutterable things, to which he replied by an elevation of his marked eyebrows.

She sat down to her game, utterly ignoring the other princes in their weather-beaten condition; and they were forced to follow the King, and make their way to their several chambers, for Queen Catherine's will was law in matters of etiquette.

'The proud peat! She is jealous of every word Harry speaks—even to his cousin,' muttered James, as he reached his own room. 'You saw her, though, you saw her!' he added, smiling as he laid his hand on Malcolm's shoulder.

The boy coloured like a poppy, and answered awkwardly enough, 'The Lady Joan, Sir?'

'Who but the Lady Joan, thou silly lad? How sayst thou? Will not Scotland forget in the sight of that fair face all those fule phantasies—the only folly I heard at Glenuskie.'

'Methinks,' said Malcolm, looking down in sheer awkwardness, 'it were easier to bow to her than to King Harry's dame. She hath more of stateliness.'

'Humph!' said James, 'dost so serve thy courtly prenticeship? Nay, but in a sort I see thy meaning. The royal blood of England shows itself to one who hath an eye for princeliness of nature.'

'Nay,' said Malcolm, gratified, 'those dark eyes and swart locks—'

'Dark eyes, swart locks!' interrupted the King. 'His wits have gone wool-gathering.'

'Indeed, Sir!' exclaimed Malcolm, 'I thought you meant the lady who stood by the Queen's table, with the grand turn of the neck, and the white wimple and veil.'

Digitized by Google

'Pshaw!' said James; 'the foolish callant! he hath taken that great brown Luxemburg nun of Dame Jac's for the Rose of Somerset.'

However, James, seeing how confounded the boy was by this momentary displeasure, explained to him who the other persons he had seen were—Jaqueline, the runaway Countess of Hainault in her own right, and Duchess of Brabant by marriage; Humfrey, Duke of Glocester, the King's young brilliant brother; the grave melancholy Duke of Orleans, who had been taken captive at Agincourt, and was at present quartered at Pontefract; the handsome, but stout and heavy-looking Earl of March; brave Lord Warwick; Sir Lewis Robsart, the old knight to whose charge the Queen had been specially committed from the moment of her betrothal; and a young bold gay-looking lad, of Malcolm's own age, but far taller and stouter, and with a merry half-defiant, half-insouciant air, who had greatly taken his fancy, was, he was told, Ralf Percy, the second son of Sir Harry Percy.

'Of him they called Hotspur? he who was taken captive at Otterburn, who died a rebel!' exclaimed Malcolm.

'Ay,' said James; 'but King Harry had learnt the art of war as a boy first under Hotspur in Wales, nor doth he love that northern fashion of ours of keeping up feud from generation to generation. So hath he restored the eldest son to his barony, and set him to watch our Borders; and the younger, Ralf, he is training in his own school of chivalry.'

More wonders for Malcolm Stewart, who had learnt to believe it mere dishonour and tameness to forgive the son for his father's deeds. A cloistered priest could hardly do so; pardon to a hostile family came only with the last mortal throe; and here was this warlike king forgiving as a mere matter of course!

'But,' added James, 'you had best not speak of your bent convent wards in the court here. I should not like to have you called the monkling!'

Malcolm crimsoned, with the resolution never to betray himself.

(To be continued.)

THE ABBEY FARM.

BY AUGUSTA HAYWARD.

CHAPTER XIII.

'ADA! I never told you the second of my reasons for coming here now,' Isabella began nervously. A fortnight had passed, and Isa was not so well. 'I don't think there is much time to be lost, so I mean to tell you now. Ada! I *must* see Willy; you will manage it for me, dear? I *must* see him again.'

Digitized by Google

'Isa! I was afraid of it! I wish it could be—I would do anything for you.'

'I must see him, Ada!' interrupted Isabella.

Ada blushed violently. 'Isa! it is dreadful to have to say it, but I heard Papa tell Mamma that he does not dare be seen in England. I think Mamma was thinking of you when she asked; you should have heard her entreating Papa to let him come.'

'He will send for him if I ask it now,' said Isa; 'I tell you, Ada, I want to see him once more! and I will!'

'He does not deserve it,' said poor Ada, cowering, as she always seemed to do at any mention of her brother; 'it might do him good.'

'As to doing him good in the way you mean, it will do nothing of the kind; don't think of that, Ada! As if the bonds of all these years of wickedness would give way for anything *I* could say or do! No, I am clear-sighted enough about him, Ada; the only simple reason for my foolish mad longing to get him here is nothing but that I care for him. Care for him still, through it all! I hate sentimental talking; but, Ada, people *are* right when they say that love is everlasting!' A moment's pause, and then Isa went on quietly, 'You will manage for him to come now, little Ada?'

'That I will, if it can be done.' And Ada went away with a failing heart, to broach the subject to her father and mother, with little hope that the former would consent to the attempt.

It did seem a hopeless case; her father's family pride had been wounded in the most vulnerable points by her brother's conduct. The estate was impoverished, the means for display limited; and ostentation in his way of life was almost a necessary to Mr. Salterne; worse still, the name that in its present possessor's opinion ranked considerably above many a peer's title—the name, 'Salterne, of Salterne Park,' that had come down in a direct line for an uncertain number of centuries—had been associated with embarrassments and even dishonour; and the disgrace had recoiled in some measure on the haughty owner himself.

Ada knew it all, and never wondered for a moment that her father's reception of her trembling request was the sternest denial she had ever heard from him. She longed to retreat at the first rough 'No;' but a thought of Isa, who loved the sinning brother even through all, and who was wearying for one last word with him, nerved her.

'If it could be, Papa!' she pleaded; 'for Isa's sake; she is much worse, and she longs to see him again.'

'Ada! don't be a fool!' was the quick retort; 'your bad brother dares not show his face on English ground. How would you like to see him arrested for debt before your eyes? as he would be, and as he richly deserves.'

'If he were to come over for only a few hours,' suggested the girl.

'A nice thing! to have the heir of Salterne Park sneaking home like

Digitized by Google

a thief, afraid to show himself! A pleasant thing for the servants to gossip about!'

'They need not know anything,' said Ada, resolved for Isa's sake not to lose a chance, and pleading even against her own better judgment. As far as her own will was concerned, any length of absence would be better than the 'sneaking over' that her father talked of; while the bare possibility of his suggestions about the arrest being realized made her almost faint with disgust or fear; yet she went on bravely, 'No one need know of it, Papa! He might come and go without any fear of being recognized, surely, after these years!'

'Go away now, child!' said her father; 'I cannot hear any more now. I will talk to Isabella.'

And indeed he did look very unequal to further mention of the subject; Ada had never realized before how deeply he felt his son's degeneracy. She went away submissively to Isa's room.

'He will talk to you about it,' was the utmost she could say to the quick questioning 'Well?'

'Isa, he was very obdurate,' Ada went on; 'I never guessed before how much he felt it! If he gives way, you may be flattered; I know he would not do it for anyone else.'

'I knew he *would* give way eventually. It was very good of you to bear the brunt of the first application, little Ada! I ought to have spoken, but—Sir Something was right, and I am getting near you know what; it won't do to undertake too much.'

That was self-evident: even the strain of waiting and expecting Mr. Salterne's afternoon visit tired her visibly; and when her father appeared, Ada managed to give him a hint that Isa was not equal to a long interview. Her languid look might have had more to do with the success of her petition than Mr. Salterne well knew. With Ada's warning against fatigue in his ears, and that poor pale face before him, what could he do but yield to the wish that was so like a dying request?

'I leave it in your hands, my dear; send if you think best,' was the permission Isa drew from him, much more readily than she had dared to hope.

'What address?' she asked, not stopping to express her thanks—they were understood.

Mr. Salterne wrote a few lines. 'Here is the London banker's direction that I send through. If any will reach him, a banker's letter will,' he ended bitterly. 'Urge his coming with the greatest possible secresy—though he will do that for his own sake; he ought not to use his own name either; one of his Christian names might do to travel with. I hope he will come, for your sake, my dear, as you seem to have a fancy for seeing the ungrateful young dog; but I would not set my heart upon it. He is as likely as not to refuse.'

Isabella knew it; and after the letter, written by herself, was sent off,

Digitized by Google

she waited with a feverish kind of restlessness for the earliest time that he might, by quick travelling, reach Salterne.

Ada waited as anxiously, but with more fear than pleasure. The thought of the secret visit was repulsive to her; could anything be more dreadful, more humiliating, than that her brother, the heir of the large estate, should be forced to 'sneak' back?—as her father had strongly but very justly expressed it. She no longer blamed him for the repugnance to give his consent; and through those dreadful days, her sympathies were more with him than with Isa; and she reproached herself many a time for not being able to help sharing in the evident relief that Mr. Salterne felt, as each day lessened the chances of the dreaded visit. Isa's condition alone would have made her feel as much indignation against her brother, as her quiet nature could feel against any offender.

'Try not to think of him, dear Isa!' she said more than once, when the long expectancy was hastening on the physician's prophecy, cruelly; 'he will not come now. And, Isa, it must be for the best; it will be better to think of him as he used to be years ago.'

'When he loved me,' said Isa, a little bitterly. 'But I think he will come, Ada; I think the remnant of his love for me will be just strong enough to bring him over for two or three hours. Oh, child! what a satire on the word! There is nothing wonderful in his delay; his letter may have been forwarded half over the Continent. I am sure he will come still.'

Isa was right. A fly drove up the avenue in the early dusk of one afternoon, long after everyone but Isa had given up expectation; and Ada, running to the window at the patient's command, saw a figure walk up the portico steps that she recognized with some difficulty as the brother she had not seen for years.

'Change! it is nothing *but* change!' was her involuntary thought, as she went reluctantly down-stairs, hardly knowing how she was to receive the guest. She hardly knew how the meeting went off; in another minute she brought into the boudoir a tall fashionable man, with handsome sharply-cut features, and foreign-looking beard and moustache, wondering sadly, as she opened the door, whether the love that Isa had spoken of would yet be strong and enduring enough to see in *this* any relic of the young Oxonian that she had cared for in the distant Past.

Her heart sank as she noticed Isa's first eager look and outstretched hand. *Such* a greeting to be met by a quiet shake of the hand, and a gentlemanly regret to hear of her illness! Ada saw the change in her. The warm welcoming look passed in an instant into an expression of as cold politeness as his own, and Ada knew that of all the sorrowful years he had caused, no moment had been so bitter as this; and that the weary watching and expectation had ended in the vanishing of the last hope.

She wondered how the invalid, weak as she was, could keep up through the half hour that followed; an endless one it seemed to poor

Digitized by Google

Ada, who dared not leave the room in opposition to Isa's entreating glance, and who felt bewildered, as if acting a part, when she joined the conversation, and talked of travels and continental lions as if nothing of deeper moment were troubling her heartless brother.

Her indignation was on the point of bursting forth when it appeared that an excursion to the Pyrenees had been the only cause of the delay in answering Isa's summons. A look from the sofa calmed her.

'I am glad you did not put off your trip,' said Isa, in the politest tone; 'you would have lost a great deal of pleasure, and I have nothing to offer in compensation. Indeed, I regret very much that I suggested your coming.'

'Not at all!' said the visitor; 'it has been a pleasure to see you again, though you are much changed in health, I fear, since our last meeting.'

'Very possibly,' was the bitter answer, yet with a little softness at the incidental mention of that last meeting; 'I was not dying then, you know. And that circumstance does alter one's appearance.'

'I hope you are mistaken in your opinion,' said the young man, 'and that I may find you greatly better when I next see you.'

'When will that be?' asked Isa's sarcastic voice.

'I am afraid to say,' with an indifferent shrug of the shoulders; 'I have made England too hot to hold me just at present; and upon my word, the Continent is immensely pleasanter. I have little time now—I have come over at some risk—and I must really be off, if I am to catch the express. Good-bye, Isabella, I am sincerely grieved to see you so unwell.'

'Good-bye, Willy,' was the only answer.

Ada heard in the few words a farewell to more than this short visit—to the years of the past, to the hopes and fears that had worn out her life—to all, but the great coming Future.

'Good-bye,' repeated William Salterne.

And with a fancy that there was some lingering fondness in his voice, Ada went up to him, for Isa's sake.

'Willy! would it be possible for you to stay? Stay, if you can, Willy! Come home, once more!'

'Don't be absurd, Ada,' said her brother, shaking off the hand she had laid on his arm; 'how *can* I stay here? Get my father to pay down some thirty thousand, and I will think of it. In the meantime, *au revoir*.'

There was a knock at the door, that Isa mechanically answered with a 'Come in.' It opened quickly, and Annie Marvin appeared with her bouquet of wild flowers. Her coming, almost daily, was so much a matter of course lately, that she had been asked to run up to the boudoir without a formal announcement, a proof of intimacy that pleased her not a little! and she accordingly opened the door just in time to see the fashionably-dressed stranger turn away, hat in hand, while Ada was saying, in a strangely moved voice,

Digitized by Google

'How cruel! how heartless you are!'

It was enough to astonish her.

'I beg your pardon,' she stammered; 'I didn't know—they never told me you were engaged,' and went out in the utmost state of mortification at her awkwardness in rushing in at that *mal-à-propos* moment.

Ada's voice recalled her before she had reached the hall; and as she turned up again, colouring with vexation, the gentleman she had seen passed her on the stairs, and disappeared into the library.

Poor Annie could say nothing but 'I *am* so sorry!' and Ada's excuse, 'Do not mind; it was not your fault,' was by no means comforting; it implied that she *had* been in the way.

'I am so sorry,' she began again, as she went up to Isa's sofa.

'Don't vex about it, dear,' said Isa kindly. 'Come here.—Ada, I shall tell her about it; I know she can be as true as steel.'

'I am sure she will,' said Ada; it seemed to her that everything was fated to go wrong this evening, and that she was past caring for any fresh *contretemps*.

'Annie, I would rather you had not seen that gentleman; I would rather no one had known that he was here,' began Isa in a straightforward way, that only her excitement kept up.

'Then no one will know it from me!' interrupted Annie impetuously; 'it will be the same as if I had never seen him! Don't trouble to tell me any more, please!'

'It is only right for you to know, dear. It is no mystery, only a sad story belonging to my life, Annie. I dare say you have heard that gentleman's name, and can guess who he is.'

'If I can,' cried Annie, 'I will never say it!'

'I am sure of it. Years ago, when I was younger than you, I was engaged to him. I have just been saying good-bye to him for the last time. Ah, child! I don't think you quite know what a happy girl you are, with such a good man to care for you! Annie! you ought to be very grateful!'

The history of all Isabella's sorrows was in the last few words; Annie read it there, and her loving little heart was full of penitent sorrow and pity; she could not even make an answer, only sobbed.

'My dear child, what is it? come;' Isa held out her hand, and drew the tearful girl into her arms, fondling her almost as her mother used to do.

'I don't know,' sobbed Annie; 'but I am so sorry for you—and I *do* care for you—and I have been so silly and ungrateful, and I wish you were better.'

'You must not give way like this, dear, and you a nurse! I know you care for me, Annie; but, dear, what a quiet rest I am going to have! I don't think any of my troubles or illness will hurt me much when I am there; will they, dear? and it will not be very long.'

'I know,' said Annie's suffocating voice.

Digitized by Google

Isabella stooped and kissed her as she clung to her with a loving clasp that she could not bear to loosen. 'I think you must go now,' said Isa at last; 'I have had a good deal of excitement to-day. Good-bye, my dear little nurse!'

Annie got up, unwillingly, and went away, with a 'good-bye,'—it was all she dared say; while Ada took her place in the boudoir.

'Well, I have had my wish,' said Isa, after a silence.

'Isa, do not talk about it! it will excite you,' said Ada, trying to seem unconcerned, to keep down the excitement that she could see was giving Isa a false strength; and she dreaded the re-action. Isa would not take the hint.

'And I have been punished for my obstinacy,' she went on. 'Ah, it *was* a little hard of him, Ada! Yet, perhaps, it is for the best. If he had come, as I expected, with a little kindness, and perhaps a very little sorrow at seeing me like this, who knows that my old fancies might not have made it very hard for me? Whereas, now—'

'Isa, I must say it! He is a heartless, selfish, bad man! and my own brother!'

'He is not all that, little Ada,' said Isa coolly; 'he is nothing worse than a man of the world, who comes to pay a polite visit, and ignores disagreeable subjects. There is nothing uncommon in that. The fault is mine; I was not obliged to give him a love that only failed because it was too strong and deep for him. Don't blame him, Ada!'

'As if I could help it!' murmured poor Ada.

Every word that Isa said heightened her indignation at her brother's heartless behaviour; for every word showed too plainly what an effect his visit had already taken, and she looked forward with fear to the time when the temporary excitement must pass away, leaving—she hardly liked to think what.

Annie was quite as uneasy, and almost as unhappy. The poor little thing walked home in the dull afternoon, with her head in a confusion of many thoughts, that *would* not calm down. Bitter impetuous indignation against the visitor—she knew who it was as well as if she had been formally introduced to him—sorrow for the invalid, mixed with something of a sad pleasure in remembering that loving good-bye; a sharp remorseful self-reproach that was even harder to endure than anything else.

'To think of my folly, envying those two girls while they had to bear this dreadful, dreadful trouble!' was the burden of her thoughts. 'I think I have had lessons enough this time! I don't think I shall ever be quite so silly again!'

She could not bear the thought of waiting till the next day before seeing Isabella again; a wild fancy came over her that she would turn back to the Park, and say just one more good-bye to her, and confess how right she was, and what an ungrateful little creature she herself had been for so much undeserved happiness.

Digitized by Google

It was a silly fancy; unfortunately, as she thought it then, she was prevented from carrying it out, by Mr. Hatherly's appearance.

'Coming over to tea with Arthur,' as the latter explained, with a merry grumbling at the length of time since he had been there; 'through those horrid classics.'

Annie ran forward to meet them. 'How glad I am! I was longing for you!'

Mr. Hatherly had seldom had such a warm welcome from her; in her penitence, she felt as if she could never say or do enough to atone for her carelessness to him.

'Miss Clune is not so well,' she went on, as an excuse for her heavy eyes; 'and I have been very silly, and I am very dull and wretched.'

'Oh, bother those Park people!' said Arthur, 'they're always bewitching you. I say, when are we going to hear anything more about the church? We should have begun it long ago if old Salterne had been decently behaved.'

'I don't know,' said Annie, glad that she was able to say it, and yet feeling that it was hardly truthful, her suspicions were so strong; and she almost added, 'You will hear very soon.'

The 'Park people' were effectually bewitching her, as Arthur called it, that day; the very pleasantness of the evening, with Mr. Hatherly and Arthur enlivening their own home party, made it more difficult to get the sick-room out of her mind. It seemed as if the lots were changed; as if all the trouble and anxiety were at the Park, and the ease and comfort she had fancied inalienable from the rich Salternes and Clunes had come to the poor Vicarage.

For what were *her* little grievances? Aunt Catherine's queer oddity? or Arthur's disappointment in his choice of a profession? or the necessity of wearing old unfashionable dresses? or the difficulty of making those account-books right? what were such trifles as those? what was even her mother's quiet peaceful death, compared to the sorrow she had that afternoon had some insight into? No wonder she was unusually subdued all the evening, bearing with extraordinary patience Aunt Catherine's undisguised coldness to Mr. Hatherly, and behaving to him, as she had never done yet, with a clinging fondness that had as much present relief in it, as penitence for the past.

But through the cheerfulness of the home evening, the thought of the Park haunted her the more because she was obliged to hide her anxiety, hardly daring even to speak of Miss Clune's increased illness, for fear of letting fall some involuntary hint about the exciting cause.

Isabella was right; Annie was 'true as steel;' and when her father came in late from a parish call, she heard him tell Mr. Hatherly that he had just seen a fly drive away from the Park lodge; and the relief that it gave her to hear of *his* departure was unmixed with the faintest wish to display her intimacy, as she would have once done, by an important '*I* know him!'

Digitized by Google

She even refrained from asking if she might send up to the Park early in the morning, lest Mr. Marvin might suspect something unusual, and determined to content herself with making her own visit before, instead of after, the Vicarage dinner. 'I do want to know how she is!' was her prevailing thought; and her wish was gratified sooner than she had expected.

(To be continued.)

BERTRAM; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

CHAPTER IX.

'LATE hours, Kaye,' said a voice behind him, when the young doctor emerged from the lane in the dawning daylight.

'Very, or early ones,' was the reply. 'I have been called in to your patient here.'

'Is she worse?'

'She is gone, poor thing. It was over before I arrived, although they did not seem to be aware of it.' And he mentioned the cause.

'Indeed? Of course she was liable to it; but she had been improving so much. The boy said so.'

'Ah! There were two children in sad distress. But how is her small ladyship?'

'Much better; so I declined to go in again, which otherwise I had intended to do.'

'They are excellent people, Lord and Lady Pendyne. I have heard of them in their own county.'

'Indeed! which is their county? They have more estates than one, I fancy. It is strange their coming to a place with so few attractions as this.'

'Not so strange as it appears, for they so often move about for her.'

'For whom? For the child?'

'No; for the Countess. She has a melancholy turn sometimes, brought on by trouble, I believe.'

'The Earl hinted something. They both look sad; and her anxiety about that little girl is something marvellous.'

'The only one. A very anxious possession for them. They had a boy, and he died. They have lost several, I believe; and it is that sorrow which has affected the Countess so deeply.'

'Very likely. So they had an heir, and lost him! I never seem to hear so much as my neighbours, though they will always say that doctors are fond of a little gossip.'

'Perhaps you heard about it at the time. I did, through an aunt, who married into their neighbourhood; but I had not left school, and boys

Digitized by Google

don't take much interest in these things. I can get the whole story for you if you like.'

'Do so then, for I am greatly interested, though they will have migrated before your story comes. But you did not say which is their county.'

'Cornwall. Pendyne Castle. The family have been there ever since the times of *Phenician trading*, at least! I don't know where an ancestor of theirs was *not*.'

'Pendynes?'

'No, my dear Sir. How much you have still to learn! The Earls of Pendyne are novelties compared with the Barons Treneer. That old title was degraded into a second, as a punishment for some rare piece of service.'

'You joker! And I suppose their castle is an inaccessible rock, garnished with "Logan stones," and Druidical circles. The so-called pleasure-grounds, furnished with giant tomb-stones in place of trees!'

'Who is the joker now? If that is your idea of Cornwall, pray take your next holiday in that direction. Vegetation in that locality is most luxuriant, and the neighbourhood actually supplies the London markets in winter. I have seen the summer flowers blooming out of doors (geraniums and others) on Christmas Day, and rhododendrons growing wild, (though they must have been, I think, upon the site of an extinct garden.) Pray visit old Cornwall without loss of time, and mend your ideas. They are hoping some day to get the railway into the county.'

'When I retire, I may go and take Jessie, if I have not the misfortune to lose her previously by marriage. But farewell, I must begin my night.'

'Mine ended long ago,' remarked the younger man; 'I am ready for a round before my dispensary work. A good night to you.' And they parted.

CHAPTER X.

JAKE was aroused from his slumbers—we noted the commencement of his nap—by finding his mother stirring him up, as was her wont.

'We cannot go to-day, Jake; but get up, I am going into the town.'

'What for?' asked Jake sleepily.

'What for? Why, for things that must be done; no need to waste words. And tell the children—poor children! when they wake—' looking about her, 'Where are the children?'

'Look in the van,' said Jake.

'Hardly there,' said the old woman; but she looked in. 'No, not there. Robin must go to Riversfield for me. Very tiresome; where can they be? and I've slept late. They will be expecting us. Robin can take the pony, he won't be wanted to-day. Tell the boy, will you, when you find him, to go directly, and tell them why we can't come.'

Digitized by Google

'Poor boy! it's hard to send him with that message,' said Jake; 'I'll go myself.'

'No; I want you here,' replied Madge; 'Robin must go. Very vexatious of them. Just look about, will you?'

Her feelings and her irritable temper were not making a satisfactory *melange;* but she trudged off upon her business, which was with our old acquaintance, Mr. Bates. She was not wholly calm when she knocked at the sexton's door.

Mr. Bates was very deep in his accounts, (that is to say, accounts were very deep things to Mr. Bates, his acquaintance with figures being of a very limited nature,) when the sharp rap interrupted his calculations.

'Twenty-two and six; twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight.—See who that is, Mary.—Twenty-eight and two; twenty-nine, thirty. Thirty and six, thirty-six; thirty-six pence.' He wrote thirty-six on the slate, and looked up for his wife's message.

'An old woman'—Mrs. Bates had entered, and nearly closed the door behind her—'wants to speak to you. She looks like a Gipsy.'

'Then I don't want to speak to her,' said Mr. Bates decisively. 'I don't want my fortune told, and I don't want my fowls stolen, and so you may tell her.—Thirty-six pence are three shillings.'

Mrs. Bates returned to the door. 'Do you want Mr. Bates so very particularly? He is very much engaged just now.'

'Yes, I do,' returned Madge impatiently. 'Very particular indeed.'

'Ask her what she wants,' called out Mr. Bates from his arithmetical puzzle.

'That I'll say when I see him, and not before,' cried Madge, growing more indignant from the delay. 'Let him refuse me, and I'll go to the parson, that's all.'

To take up Mr. Robertson's time, because Mr. Bates's minutes were so precious, would not, the sexton considered, exactly do; so he left his three shillings, and stepped out of his retirement.

'What is it?'

'My daughter-in-law is dead,' said the old woman hardly; 'and I want the parish and the parson to bury her.'

'As to that,' returned the sexton, (looking certainly not very regretful that there should be one Gipsy the less to trouble the country,) 'I've nothing to do with the parish; you must go to Mr. Rogers out yonder. But as for our parson burying your daughter-in-law in our churchyard, why, he won't do it, I can tell you, and I am not going to ask him.'

'Then I am,' cried Madge, getting perfectly furious. She had not recovered from missing the children, or from the excitement of last night. 'My son's wife *shall* lie in your churchyard, then, I can tell you; she was just as good as you, and a deal better, and I suppose you mean to lie there. And the sooner the better,' she added spitefully. 'If you choose to deny a christened woman her burying, your master won't: tell me where he lives, and I'll go to him.'

Digitized by Google

'If she was a christened woman,' remarked Mr. Bates. 'But I thought she was a Gipsy.'

'And can't a Gipsy be a christened woman?' cried old Madge. 'What is it to you whether she was a Gipsy or not? Tell me where your parson lives, I say.'

'If it's the parish you want—' said the sexton more mildly. But his attempt at conciliation came too late.

'I want the parish, and I want the parson, and I don't want *you*,' replied Madge; and now the storm burst over his head indeed. 'Refuse to tell me where he lives if you *dare*. It shall be the worse for you. There be those that have said hard words to me before, and they wished they hadn't before long. Where does your parson live, I say?'

Now Mr. Bates had been looking out for the precise moment when with the best effect he might shut his door in the old woman's face. And if he had been born and bred in the county of Kent, he might have judged that the time had arrived just before the last question was put. But alas for Mr. Bates, he had migrated out of the west of England. Tales of the evil eye were at his fingers' ends; whole farms 'overlooked,' and all the stock sick and dying in consequence. Ruin *had* occurred, it would ever occur in such unhappy cases. Was he to be another example? He actually turned pale.

'There,' he replied, pointing across the market-place to a house rather more shaded with trees, and within gates. 'But—'

'If that's the house, good morning; and keep a civil tongue for the Gipsies,' cried Madge triumphantly, for she perceived her advantage. She turned sharply away, and the crest-fallen sexton closed his door much more slowly than he had intended.

'O Bates! What have you done? Everything will go wrong with us now!' exclaimed his timid low-spirited wife—an importation from the same locality as her husband—when Mr. Bates had returned to his task. 'The fowls will die, and the pig will die, and you'll lose your place, for offending that woman!'

Bates's ideas were running in the same direction, but he said only,

'She had better not play off her tricks upon me, I can tell her,' and sat down again to his account.

But two and two would not make four with him now. He could not get on at all. He seemed to be adding up and multiplying so many Gipsies, and all with the dark flashing eyes of that angry old woman. So he closed his book.

'Never mind her, Wife,' he said, forgetting the pause, and showing how much *he* was 'minding;' 'never mind her, but give me a bit of something quick, for I have got to go to Brastings.'

There was really no hurry about Brastings, but Bates felt that he must stir up, and do something, to try and get rid of old Madge's '*evil*' and malignant eye.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

FRIENDSHIP; OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FRIEND.

CHAPTER I.

'But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love.'
In Memoriam.

I HAVE often wondered, when wading through volume after volume of so-called love histories, cooked up in the thousand different modes that suit the very appalling taste of the present day, how it was that, deluged as we are with love, we so seldom find any delineation of true friendship.

I ask myself, why is this? can it be from the scarcity of living models from which to draw pictures that shall be faithful and pleasing at the same time? or is it from a want of love to the subject both in the writer and in the reader?

Political economists tell us that when there is a demand, the supply will not be long in coming.

Alas! for the future purity of the homes of England, if the enormous supply of low, miserable immorality, which pollutes so many of the novels of the nineteenth century, shall really have been written to meet the demand of England's sons and daughters.

Alas! for the very life of friendship itself, when the world has ceased to care for either the portrait or its original.

Yet how lovely it is! how fair are its proportions; how durable its material; it surpasses so-called love as far as Eternity surpasses time, for it is to true love its beginning and its end; it walks hand in hand with little children as they go forth to gather the king-cup chain which is to bind them together for life; and it is the answering chord from heart to heart, as, in old age, they sit side by side, looking back at the memories of youth.

But I must not turn into an essay that which professes to be an autobiography.

I have thought that a few pages taken from the history of my own life, might serve to point out the light that has shone on one path from the lamp of friendship, as well as to show the abuses to which that pleasant relationship, without great care is taken, may be subjected.

Reader, it is a true tale; and if I seem to fall short of that sweet womanliness which is woman's greatest charm, in charity remember that no great victory can be gained without loss; and that for even friendship itself, a price has to be paid.

And first, I think I must speak about myself. I do not mean to say

Digitized by Google

whether I am young or old; lest, if I should say 'I am young, and some people call me pretty,' you should laugh and say, 'Ah! I see she is going to marry one of her friends:' or if I say, 'Let me whisper in your ear, I am an old maid,' you should turn from my tale with a sigh, saying, 'I will take care and avoid the rock on which your barque foundered.'

But—supposing I am married?—supposing that my husband, in ceasing to be my lover became the true and unchanging friend of my life (as all husbands should be)?—supposing that my cup of happiness is so running over that I long to show others how true friends will make true wives; true daughters, true mothers; how—but, dear heart! I should seem to be praising myself, and that would never do.

Ah! supposing?

Well, well, I mean to leave it uncertain whether I am old or young, married or single.

I do believe I am good-looking; I know a great many people have told me that I am; and there was a tradition in the nursery that I had been a very pretty child, with smooth dark hair, and great grey eyes with long black fringes, that seemed to veil a merry twinkle that was ever longing to belie the graver expression of my face.

From my very earliest childhood, the strongest characteristic I possessed was a sort of simple friendliness; and I believe I owe to this friendliness, or adaptation of myself to those about me, the chief happiness of a very happy life.

I am not an only child, I have several brothers and sisters, and in beginning my autobiography at the beginning, I must refer to them.

I was neither the oldest nor the youngest, I stood, as it were, in the middle, a little separated from both; the three elder were a little clique to themselves, the two younger were not old enough to be companions. I stood alone. I had another trial also; of all my family, I was the only one who liked dolls. I have often wondered why this was; even my younger sisters laughed at me, and scorned to share the pleasures and the duties of my miniature nursery; numberless were the practical jokes that were played me on account of my numerous family of dolls; but I loved them through it all, and fought for them with a pertinacity and courage worthy of a better cause.

Now the first friend of my childhood was a certain Cousin Tom, a year or two older than myself, and with big blue eyes: I have reason to remember them, for many a time did my fist strike a blow in Tom's behoof, when I saw those big eyes filled with tears at some little injury from my elder brothers.

Dick, the eldest of our family, was a book-worm even as a lad, and far removed from me and my active world. Harry was the second; he was called 'handsome Hal' at school, but poor Harry hated the name, and we never reminded him of it unless during a particularly vicious mood.

Digitized by Google

Harry had large grey eyes, a quick generous temper, and a wonderful repugnance to everything small or mean: he did his best to raise my understanding and likings above my dolls, but not succeeding, he used to treat them with a magnificent contempt, and myself with a sort of patronizing pity, that was at times singularly hard for one of my disposition to bear. I looked up to Harry, but Tom was my friend. I mended his gloves, pasted his kite, hunted for lost marbles, and was, I fear, very much his slave.

I am not of an exacting disposition, that is, I do not exact much; but anything approaching to a deviation from fealty, has always been to me simply unbearable.

Well, as I have said, Cousin Tom was my friend, and Harry was my hero.

Amongst my family of dolls, I had one that was the queen of them all: a large waxen beauty, with eyes that opened and shut, and a 'wealth of golden hair,' as novelists say. I called her Annette, that being the name of the beautiful aunt who gave her to me.

How I loved this doll, I could never tell; she was the last I ever had, and she stood on the boundary of doll-land, and that severer world towards which our governess was always trying to lure my heart.

One day I had been absent from Annette longer than usual, and was rushing up-stairs for my pet, when my feet were arrested by a roar of laughter from the nursery, one of the loudest voices being that of Cousin Tom. Now, much as I loved my dolls, I think I loved fun better; so, attracted by the merriment, I was putting my hand on the nursery door, when I heard Tom's voice saying, 'Oh, what fun! now pull out her eyes, and stick these marbles in the holes;' and then there was an uproarious burst of laughter; all at once I heard Harry's voice, 'Tom, you mean fellow, how dare you injure Molly's favourite behind her back?' By this time I was in the nursery—there lay poor Annette roasting before the fire, a skewer stuck through her heart; her lovely blue eyes were on the floor, while her 'wealth of golden hair' adorned the head of a black kitten; the glass door, leading to the garden, was open, Harry's book and cap were thrown down, and my hero and my friend were engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter. Tom was the bigger of the two, but I felt sure that Harry would conquer: I picked up his cap, and watched with a beating heart. In a few minutes Tom skulked away; and Harry, still patronizing, said, 'My poor little girl, I am so sorry, but Minnie would never have ill-treated your doll if Tom had not encouraged her; I saw it all through the door, but could not stop it in time.'

I have never been able to speak when much moved, so I could only kiss Harry, and with one great sob run out of the room.

I never played with a doll again, and I never forgave Tom.

I do not mean to say that I had in my heart what I call unforgiveness now, but though I was only a child of ten years old, I knew Tom's

Digitized by Google

character from that moment; he tried hard to win me back to my former allegiance, he showered down presents upon me, but we were friends no more; I knew that Tom had never been mine.

Yet though I lost Tom, I gained Harry, and to this hour never woman had friend more true, more faithful, than I have ever had in my beloved brother—our friendship lasted through school-room days, through his Oxford career, (oh, how I have sat hour after hour by Harry's side, helping him, as I thought, in translating a Greek play, or coming to a clear understanding upon some abstruse point of logic!)—through his marriage, and through—well, the friends I have loved best, have best loved Harry.

I never quarreled with Tom, after one passionate outburst in which I upbraided him with all my truth and his untruth. Poor Tom! he married a tall girl with pale eyes, who makes my unstable cousin a slave to her caprices, and so keeps him out of mischief.

From a child of ten to a girl of nineteen, I had many friends, oh, how very many! for I think I felt with Jeremy Taylor (though I had not studied his works then) that 'the more we love, the better we are; and the greater our friendships are, the dearer we are to God;' for 'Christian charity is friendship to all the world.'

Even as I write I seem surrounded by the pleasant faces of those dear and far-off friends; they seemed to rise around me on every side; their love was like the sunshine on my path, they 'made my joys double, they divided my grief.' I did not choose all my friends from those of (what is called) my own class; nor were they always young; I had one, a dear old lady, who lived in a cottage near my home, from whom I learned more high and beautiful truths, told in her own sweet homely words, than ever I have learned in drawing-rooms; for 'the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him;' and 'Granny Hunt' and her children feared the Lord exceedingly, and loved Him very truly.

Many and many a time I have exerted myself to the utmost to learn my lessons speedily that I might go and help 'Granny' on ironing days. I hear the 'click' of the old box-iron now; when she was sick, I read to her; when she gardened, I brought her flowers; and after work there was the cup of tea, for 'Granny' was a privileged person, one in whose house no unbecoming word was ever heard; and if she was not a true friend I never had one. She sleeps beneath the chancel window of the old church at Cranstone, and I have wept many tears upon her grave.

I did not have many, of what are called 'girl friends.' I had my own ideas, and they were not very popular ones, about the sacredness of a kiss, and the use of Christian names. I shrank into myself when girls professed much love for me, or when it was quickly offered; I think I liked to earn it, to feel that with a loyal honest heart, I could both receive and give. I know also that I liked giving better than receiving; and so it came about that my friends were mostly older and wiser than myself.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER II.

'Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.'
In Memoriam.

I WAS nineteen—my eldest brother Richard had just gained his double first at Merton, where he and my cousin Philip Cornish (Tom's half-brother) had just taken their degree. Harry was at Pembroke; they were all coming to Cranstone Abbey (our family place) for the 'long,' and with them was coming a friend of Harry's, 'rather a slow-coach for you girls,' wrote Harry, "a Professor of Hebrew and what not; but Harold Smith is no end of a good fellow for all that, and I love him too well to be afraid of him;' then came a little message for our parents, 'Tell Sir Thomas that he will find Smith well up in "Burn's Justice," and he will teach my mother the most ancient mode of managing a dairy, for it's my belief he knows everything in the world.'

Here was a dreadful announcement; a live Professor coming to break in upon our happy family party, to fling Hebrew and Greek roots at us, to test us by logic, and measure us by mathematics; 'Oh! handsome Hal, handsome Hal,' I cried, 'what have we done to be so treated?'

I had one consolation. Was not Phil coming? and was not Phil my cousin, my friend, my Mentor, my almost everything in one? Had we not studied German together? had he not taught me to ride and to draw? and was he not always ready with loving sympathy and help in every emergency? and as he had no sisters, had not Carry and I vied with each other in spoiling the dear old fellow?

'Carry,' said I, laughing to my elder sister about a week before the expected incursion, 'I think the Professor will just suit you, he will teach you Hebrew, and you are always wanting to read the Scriptures in the original; for me, I cling to the living languages, as I cling to all that has life and brightness about them.'

Even as I spoke I blushed, for alas! dear Carry was lame. Just as life was opening to her, a terrible fall reduced her from health and strength to the dependence of a cripple. I was so used to her gentle uncomplaining quietude and weakness (for she did not suffer pain), that I am afraid I accepted too much as a matter of course that with our more robust occupations she could have no sympathy.

A few days before we were expecting the Oxford party, I was taking a country walk with my dog Rover (a present from Phil) by my side. I was thinking of my cousin and of all his many kindly acts towards me ever since I could remember. My mind glided back to early years, when Phil had almost imperceptibly stolen into Tom's place, filling it—oh, so much more fully! then as years went on I saw how the child's love had

Digitized by Google

undergone a change, becoming more quiet and perhaps more deep. But I had never stayed to analyze my feelings, I left my heart free to follow its own wayward will, unchecked by any consideration. I loved Phil, and he loved me, and no one warned me; if they had, would I have listened? I wandered on, still dreaming. I asked myself what there was that I was not ready to do for Phil? I thought of all the instances of self-devotion in women of which I had ever heard, and I longed to be in their places, that I might sacrifice myself for Phil. He was my friend, one of earth's noblest ones, the very noblest. Insensibly I fell into a reverie, unsubstantial, yet appearing real. I was struggling for my life in the midst of breakers. Philip was standing on the shore surrounded by dream-like shapes—he stretched out his hand to save me, and I dragged him with me into the depths. 'Would I?' I cried aloud. 'No, no, Cousin Phil, I would die a hundred deaths first.'

I was walking by the side of a high hedge having a deep stony ditch below, and, as I spoke, I heard a slight noise a little distance from me. I looked up suddenly, and saw a light girlish figure springing over the hedge, which was of no great height on the upper side. Before I could run to help her, she had fallen—there was a little crash, and a low cry of pain. I hurried to the spot, and, to my horror, saw that the girl, whoever she might be, had fainted.

There she lay amongst the debris of stone and sticks, the fairest vision of womanhood upon which my eyes had ever rested. Her hat had fallen off, and masses of coal-black hair were coiled round and round her head, serving to set off in powerful relief the pure marble of the delicately chiseled features; her eyes were closed, and the long black fringes of the eyelids seemed drooping on her cheeks.

I was young and strong. I gently raised the girl, placing her head in the best position I could, and then ran off for water, which I knew was in a pond near at hand. I sprinkled her face, and watched for returning life; presently there was a shudder, a slight flush, like a ray, spread over her features; the drooping eyelids were raised, and then the full light of the most glorious eyes I ever saw fell upon me.

I felt myself tremble; I remember to this hour that a sort of shudder, such as comes at the sight of any great danger, thrilled through me. I longed to run away, to hide myself from the gaze of those searching eyes, from the sweet tones of the gentle voice that said, while a smile lighted up her face,

'Where am I? how very strange! have I hurt myself?'

There was no flight for me. I know not how, but the full light of the future flashed across me. There was no flight, no escape from what was to be. A moment, and the feeling was gone.

I did what I could; the girl's arm was broken; she was in great pain, but she never flinched; and again and again a sweet smile illumined her face as I helped her out of the ditch, and made some sort of rest for the broken limb.

Digitized by Google

'You must come home with me, whoever you are,' I said, with a little laugh. 'I am Mary Cranstone, and the Abbey is close by. May I ask your name?'

'How strange!' she answered. 'I was coming this afternoon with Granny to see you; I am Ida Vaughan, Mrs. Villars's grandchild.'

'Lady Ida,' I exclaimed, 'oh, I am so glad—so sorry, I mean; why, I have longed to see you these hundred years.'

It was quite true; Lady Ida Vaughan was an orphan and an heiress, and many a time I had instructed Dick, that the fortunes of his family required that he should, what he called, 'go in' for this particular heiress; and here she was, brought to our very doors, and likely to be our guest for some time to come, for Cranstone Rectory was more than a mile away, and my mother insisted upon undertaking the office of nurse, as old Mrs. Villars (the Rector's wife) was very ailing; and besides, by the time we reached the Abbey, Lady Ida was again in a fainting state.

Yes, it was all to be, just what I had *planned?* ah, well, we shall see.

If the first sight of Lady Ida repelled me, every moment dispelled the feeling, and drew me towards her with the most wonderful attraction.

To this hour I am never able to explain exactly in what the attraction consisted. She was very beautiful, but I do not think that personal beauty alone could so have moved me; she was graceful—not that lithe supple gracefulness which so often betokens laziness in a woman, but a neat compact grace that seemed to attend her every movement, her every expression; everything about her was in perfect harmony; as no line in her face or figure was at variance with another line, so no tone in her voice, no expression of her quickly changing countenance, seemed at variance with a settled peacefulness which dwelt about her, a peacefulness that I felt had been won rather than inherited.

But I must tell my tale.

I had my sofa-bed moved into Lady Ida's room, and constituted myself her nurse; and during the days that intervened between Lady Ida's accident and the arrival of my brothers, I felt I knew more of her real character than years of casual acquaintance could have shewn me. It was not that we indulged in those little confidential talks that 'girl friends' are apt to indulge in, for with Lady Ida the time was passed in much pain and weariness, and this very circumstance led us to speak more of the deeper mysteries of life, and especially of life as connected with suffering. As I sat watching her expressive face, glowing as it were with the light reflected from the subject we were discussing, I could not help saying,

'Lady Ida, I feel as if you had lived in the unseen world.' A faint but very winning smile played about her lips, as she replied,

'I have lived many years in the school of suffering;' her voice dropped to a whisper; 'I have seen my dear mother and two sisters fade away, and if such discipline had not lifted me up to follow them, oh, Mary, what must I have been?'

Digitized by Google

Lady Ida was but two years older than I, but she had a grave winning little way of making those two years seem a long long distance to me; in other words, I felt, 'Whoever loves Lady Ida must respect her,' and yet every now and then her large eyes would light up with fun, and she and I would laugh so joyously, and on my part, I fear, so loudly, that Mamma's grave face would peep in at the door with 'I must not have my patient excited, Mary.'

And so I loved Lady Ida, and I felt in my heart of hearts, 'This is my life's friend;' and I said, 'Ida, let us always be friends;' and then we kissed each other and exchanged keepsakes. I have mine now; a twist of black shining hair tied with gold thread, lying coiled up in a locket. It was a richer gift than mine, as I felt her love to be a richer treasure than mine. 'You are my first friend,' she said, as she tied the locket round my neck; 'when Mamma was with me, I did not need any other.'

You may be sure that I talked to my new friend about my brothers, and about my Cousin Philip. One evening she said, 'Mary, come and sit by me, and tell me all about this Cousin Phil of whom I hear so much, I am disposed to be jealous of him.'

I laughed, and told her that he was the dearest and the very best man, always allowing Harry to stand on the same level, that ever lived.

'Was he clever?'

'Oh, of course he was clever.'

'Had he taken honours?'

'Not exactly (I thought this a happy phrase, for Phil had no great love for books) but he had passed every examination very creditably.'

'What was his profession?'

Then I gave another laugh. 'Why, Phil,' said I, 'is the "spec" of the county; he is the eldest son, and will inherit a noble fortune; but,' I added hastily, 'Philip wants no money to set him off, he is very handsome, and has the noblest, truest heart that ever beat in man. I am very proud of my friend,' concluded I triumphantly.

An arch look came into Ida's face, her left hand passed caressingly over my head—a favourite action of hers when she was in earnest—and she said, 'I am not sure about friendship, Mary. My dear mother never liked us to make friends with gentlemen, but indeed I have never yet felt the wish to be more than just friendly with any.'

'Ah! but,' said I, 'you don't know Phil; I hope you'll love him as much as I do, and I know he will love you.'

Even as I spoke, I felt a hot quick flush spread over my features, and an indistinct voice whispered in my heart that I was untrue in saying that I wished these two to love each other,—a momentary shadow seemed to pass between Ida and me, only for an instant; her lips parted smilingly.

'I never lose my heart to paragons,' she said. 'I have already settled that if I spread my net for any it will be the Professor to whom your

Digitized by Google

brother is so devoted. I intend to brush up my logic, study the Hebrew alphabet, and set up for a regular "blue."'

After this announcement I felt Ida's little hand busy again on my hair; there was a pause, and in a whisper I heard,

'Your friends, Mary, should be chosen from those who are in need, not from those who have to give; I do believe that self-sacrifice is inherent in your nature; you are born to battle with life, and I think to conquer,' she added softly.

'I am born to torment you,' I said, laughing, and running away after giving a warm kiss to my friend.

It must not be supposed that we were allowed quiet possession of Lady Ida Vaughan, without sundry journeys to and from the Rectory, and a great deal of persuasion on our parts to bring Mrs. Villars to consider it necessary for her grand-daughter to remain at Cranstone Abbey. There were plans on foot for Lady Ida to make the Rectory her permanent home, for her brother had made an unfortunate marriage, which precluded the possibility of Lady Ida living under his roof; I therefore pleaded, amongst many other cogent reasons, that as we were to become close friends sooner or later, there could not be a better time for a sure foundation to friendship than this.

I fancy we all had our little speculations. Few families could have an heiress thrown in their laps, without some sort of visions floating around them about her. Of course nothing was said openly; but *I* thought, 'Ida is the *very* girl to make Harry happy;' and one afternoon, on entering the drawing-room with my work, I heard my mother say to Sir Thomas, 'Yes, it would certainly be an excellent match for Dick,' and I felt a conviction that they were discussing Lady Ida, though nothing further was said.

One part of my self-imposed duty as nurse, was to answer Lady Ida's letters. Shall I be breaking the seal of the confidence so implicitly placed in me, if I speak of those letters and of all the beautiful lessons they taught me?

Truly Lady Ida was laying up treasure in Heaven; and what struck me most of all, was the peculiarity she shewed in her manner of doing this; her name was in no published lists; she had built no church, endowed no school; but wherever, as it seemed to me, her daily life had been spent, there she left the impress of herself on all around her; the widow and the fatherless carried her name on their lips to Heaven; the sick and the lonely were cheered by her constant remembrance; she seemed as though she went about the earth like a ray of sunshine, lighting up with brightness and warmth whatever she rested upon. And all so quietly. 'You see, Mary, I am too young to be of much use, I can only do very little things,' she would say in apology, when my thoughts were turned to the magnitude of her gifts.

One day, being told to answer an application for a large sum in the affirmative, I demurred.

Digitized by Google

'Nay,' said Lady Ida, 'don't begrudge me the pleasure of getting rid of a large portion of my burden at once.'

'Burden!' I exclaimed; 'oh, if you knew how I longed to be rich!'

'And I,' said Lady Ida, laughing, 'when I think about it, long to be poor; why, Mary, nothing that I have seems my own; I quite envy the labourer his honestly earned week's wages, he must enjoy every sixpence much more than I do a hundred pounds;' then her voice changed, and I heard in her soft whisper, 'Sell all that thou hast.' 'Ah me, the lark could never soar to heaven if his poor wings were clogged with earth.'

I wrote the letter, and at night took a stricter account of my own spendings; alas! what did I see? how much of impulse, how little of true charity!

And it was thus that I learned to love Lady Ida with a great love, greater than I had yet known for any woman.

CHAPTER III.

'O living will that shalt endure,
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure.'
In Memoriam.

And now the 'boys,' as they were still called, were come home, and the old Abbey woke to life once more. There was studious Dick, blushing beneath the weight of his double first, which my father (who stoutly maintained that hunting was the only study worthy of a gentleman), with a half doubting pride, was continually throwing at him like a sort of double-weighted shot that killed two ways.

Now it would be, 'Hallo, Dick, come along, and let us see how a double first will clear a double fence,' (Dick was no rider, and thanked his stars that foxes were left in peace in July); or it would be, 'Now, Dick, tell me what Cicero says on the laws of trespass and game decoying.'

Poor gentle Dick! I have often sat wondering how he would ever manage the broad acres, to keep which in perfect order had been the pride of my father's heart. Dick cared no more for acres than he did for foxes, but he did his honest best to show sufficient interest in the estate to amuse Sir Thomas, though all the while he was longing for his books and the library.

Then came Harry; a little magnificent, perhaps, with his enthusiastic aspirations after all that was great and noble, his ill-suppressed scorn of all that was mean and low; his handsome face with the broad white brow, and dark grey eyes, lighting up with every changing mood. Everywhere about the Abbey, his full rich voice was heard; now rolling out into some joyous song, or sinking into a plaintive melody; now

Digitized by Google

merrily laughing with our mother (who he teazed in every imaginable way), now pleasantly chatting with Carry; but most often (the dear old brother!) laying down the law to me, whom he patronized as much as ever.

And what shall I say of the Professor? I could not fathom his character at a glance. I will not speak of what I know it to be now. Harold Smith was tall and fair; I could not tell the colour of his eyes, I am not sure I could tell it even now; but one thing I noticed was, that whenever a passing word was spoken which arrested him pleasantly, his eyes moved to the speaker and rested on them with a grave gentle expression of approbation; a sort of dwelling look that followed you during the day like spoken words.

Harry loved the Professor with almost a woman's love; often and often have I sat listening to them and wondering. It was as though a young girl were parrying strokes of wit with one she loved and reverenced. Such playful thrusts from the Professor, such quick-witted replies from Harry, and then such hearty bursts of laughter as made the old walls ring. I used to get nearer and nearer, and put in a little word now and then; but though what I said was always most kindly received, it seemed to check the happy flow of thought, so that my general attitude was that of a listener.

And then Cousin Phil? Phil, with his honest brown eyes, and chestnut-coloured hair; his tall stalwart figure, and ringing voice; his easy temper and loving heart. The Professor might be Harry's friend, but Phil was mine.

So they all came home; and the first day, even amidst the joyousness of the family greetings, it was a little like 'company.' The old butler waited on us with an additional trifle of stiffness, and when Phil winked at him he shook his head slowly, saying, 'Master Phil, leastways I mean Mr. Cornish, dontee make me upset the wine, dontee.'

Lady Ida would not let me dine with her. She was well enough to be up, and was sitting in my own room. I left her at my window, looking at the golden sunshine which flooded the huge cypress trees on the green shaven lawn, when I went down to dinner.

After a while I rushed up to Ida. 'My darling,' I said, 'I am so happy; ah, so very very happy.'

'The Professor?' said Ida, with a gleam in her fun-lit eyes.

'The Professor, indeed!' I replied with a sneer. 'O Ida, he is so tall, and so quiet, and so learned, and so very, very unlike—'

'Brother Harry,' said Ida, with another wicked gleam.

I caught up her words in desperation—

'No, you naughty thing! Philip—ah, Ida, he has brought me the sweetest little dog anyone ever saw—a snow-white Pomeranian, such a dear—and a hideous Indian idol, and—'

'What a paying investment friendship must be!' interrupted Ida, still wickedly.

Digitized by Google

I took her dear face in my hands, and giving her a good kiss, bounded off again; but suddenly returning, I popped my head in at the door, and asked, 'Dear Ida, may I bring up Harry to see you for a minute?'

A little nod, and I was off again, and in a few minutes time I was under the old cypress trees with Harry and Phil: the Professor and Dick remained with my father.

'Now, Molly,' said Harry, 'tell me all about your new friend, I am quite prepared for conquest; let me see—did you say a snub nose, red hair—?'

I turned my back on Harry. 'Phil,' said I, 'I shall talk to you; Lady Ida is lovely, ah! there she is peeping at us from my window.' Phil had gathered a spray of cypress, and was placing it amongst the pink ribbons in my hair; he looked up hastily, and Ida disappeared as hastily, and yet I felt a consciousness that their eyes had met.

The window of my sitting-room was open; the light girlish form, in her white draperies, with the pure face and coils of raven hair, flitted away from it, leaving only empty space.

'How very beautiful!' said Harry, but Phil was too busy to speak.

There was a slight movement near me, and I heard my mother's voice; 'You must not neglect Lady Ida, Mary.'

'I'm going this minute, Mamma,' I answered: 'Come, Harry, be a good boy, and I will introduce you; Mamma, you must take care of Phil.'

The little unceremonious introduction was soon over, and Harry and Ida made themselves quickly at home, and the talk went from one thing to another, till Ida told Harry that I was teaching her to play chess with her left hand. Now Harry dearly loved chess, and he loved more dearly still to beat me; so he said, 'Will you have a game now, Lady Ida, and we will combine our forces against Molly?'

Ida acquiesced, and we were soon deep in the game, but I knew that my chances of success were small against Harry at any time, and now that Lady Ida's bright eyes were urging him to conquest, I had no hope. I had lost my knight, and a castle, and then, alas! my queen, and had gained only a bishop and a few pawns. In the midst of my vain regrets I heard a low knock at the door. I jumped up hastily. 'It's Phil,' I said; 'he must not come in too, Lady Ida?' A preoccupied permission was given, and Phil entered, saying, 'Sir Thomas is calling for you, Molly, to find some book in the library. I have hunted for it this long time, but in vain.'

'Take my place, and spread confusion in the enemies' camp,' said I; then seeing a bright flush on Ida's face, I made my apologies and introduced my cousin.

Ten minutes afterwards I returned, and found the combatants reduced to two, but Lady Ida sat intently watching the game; she looked up as I came in, and with a sweet smile beckoned me to her sofa, and laying her hand on mine, said with flashing eyes, 'O Mary, I never was so interested in my life; what a grand game this is!'

Digitized by Google

For the first time since I could remember, Phil took no notice of my entrance; every few minutes, when Lady Ida spoke, I saw his quick glance rest on her face, and I felt I was forgotten. By-and-by there came a pause, and then Harry's cheery voice said—

'Lady Ida, we are defeated; I thought to lay my laurels at your feet, but my cousin has filched them from me.'

Then Philip looked up and saw me. 'O Mary,' he said, 'we have had such a battle, but I fought for you, so pray thank me.'

'You've conquered Harry, that's all,' I replied, laughing; 'and I'll have nothing to do with it, nor will Lady Ida.'

'Mr. Cranstone played for me,' said Ida.

'And lost,' said Philip, with such a rueful face, that it set us all laughing.

And the happy days glided on. In a short time Lady Ida was able to appear down-stairs, her soft drapery and pretty helplessness adding to her charms. Sometimes we had reading parties under the shade of the cypress. Harry would choose some pathetic theme that made us cry, and when we had been sufficiently miserable to gratify him; Phil's merry voice would break in with some Irish jest, or merry ballad, that quickly dispersed our tears and made the air ring with our laughter.

Sometimes we drove to distant nooks, and ate impromptu luncheons amidst ruins and wild flowers. Sometimes we had archery, in which Phil and I were great adepts, and Ida would sit by watching, and marking our score with her clever little left hand, or take care of arrows, &c.

When I say that in these early days I was perfectly happy, it will be seen that as yet no thought of approaching sorrow had darkened my heart. Phil and I were much together, more so than we had ever been before, and I was too happy, too secure, to argue anything from the fact that I was nearly always with Lady Ida. Philip and I loved each other; we called it friendship, and I was satisfied; I never stayed to ask myself further questions.

Dick's attentions to the heiress did not seem to make much progress; they were excellent friends, though Dick was a little shy. I fancied, indeed, that Harry's taste and my own were once more in unison, but we seldom spoke to each other about Ida, and when we did, it was never more than a passing word.

The Professor was—yes, he certainly was, a little slow; he would spend hours in the library amongst the old musty books with Dick, and if it had not been for me I do think he would have starved himself. I am afraid I was a little pert; but indeed, when interested in the conversation, he often quite forgot his dinner, and many a time I have had to recall his attention to his plate, which was being carried off before he had tasted its contents. Somehow or other, in spite of his fits of absence, we all got on well with Mr. Smith; I think one reason was, that he knew everything; and though, as a rule, he was a little talker, yet, by an

Digitized by Google

appreciative look or word he managed to make his ever ready sympathy felt by us all.

With Carry, the Professor was a great favourite. 'I don't know how to account for it,' she would say, 'but I never feel half so much of an invalid with Mr. Smith, as I do with the others.'

I thought *I* knew: we were all young; our quick elastic tread, our bright voices, ringing with health and freedom, were ever placing themselves in contrast with the more feeble powers of the invalid. The Professor lived in a world removed from our world; I felt that, and though he was no check to our spirits, (indeed he often joined in the merriment as joyously as any) yet his mind was altogether cast in a graver mould; he seemed to have the mastery over himself in every way, and whenever he approached Carry I noticed that his step was subdued, and his voice—always low-toned and musical—was very sweet. Then he never overlooked her; in our walks and drives he always contrived, by some means, to make her participate in their pleasures. Sometimes he would put a lovely bouquet of wild flowers in my hand, and say, 'Will you take these to your sister, if you think that she will like them?' At another time he would decoy Harry away, and make him take a little sketch for Carry; then he would hunt for a new fern for her, but I generally made him give those to me for Lady Ida, who was a little weak-minded about ferns, even in those early times.

As I look back at those first wondrously happy days, my heart well nigh fails me; the task I have set myself seems so difficult.

How shall I tell of what follows? How shall I make it understood that I (brought up as a gentlewoman) so appropriated my cousin Phil, his time, and his attention, that I led two of the party to misread our 'friendship?' How shall I speak—as time went on—of how the light, which first came over me in rare flashes, rare, but vivid, deepened into the full dawn that Philip did not *love* me; did not love *me?* How shall I paint my inward struggles, my fightings with jealousy; those battles—in which, warring only with myself, whether I were the conqueror or the defeated, the sharp agony was all my own? How shall I tell of the pain that was mine, when I saw dear Phil—full of real true *friendship* for me—drawn hour by hour to Lady Ida, only to meet with quiet rebuffs, which wounded him to the quick, and which, I at last reluctantly owned to myself, were simply given from a wrong misunderstanding brought about by *my* conduct?

Lady Ida had read me truly; she could not quite believe that the feeling which I had for Phil was only friendship, and I saw by her conduct that she also believed that Phil had led me to think that he too had wandered from the narrow borders of friendship into those of love. I saw her dear eyes fixed wonderingly on Phil, I saw, or seemed to see, the question on her lips that yet she dare not ask; and I knew in my inmost soul that Ida had learned to love.

Hour by hour my aching heart asked of itself, 'What shall I do? Oh,

Digitized by Google

how can I find courage to right the great wrong I have worked on two I love?'

I do not mean that I sat myself calmly down and asked these questions in all the simplicity in which they appear here. Oftentimes I argued with myself (against my own inward conviction) that Philip still loved me—that Lady Ida was fancy free—that I was a prey to nervousness—that all would yet be well—that Harry would give me Lady Ida for a sister—that—

There was no end to the false suggestions of my heart; but always, with them all, there lay deep in my soul, the *knowledge* of the truth.

One comfort, amidst all this grief, was still mine; Phil never dreamed that I loved him. Alas! I knew this by the continual little efforts which I felt he was making to confide in me about Lady Ida. I would not receive his confidence; I escaped, as it were, for my life. I would not, could not, tear the veil from my bleeding heart.

What my mental sufferings at this time were, I could never tell. Naturally open-hearted and impulsive, I had to conceal my every feeling, to play a part; I, who scorned myself with a bitter scorn, for the weakness which kept me back from truth and honour.

Yet, I felt that my secret *was* known. Not to Harry, though sometimes when his dear arm stole round my waist, and he gave me a tender kiss on my forehead, I thought he was about to offer me the sympathy, which, if it was there, never came excepting silently.

Still my secret was known; else, how comes it now, that looking back on those days, the memory is fresh upon me, of an ever present watchful care, so that, in spite of my troubled heart, I was never left to feel neglected; never left to feel the sense of loneliness, that so commonly accompanies unfounded hope?

What became of my friendship in these days? Shall I be believed if I say that it still beat truly and warmly in my heart? that never did I think less lovingly of Lady Ida or of Cousin Phil—that the very intensity of my friendship added poignancy to what I suffered. Nay, come what might, I would be true, faithful to both—but how?

Lady Ida had nearly recovered the use of her arm; there was nothing to keep her at the Abbey but our constant asseverations that we could not get on without her. I could not but note that a shadow had come over the face I so much loved; that Lady Ida's joyous laugh came less frequently; that the bright blush which Philip's approach often called up, died sooner away, and was succeeded by a look of pain that went to my heart. Both Ida and Philip were unhappy, yet, still I durst not look the truth clearly in the face; and no word of mine had been spoken to disabuse Ida's mind of the idea which possessed it. Once, when we were together discussing the future, she put her hand gently, almost entreatingly, on mine, and whispered, 'You and Philip love each other very dearly, Molly?'

'I will tell her the truth,' I thought; then came the question, 'Am I

Digitized by Google

sure about Philip? Ought I to interfere?' and the opportunity passed away.

Lady Ida made several attempts to return to the Rectory, but we always made some hindrance, till at last the time came when, in a little imperative way, she so fixed the day that we felt we could stay her no longer.

I have spoken of Lady Ida's love for ferns. Now it happened that the noble *Osmunda regalis* only grew on one spot in our neighbourhood. Far away from the house, in a corner of the park, there was a deep dark pool, shaded by willow trees. It was an uncanny spot, and went by the name of 'Dead man's hole.' In the middle of the pool there was a tiny island, and on this island grew the fern, its beautiful fronds waving in triumph over the dark hole that gave its evil name to the place. No one had ever ventured to the island; indeed, there was a sort of superstition connected with the pit altogether: it was said to be haunted, and it boded no good to anyone to be seen near its precincts.

The day but one before that fixed upon for Lady Ida's departure, had arrived; we were all sitting beneath the cypress trees, talking of ferns and archery. Lady Ida had asked, 'Is there no way of getting at your royal recluse, Molly? how I wish I could swim.' I saw that Philip was listening, but he said nothing.

We had agreed to devote the afternoon to archery, but there was some dispute about the length of the ground, so after luncheon I put on my hat, and having borrowed a twenty-yard measuring tape from Sir Thomas, I went off alone to measure the ground, which was situated at some little distance from the Abbey.

Scarcely had I got there, when coming towards me I saw our old gardener; he was passing me with a kindly nod; then appearing to change his mind, he came up and said,

'There's Master Phil and me been a taking the little punt up to "Dead man's hole," to go after one of them rubbishy ferns; I hope he aint a going to upset hisself.'

'Oh, Philip's all right,' said I, laughing, and going on with my measuring. All at once there came over me a horror like that of death. I could not account for it. I took up my measuring-line, and flew, rather than walked, to the old pit.

It lay in a corner of the park where thistles abounded; these had been just mown down, and not far from the pit I saw the wooden rake lying, which had been used to gather them together; but the labourers were not there.

As I got near, I saw Philip emerging from the tangle of brush-wood, with a huge *Osmunda regalis* in his hand. A moment, and he was in the punt, then leaning over, I saw him stretching over to the island for the weighty fern. In dragging it, the punt moved, there was a dull thud, and splash in the water, and I saw the punt overturned, and no Philip.

Of what happened afterwards, to this hour I have no distinct recollection. I awoke to life to find myself lying on a heap of thistles

Digitized by Google

placed beneath my head, and with the Professor bending over me with a look of agony.

I gave a great cry, and again became insensible. Once more I awoke; there were voices around me, and Philip was pouring something down my throat.

'Drink this, darling,' said the old dear tones I loved so well; 'you have been ill, you must not speak;' he held my hand in his, and stooping over me, he kissed me for the first time in his life.

The Professor had disappeared, there was no one there but Philip and I.

By-and-by recollection came to me. 'I heard voices,' I said; 'where are they?'

'You were not yourself, Molly,' said the same soothing tones, 'and the Professor went away lest he should hear a secret.'

'You were not drowned, Philip?' I asked, shuddering violently; 'tell me what it all is.'

'Not now, Molly; let us try to take you home; are you quite yourself? Smith is not far off.' I tried to smile, and bidding Philip call the Professor, I told him I was quite well, yet I seemed in a dream, the voices sounded strange to me; I talked, but my words had no meaning.

So they led me home; and not till I arrived there, did I notice that I, as well as Philip, was dripping wet. I was taken to bed, and then Lady Ida became my nurse, hovering about me in gentle ministration, but every now and then I saw her lustrous eyes filled with tears, and once one large drop fell on my forehead.

'Dear Ida, what is it?' I said.

'How happy, how very happy, you must be, to have saved your cousin's life!' she answered.

'Does he say I saved his life, Ida? tell me about it. I can recollect nothing perfectly.'

'Oh, Molly,' said Ida, her face all alight, 'he says that he was nearly gone, when by an effort, almost miraculous in a woman, you moved the punt from where it was entangling him, and held out to him a large rake, by which you actually dragged him to land; and then with one long scream you fainted away. He has been to the pit since, and has found a long tape tied to a willow branch; he thinks you must have clung to this when you waded out into the pit, almost beyond your depth; but how you did it in such a moment, neither he nor Sir Thomas can imagine.'

'Nor I either,' said I; 'I can remember nothing from the moment when I saw Phil in danger.'

'Yet you saved his life! O Molly, what would I not give for your presence of mind!'

Yes! I felt I had saved Philip's life, for he was entangled in the punt, which was just over 'Dead man's hole.' I liked to think of this—humanly speaking, Philip owed his life to me. But there was one thing on which I could not dwell without painful blushes—what had been the nature of the 'secret' I had revealed, which made the Professor move

Digitized by Google

away? and why had Philip kissed me? Never before (save in fun beneath the Christmas mistletoe) had our lips met—what did it mean? I remembered Phil's face as he bent over me, it was full of grief; there was no smile when I recovered, only the same still sorrow. Oh! what had I said?

Through the long hours of the night, I lay tossing on my bed, thinking and resolving. Phil's room was above mine, and hour after hour I heard a step moving up and down—he too was troubled, what did it mean?

I prayed for light and help, as those pray whose need is very sore. I little dreamed, as the silent words went thronging up from my burdened heart, how my prayer would be granted.

Morning came at last, and with it a letter from Phil. I held it unopened in my hand, while the swift petition went up once more for Light and strength.

And then I read. It was as follows:

How shall I say to you that which I feel I must say before we meet again? Molly, you have been my life's friend, and now you have saved the life you have helped to make so happy.

With all the dear friendship you have given me, will you believe me when I tell you, that never, till yesterday, did I even dream that you loved me more than as a cousin. I was so happy with you, dearest, that I never stayed to question my own heart about you. I loved you so dearly, that I never thought to ask myself the sort of love I felt, and now I know that in so doing I have wronged you.

Molly, I have always dealt truly with you; let me deal truly with you now. All my life long I have never cared for any woman but you, till— (O Molly! there must be no secret between those who hope to spend their lives together)—till lately. I will tell the truth boldly; till I saw Lady Ida I never questioned my heart at all; life flowed on so happily for me, that I never cared to disturb it.

And now I know how your dear heart has been wounded by me; but I never meant to wound you, you know that. I love you too well, too dearly. But we need not dwell upon the sad past: listen to me, my darling, tell me with your own lips that you will be mine, and it shall be the one endeavour of my life to make you happy. By-and-by, dear Molly, we shall remember only how dear we have always been to each other.

Write to me one little word—say only, "All shall be as you wish, Philip," and then, darling, I will go away, returning in a day or two to hear from your very self that you will be mine.

And so light came—not in fitful gleams, not in shadows, but full and clear, lighting up my Philip's noble character, as with the light of Heaven. *My* Philip? yes, mine; my friend now, and for evermore. All doubt, all hesitation, seemed gone—my eyes flashed—my heart stirred to its depths within me. Should Phil be sacrificed? *my* Phil?

I took my pen, and ere the glow passed from my heart, I wrote:

You dear old Phil,

When people lose their senses, they do not mean exactly all they say. As an honourable man, I look to you to forget anything I may have said yesterday. I do not see drowning men every day, but when I do, be they

Digitized by Google

cousin Phils or be they strangers, I shall hold out a rake to them if I can get one! You shall not go away, and yet I do declare "all shall be as you wish!"

Go down to breakfast like a good Phil, and be as agreeable as possible. I mean to tell Lady Ida part of your letter, I vow I will, so it's of no use your being angry, but I shall not tell her till after breakfast, so make the most of your time.

You will never (*I mean it*, dearest Phil) get a word more of sense from me on the subject you write about, only please don't be ashamed of having loved me, for I love you very dearly, though I seem to have gone a little too far in my expression of it yesterday.

Your loving cousin and friend till death,
MOLLY.

P.S.—Keep a good cup of tea warm for me, for I shall be late at breakfast.

I sent my letter, I did not stay to think. I *knew* I had done right at last; I had asked for light and help, and I knew both had been given.

Once only my courage failed me. I was putting Phil's letter away in my desk, but a voice spoke within, and not daring to parley, I lighted a match and burned it to ashes.

Then I dressed. 'I will think no more,' I kept saying to myself, 'to-day I will only act.'

I was very late, and my brothers had left the breakfast-room when I entered.

I do not believe I faltered in look or tone as I accosted each one present, and listened to all the kind inquiries and remarks they made.

'Dear heart,' said I at length, when there came a pause, 'how much I do like being a heroine. It must be pleasant to save anybody's life, but to have fished up Cousin Phil with a rake is almost too much happiness for me.—You must know,' I said, turning full on the Professor, 'that Phil and I have been brought up together, and we are like brother and sister. Phil tells me that I talked a lot of nonsense yesterday, when I was silly enough to faint, but I have threatened to let him drown next time, if he ever dares to repeat a word.—Come, you must promise it, Phil.'

Phil looked at me with wondering, inquiring eyes, but I only looked again, and nodded brightly, saying, 'Promise, Phil!'

'I promise,' said Phil, in a dreamy voice.

An hour later, I followed Lady Ida to the library. We stood together looking out at the river flowing so peacefully through the grounds—a lovely swan here and there, arching its beautiful neck, and as they went sailing down, I felt as if they were bearing the burden of my life away from me—far, far away.

Suddenly I drew Lady Ida towards me. 'Ida,' I said, 'I want to tell you a secret; will you believe me fully, implicitly?'

'Dear Mary,' she answered sweetly, 'I believe you fully, as I believe my own heart.'

Digitized by Google

'Then,' said I in a whisper, 'Philip has never loved me more than as a sister, never given me any reason to think he did; and I hope he never may, Ida, for between you and me, he loves somebody else; and when I saved his life yesterday, I saved it for *you!*'

I kissed her, and ran away.

Poor Philip was walking disconsolately beneath the cypress trees. The life I had saved, if indeed I had saved it, did not seem very bright to him just then. I went up to where he stood, and gently putting my hand within his arm, I said,

'Philip, you must let me speak a few words to you without any interruption. I have done you a wrong—unintentionally, but that I need not tell you, I shall not even ask you to forgive me: you will let me bury it in peace, and forget it? Yet I owe you some reparation—nay, you are not to speak—I have tried to make it; I have said to Lady Ida—hush, hush,' I said, laying my hand over his mouth, 'I have said to her these simple words, "Ida, Cousin Phil and I have never been more than dear cousins, and I hope we never shall be, for I think he loves someone else;" and Phil,' I added, 'I *think* Ida loves you!'

I felt the strong man tremble; he walked on in silence for a few minutes, and then he said,

'Molly, for my sake you are breaking your heart.'

I looked up at Cousin Phil steadily, and answered brightly, 'Phil, there shall be perfect truth between us; listen to me. I believe that He whom I long to serve faithfully, will make me happier, even to-day, than any earthly love could make me.'

Philip understood the full meaning of my words, and, stooping down, he once more kissed me.

'For the very last time,' I said, laughing; 'and let all be settled to-day; I left Ida in the library.'

And it *was* settled.

CONCLUSION.

'Not all regret: the face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone;
And that dear voice, I once have known,
Still speak to me of me and mine:

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
For days of happy commune dead;
Less yearning for the friendship fled,
Than some strong bond which is to be.'

In Memoriam.

MANY years have passed away since the events, of which I have written in the preceding chapters, happened. Ida and Phil are an old married couple now, with beautiful children growing up around

Digitized by Google

them. Their lives flow onwards in perfect harmony, and between themselves and me there exists as perfect a friendship as is to be found on earth.

If I were to say that I experienced no difficulty in, at once and for ever, shutting out of my heart all the old habits of thought and feeling about Phil, I should not speak of myself as the weak and erring being my past history proves me to be; but I felt, as we all may feel, that day by day my honest endeavours made my path easier, my happiness more secure.

Between Philip and myself, the subject of his letter was never mentioned again; while Ida was too securely happy to doubt for a moment that the misreading of our friendship had been caused solely by her own want of vision, and not by any erroneous idea on my part.

I do not believe that any of my own family, unless it were Harry, ever guessed my secret; though I fancied that my father and mother felt a little disappointment at relinquishing all hope for Dick, when the fact of Philip's engagement to Ida was made known at the Abbey. Once, when Harry and I were talking of the approaching marriage, he rose up hastily from his chair, and coming to me, kissed me, saying, 'Ah, Molly, I too was hit hard.' No other word was ever openly spoken between us, but Harry and I became, if possible, more to each other than ever; and when, by-and-by, he brought home a bride of his own to the Abbey, I fancied that I could trace in her gentle winning ways some resemblance to the dear friend we both valued so highly.

I never made any *such* friend as Phil had been again, though friendly hearts seem ever to surround my path on earth.

Dear studious Dick, and my noble father, have both passed away to the unseen world; and Harry dwells at the Abbey as the eighth baronet.

At my father's death, my mother and Carry, with my younger sisters, went to the dower house; and we spend a part of every year there with them.

But who makes the *we*?

I have said that I would not confess whether I were young or old, married or single; but I will own thus much, that as I was writing the preceding pages, and had reached the part which speaks of my exacting the promise of silence from Phil, as to what I had revealed when I was recovering from the fainting fit at 'Dead man's hole,' I felt someone leaning tenderly over me, and a musical voice saying wickedly in my ear,

'But *I* never promised to keep your secret, Molly!'

FF.

Digitized by Google

ANTIQUE GEMS AND SIGNET RINGS.

* 'Ecquid ab impressa cognoscis imagine gemmæ
Hæc tibi Nasonem scribere verba, Macer?
Auctorisque sui si non est annulus index,
Cognitane est nostra litera facta manu?
An tibi notitiam mora temporis eripit horum?
Nec repetunt oculi signa vetusta tui?
Sis licet oblitus pariter gemmæque manusque
Exciderit tantum ne tibi cura mei.'

UNFORTUNATELY for the archæologist, Ovid does not specify the device thus elegantly alluded to as sealing these plaintive lines to his old friend, from the dreary island prison, to which, for some unexplained offence,† he was banished by his former patron, Augustus Cæsar. But in other cases we are more favoured, and I shall therefore select some of the more curious and characteristic devices adopted by the mighty dead; and in so doing, take advantage of the chance, in order to glance rapidly at the kind of subjects (and the way in which they were treated) upon which the great gem engravers of the various periods loved best to exercise their fascinating art.

We have so many different descriptions of the signet with which Xerxes, King of Persia, issued his rash decrees, that I am disposed to believe that he was a great gem-fancier, and not contented with one device, adopted several, perhaps for different purposes. The scholiast upon Thucydides (i. 129) says, that the king's signet was a portrait, either of himself, or of Cyrus, the founder of the monarchy. But Polyænus as distinctly states, that the device was a half-naked woman issuing from a bath, with her hair dishevelled, commemorating, according to him, the tradition, that their queen, Rhodogune, rushing in this state from her bath, (exactly the same story is told of the more ancient Semiramis,) had quelled by her 'lion port' a dangerous revolt of her subjects. 'Apparently,' says Mr. King, to whom I am indebted for this story, 'it was a Greek fiction, (coined after their wont, rather than express ignorance,) to explain the figure of Anaitis, the Babylonish Venus, so frequently thus depicted on their cylinders.' But I should

* "How is it, my friend Macer, that you do not know from the device of my signet gem, that I, Nero, have written these lines to you? and if the ring be not sufficient sign of the author, do you not know my hand-writing? Is it lapse of time that has wiped my memory away? nor do your very eyes recognize the ancient signs? Well, you may forget both my seal and my hand, if you will still keep your affection towards me."—*Epist. Ex. Ponto.* ii. 10.

† 'Cur aliquid vidi? Cur noxia lumina feci?
Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi?
Inscius Actæon vidit sine veste Dianam;
Præda fuit canibus non minus ille suis,'
(Tristium, ii. 103.)

says Ovid himself.

Digitized by Google

rather incline to the belief, also supported by the scholiast above referred to, that the signet most used by Xerxes represented the famous horse of Darius. It will be remembered, that when Smerdis, the Magian, usurped the throne of Persia, under pretence of being the privately executed Smerdis, brother of the late King Cambyses, he was detected by Phædyma, a lady of the court, who informed the grandees of the kingdom, that by the fact of his ears being 'conspicuous by their absence,' she knew him to be an impostor. Having with six other conspirators destroyed this usurper, it became necessary for Darius to contrive, in some way or other, to step into the vacant throne; it was accordingly settled, that on a certain day they should all assemble, and that he whose horse neighed first should be elected king. Having got thus far, Darius and his groom, by some clever horse-jockey trick, soon managed to make his horse neigh; and Darius was hailed as king by Heaven's decree. This horse, then, Xerxes wore as one, at all events, of his signet rings, if not the seal of state itself.

The great Alexander used the signet of Darius when he had conquered Persia, in all his Persian edicts; but to the Greek people he sent letters sealed with his father's 'arms,' if I may venture on the anachronism:* a lion passant, with a club in the field above—in allusion to Hercules, the supposed ancestor of the Macedonian kings—engraved on an emerald, a gem always set apart for the royal signet of Macedon. Seleucus, Alexander's general, and one of the successors to the empire, bore for his device an anchor; it being reported that Apollo had adopted him, and given his mother a signet with that subject graven upon it; and that the young Seleucus and his posterity for many generations preserved this anchor graven or stamped on their legs, like the horse-shoe mark on the forehead of Scott's weird 'Red Gauntlet.'†

I have already noticed the pretty general practice of describing the signet in the body of a letter, as a check on the messenger. Thus we find Areius, King of Sparta, ending a letter to Onias, high priest of the Jews: 'the seal is an eagle grasping a serpent in its talons.' 'It is singular,' says King, 'that this group of the eagle and serpent is described by Nicetas amongst the miracles of art, standing in the hippodrome of Constantinople, and melted down by the Franks for coin in 1204.'

How nearly the mediæval system of heraldry was being antedated by the family signets and emblems of the ancients, may be gathered

* 'Even at this early period, every man had a fixed device for his signet, as well known and unchangeable as our armorial bearings. Quint. Curtius mentions a conspiracy detected, in consequence of a letter being brought to an officer of Alexander's army bearing an *unknown* seal, which proved to be from an agent of Darius, plotting the assassination of the king.'—*King. Hand-book of Gems*, p. 190.

† The ancients indulged largely in this species of 'canting arms,' as the heralds call it; examples of which are the *burning sun* of Aburius, the *elephant* of Cæsar, (so called in Punic,) the butting bull of Taurus, and a crane, the type of invulnerability, for the *Valerian* gens.

Digitized by Google

from comparing some of them together. Thus the Scipio family, deriving their name from *σκήπτω*, the technical term for the lightning-stroke—adopted Jupiter Tonans as the type of their family coins. Quintus Cornelius Lupus, again, adopted a horse's head, the emblem of Gaul, which still in German signifies horse, and two barbarian shields crossed (*en saltire,*) to denote the allied Isulus and Cænomani, vanquished by his father, or uncle, B. C. 198.

Many instances of this family pride might be brought forward:* on the denarii of the Minucia and Servilia families are figured terrific combats with the gallant Gauls, and other hereditary enemies of Rome.

Perhaps the most interesting of all these military trophy-signets is that of Sylla, the Dictator; for Pliny tells us that he adopted his first great triumph, 'The surrender of Jugurtha.' Here, on some sard, sapphire, or perhaps onyx gem, was graven the Roman general, the lord of conquered Mauritania, seated on his 'tribunal,' two men kneeling before him; the one in military guise, the conquered captive prince; the other his betrayer, Bocchus, holding out a bay branch, the established emblem of a suppliant. Even Julius Cæsar shared the prevailing passion for engraved gems, which, as early as the days of Aristophanes, was carried to such an excess, that the poet coined the word, *σφραγιδονυχαργοκομῆται*—'Lazy, long-haired fellows, with fingers covered with rings down to the bottom of the nails,'—to express his contempt.† A Venus Victrix, from whom Cæsar boasted that he derived his origin and his immortal beauty,‡ was the signet of the Napoleon of ancient Rome; and her name was the watch-word in the most important of his battles.

One of the earliest mentions of the device on a Greek signet, is in connection with the following story. 'When Clearchus, Cyrus the younger's general, had been treacherously made prisoner by Tissaphernes, and was languishing in chains before his execution, he begged for a comb, his hair being worn with full flowing locks after the Spartan fashion, which apparently slight favour was only obtained him by the intercession of Ctesias, the royal physician. In return, Clearchus presented him with his signet, to serve as a letter of introduction to his family, should Ctesias ever visit Sparta. The device was the maidens of Carya, dancing.

The sphinx ring of Augustus, which, when he found the secret of its duplicate had oozed out, he replaced by a head of Alexander—a

* A Spaniard, whose father had been slain in single combat with Scipio Æmilianus, was so proud of the honour done to his family, that he took for his signet an intaglio of the duel; whereupon Stilo wittily asks, 'What would he not have done had his father killed Scipio?'

† The very tiny rings which puzzle the unknowing in ancient art, were used for the first joint only of the little finger.

‡ *ὅτι αὐτος τί ὥρης ἀπ' αὐτης ἴσχει.*

Digitized by Google

subject, by the way, which was always considered peculiarly fortunate, and was worn by many of the superstitious as a charm or amulet; the frog, which denoted that Mæcenas had more taxes in store for the unlucky recipient; the grand emerald of Lucullus, incised with a portrait of one of the Ptolemies, a present from a king to a noble, worthy of both giver and accepter; the family portrait rings of the Scipios and the Lentuli, precious remembrances of the best days of Rome's republic; the hammer engraved on C. Malleolus's signet, after the 'Canting fashion of arms,' to which I before alluded—are only a few of the examples which I might quote.

Every kind of bird, as the eagle of Jupiter, a great favourite with the Ptolemies; or the owl of Minerva; the dove of Venus, which also was a Christian device, like the sacred emblem the fish (ιχθύς); every sort of insect, from the scarabœus of archaic Egypt—the butterfly, (Psyche,) an emblem, even in Pagan times, of the soul's immortality, symbolizing the resurrection, and generally affixed to gem portraits of Plato, who believed that blessed truth—to tiny flies, ants, and other mites, which could be represented in life-size on very small gems; horses, dogs, four-horse cars, musical instruments, ships of war, public buildings—in fact, every kind of subject, human or divine, in the air, the water, or on the earth, was seized upon by the seekers of novelty.

Cicero says, 'I cannot forget Epicurus, even if I wished it, for my friends have his portrait, not only in paintings, but on their very drinking-cups, and on their rings.' Certainly, Epicurus was at one time excessively popular; but I fear Fabricius had good reason for his wish expressed in the Roman Senate, that all the enemies of the Republic might be his followers; but Socrates, an infinitely purer stamp of philosopher, was generally transformed into a grotesque mask or gryllus, his personal ugliness, which was of the highest order, being heightened by all the caprices of art, and joined to the body of a ram, a boar, or an elephant.

Many of these grotesque figures which we see in collections, contain, however, allusions to the subtle mysteries of the Cabiri, of Mithras, of the Gnostic heresy, and of other curious perversions of the truth by oriental imagination, on which subject, though I should like to introduce it to my readers, I can only here have space to refer them to the works of Faber, Bryant, King, and Deane. Mithridates, or as his name in Greek would be Heliodorus, the Sun-given, Alexander, and Augustus, or very generally the then reigning emperor, if a good one, were considered talismanic portraits, which accounts for their endless repetition. Nemesis and Victory—sometimes depicted in form and appearance so much alike, that you can hardly tell which is the goddess of retribution, and which the personification of success—are, says Dr. King, the most common subjects of intagli. Venus and Minerva, Mercury, a great signet for merchants, being god of trade; Bacchus, 'ever fair and young;' Hercules;

Digitized by Google

Jupiter, especially Jupiter Serapis; Apollo, Mars, Cupid, and the Graces, are perhaps the most popular deities. Pluto is rare; Diana and Juno unpopular; Neptune, Saturn, Vulcan, the same. Ceres, although so much and so mysteriously worshipped, is unfrequent, and the abduction of her daughter Proserpine considered so unlucky a symbol, that a gem with that subject graven upon it, given by the infamous Sporus to his brutal patron Nero, was regarded as an omen of his fall.

To my mind, one most important difference between the Greek and Roman use of the art of gem engraving is, that the Greeks were far more simple and idealistic; they comparatively seldom introduced portraits, and seldom any work containing more than three figures, and not such large and elaborate camei as the Apotheosis of Augustus. But the Romans loved portraits; they were more personal and materialistic than the Greeks; hence the difference between the Parthenon and the Colosseum, the Homeric and Virgilian poem, and the Greek epigram of the anthology and the Latin pointed personality of Martial.

It was considered a mark of only common loyalty to wear a portrait of the reigning monarch, though, as I have said, it might be also done from selfish motives; not that these portraits always remained in favour, for it was a most common practice for obnoxious tyrants to be executed in effigy, by the destruction of all their signet-gem portraits, when their former admirers had either deposed them, or been released by death from their bondage. *

Of the absurd rules and regulations made by Tiberius and other similar tyrants, that their gemmed portraits should never be polluted by being taken into bad company, &c., I need not here discourse; † but it is a curious proof of how easy it is for a mere man, when invested with absolute power over his fellows, to persuade himself, and allow others to believe or make him believe, that he is divine.

> 'Hæc tibi dissimulas, sentis tamen, optime, dici
> In digito qui me fersque refersque tuo;
> Effigiemque meam fulvo complexus in auro
> Cara relegati, qua potes, ora vides.'
>
> *Tristium*, L. vii. 7.

So sings poor banished Ovid. And the custom to which he alludes, of the admirers of literary men wearing their portraits in their rings, is one which strikes me as particularly graceful. We are too prosaic now, too much in a hurry, too selfish, tired, and care-worn, to indulge in those little elegant amenities, which delighted the worthies of ancient days. Suppose anyone sealing with a head of Charles Kingsley, Tennyson, Landseer, Lord Derby, Gladstone, Stuart Mill, or any other hero or heroine of this day—why, unless the whole portrait was treated

* Of this we have in the British Museum, the examples of a portrait of Caracalla, and one of Messalina, in the newly added Blacas collection.

† Seneca, I remember, gives us some ludicrous details of this folly; but the reference has escaped my memory.

Digitized by Google

à l'antique, in which case it would be a servile copy of some good gem, the result would be but poor. Look at our statues, our 'public monuments of great men;' why, an ancient Greek or Roman would shudder at the appearance of Trafalgar Square, and absolutely faint away at the awful apparition of the quoit-playing goddess of the Guards' memorial. It is from this tendency of all human sciences and arts, to come to perfection by degrees, to decline by degrees, and never to be all at perfection during the same age, which makes the studies of the antiquarian and the archæologist fascinating beyond the comprehension of those who do not realize the fact, that perfection is strewed up and down the shores of the time ocean, and that it is good for some to preserve and think over the relics.

With these imperfect remarks, I must conclude that portion of this essay which is connected with the art of gem engraving as a fine art; and can only assure my readers, that if they refer to the pages of Mr. King's four works on engraved stones, gems, and the remains of Gnosticism, and supplement them, if they will, by the works of Mariette, Visconti, Winckelmann, Lessing, Count de Caylus, Montfaucon, and after King's special work on the precious stones themselves, read the clever hand-book published by Harry Emmanuel, (who, however, in a copious list of 'every authority' on this subject totally omits Mr. King, a master mind,) their time will have been pleasantly spent, and their artistic perceptions mightily quickened, both by exquisite plates, and penetrating criticism.

There is no portion of the history of signet and other gems so curious, as the quiet manner in which the mediæval collectors, whether lay or clerical, adapted them to their own purposes; to this they were led, both by the intrinsic beauty of the gems, which during the dark ages no European jeweller could attempt to work, and secondly by the odd ideas as to the mystic virtues of different stones, a collection of which superstitions would fill more than one portly volume; and again, by certain traditionary legends, which sanctified some of the most remarkable.

Whenever the subjects of these ancient gems could possibly be so interpreted, they were set down as scriptural, or '*pierres d' Israel*,' as they were very frequently called.* 'Thus,' says King, 'the triple Bacchic mask of the Roman stage was revered as the Trinity in Person, and the legend added below to make it certain, "Hæc est Trinitatis Imago;" every veiled female became a Madonna or a Magdalene; Isis nursing Horus became a Virgin and Child.' Thalia, holding a mask, became charmingly suitable to Herodias carrying the Baptist's head, and is inscribed '*Jesus est amor meus*.' Jupiter with his eagle, amongst Charles VI.'s jewels, became St. John the Evangelist. Bacchus, with

* They seem to have fitted into the mediæval mythology of the Romish Church—even Leda and her swan, but as a type of what, I am unable to conjecture; it sufficiently shows, however, to what a depth of ignorance artistic feeling had fallen.

Digitized by Google

his crooked pedum, became some ancient saint, or crosiered prelate. Cupids, of course, Mr. King assures us, became 'quite orthodox angels in the times that saw

> "Peter's keys some christened Jove adorn;
> And Pan to Moses lend his pagan horn;
> And graceless Venus to a virgin turn.'" *

Caracalla, oddly enough, was always put down as St. Peter, and a key introduced into the design, with the legend, Petros, 'for the benefit of country gentlemen.' The monks of Durham, says the same authority, took Jupiter Fulgurator for St. Oswald, and boldly labeled him '*Caput Sancti Oswaldi.*' Serapis passed for our blessed Lord; and the grandest cameo in the world, the Apotheosis of Augustus, owed its preservation to the idea that it was a contemporary representation of the glory of Joseph in Egypt; and a 'dispute between Neptune and Minerva,' with a vine encircling a tree in the foreground, became the picture of Adam and Eve in Paradise, and as such was given by some priests to Louis XIV. But the most marvellous instance of this conversion, this Christianizing of old Pagan gems, was the case of a cameo preserved in the Abbey of St. Germain des Prés, which, for full one thousand years, was venerated in consequence of some old Talmud tradition, as the actual espousal ring of the Virgin Mary and Joseph, and the portraits on it asserted to be their undoubted likeness. However, when a Greek scholar was rashly permitted to examine this priceless relic, he read the plain Greek names, 'Alpheus with Aretho;' an espousal ring, certainly, but not of the Virgin Mary. This gem is now one of the curiosities of the huge imperial cabinet of Russia. I have myself seen at Chichester, in the cathedral library, an ancient gem, a 'serpent-legged abratas,' as Mr. King pronounces it, that is the Mithraic, Gnostic, or cabalistic, equivalent of the 'Blessed name Jehovah;' this symbol of a debased, though comparatively modern, heathenism, Seffrid, Bishop of Chichester, (died 1159,) selected for his episcopal signet, and on his skeleton hand it was discovered some few years ago. Mr. King imagines he adopted it from the numerous virtues ascribed to this particular Gnostic deity when converted into a 'Sigil charm' by Camillo Leonardo, one of those quacks of the dark ages, who pandered with much erudition to the silly superstitions which all classes believed in, with reference to gems, precious stones, amulets, charms, potions, and the other abominations, with which they filled their Lapidaria, or treatises on medical gems. I almost think, though, that the fact of its being a very fine sapphire, a gem devoted to the purposes of bishops' signets, was in reality the reason why the bishop adopted it. †

* King's Hand-book, p. 139.

† The sapphire being an emblem of chastity, was selected for the episcopal rings, as they were bound to perpetual celibacy; but when rubies are found in real bishops' rings, it may generally be assumed that these rings belonged to a *cardinal bishop*.

Digitized by Google

This use of rings, as a type of that union which exists in mysterious perfection between Christ and His Church, is too well known to need much comment here. At the time of his investiture, the bishop designate received the following address when the ring was placed on his finger: 'Accipe annulum discretionis et honoris et fidei signum, ut quæ signanda sunt signes et quæ aperienda sunt prodas, quæ liganda sunt liges, quæ solvenda sunt solves;' being actually the same spirit, only with a visible sign, as our blessed Lord's words, 'Whatsoever ye bind on earth, shall be bound in Heaven,' &c.

Nuns too were reminded by a ring of their espousals to the Saviour: and these rings are plentiful in collections.

Instead of attempting to compress within the limits of this essay anything like a summary of the mystic properties, significations, and other attributes of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, emeralds, and their fellows, I will, going on the '*Ex 'uno disce omnes*' principle, appeal to the highest authority I have at hand, Pope Innocent III., and transcribe his letter to John King of England, which will, I hope, give my readers a fair idea of the kind of mystical theology, with which—perhaps from the examples of the breast-plate of the high priest, and the many allusions to precious stones in the Revelation of St. John—mediæval Christianity abounded, equally with Gnosticism, and the like.

Pope Innocent III. to King John of England:—

'Among the riches that mortals prize as the most valuable, it is our opinion that gold and precious stones hold the first rank. Though we know your Royal Excellency has no want of such things, we send you, as a mark of our favour, four rings set with gems: we beg that you will consider the mystery of their form, number, and colour, rather than their value. Their roundness, which denotes eternity, without beginning or end, ought to induce you to tend from things temporal to things eternal. Their number, four, which is a square, denotes firmness of mind, neither shaken by adversity, nor elevated by prosperity, but always in the same state. This is a perfection to which your mind will arrive when adorned with the four cardinal virtues, justice, fortitude, prudence, temperance. The first will be of use in judgment, the second in adversity, the third in doubt, the fourth in prosperity. By gold is typified wisdom; as gold is the most precious of metals, so is wisdom of endowments the most excellent; as the prophet says, "Wisdom's spirit shall rest upon him;" and indeed there is nothing more requisite in a sovereign. Accordingly, Solomon asked God only for wisdom to govern aright. The green colour of the emerald is Faith; the clearness of sapphire is Hope; the redness of ruby is Charity; and the colour of opal is Good Works. In the emerald therefore you have what to believe; in the sapphire what you are to hope; in the ruby what you are to love; and in the opal what you are to do; to the end that you may proceed from grace to grace, till you come to the vision of God in Sion.'*

In many cases, I firmly believe that such princes as Edgar King of Saxon England, Lothaire of the Frankish monarchy, John, and Louis VIII., used antique gems, not merely because they were rich and striking, but because art had so entirely died out, that they perceived the

* Madame Barera.

Digitized by Google

work of the old masters actually gave a better resemblance of their own features than any of their own artists could have accomplished. *

The ancient Romans most probably learnt the use of rings from the Etruscans, their great teachers in all refined handicraft; but at first they contented themselves with plain iron signets, with the device cut on the metal itself. The grand old Roman of the Republic wore nothing else; and with such a ring on his finger, Marius of Arpinum triumphed over Jugurtha. Then came the use of engraved gold rings, as signs of their mission, by Roman envoys to more luxurious nations; first, only on actual service, then retained in private life, and then assumed by the consuls, senators, chief magistrates, and the 'equites,' or knightly order of Rome. Herein, Rome is peculiar in its laws, which regulated the possession of a gold ring; for with the solitary exception of Sparta, whose citizens, under the hard rule of Lycurgus, were only permitted iron rings for the mere necessary purposes, the usage of no other state than the great Italian republic restricted this right—the '*jas annuli*,' as it is technically called—to those of noble or knightly rank. Gradually, however, the proconsuls, and others in detached commands, conferred the right and its accompanying privilèges upon their subordinates; and thus, especially under the Empire, many men of low extraction and vile character became ennobled. So much was this the case, that Tiberius, A. D. 22, decreed that those free men only should have the '*jas annuli*,' whose fathers and grandfathers had possessed property to the amount of 400,000 sesterces. (£3,500.) But this restriction was soon forgotten; and Justinian surrendered the right to all citizens of the empire.

While the old laws were in force, many intricate distinctions were made; thus, the noble and equestrian orders wore gold, the freedmen who had been slaves wore silver, and actual slaves—and then again, through pride, some of the most ancient nobility, old in the best days of the Republic—wore iron. Again, any noble or knight who squandered his property, and was reduced below a certain amount of fortune, might be deprived of a rank which his folly had left him no means to support. Thus unlucky was one Macer, whom Martial laughs at. (Ep. Lib. viii., No. 5.)

'Dum donas, Macer, annulos puellis;
Desisti, Macer, annulos habere.' †

And the same epigrammatist who exposes so wittily the little traits of nature, the odd habits, the dissipation—or, in a word, '*La vie Parisienne*,' if I may be pardoned the expression—of old Rome, represents Zoilus, once a slave, but now a gold-ringed senator, offering his fetters to

* Thus, too, King Pepin sealed with an antique Indian Bacchus; Charlemagne with a Jupiter Serapis.

† 'You have given so many girls a ring,
That you yourself have no such thing.'
Hay.

Digitized by Google

Saturn, who having himself been chained by Jupiter, was the patron of emancipated slaves.

'Has cum gemina compede dedicat catenas
Saturne, tibi Zoilus, annulos priores.' *

Zoilus, it would seem, indulged in very heavy rings: some have been found weighing as much as three ounces, for ostentation, in most cases; though in the brutal combats of the gladiators, a three or four ounce ring was used, like what our ingenious American cousins call knuckle-dusters, a blow from which was fatal. However, Martial takes care not to let Zoilus off, for he sneers:—(Lib. xi. No. 37.)

'Zoile quid totâ gemmam præcingere librâ
Te juvat et miserum perdere sardonycha?
Annulus iste tuis fuerat modo cruribus aptus;
Non eadem digitis pondera conveniunt.' †

The curious reader may consult the special works of Kirchmann, 'De Annulis,' and Burmann, 'De Jure Annulorum,' should he wish to become learned in the mysteries of the laws of rings; for my part, I hardly think 'the game is worth the candle' which the learned Germans have bestowed upon it.

The extent to which the wealthy Romans carried this ostentatious luxury is almost inconceivable. Seneca relates of the great Julius Cæsar, 'When he gave Pompeius Pennus his life, if not taking it away may be called giving it, he held out his foot for him to kiss, in order to display the splendid gems with which his boots were studded, whole cabinets of which he collected with the utmost avidity, and even gave up six (dactyliotheca) to the temple of Venus Victrix.' Like a dandy of the last century who indulged in summer and winter snuff-boxes, so the exquisites of Imperial Rome had their summer rings of sardonyx, crystal, and emerald, their winter ones of onyx, agate, and the larger class of gems. Some—even like the foppish Heliogabalus, the first Roman who ever ventured to wear a complete robe of silk—never wore the same ring twice.

The ring of one of the three empresses who bore the name of Faustina, was valued at £40,000; that of the Emperor Domitian at £60,000; and the ear-rings of Cæsar's wife, at very nearly a quarter of a million of our present money. I confess that I do not place implicit confidence in the many marvellous accounts of the immensity of ancient wealth, which are handed down to us by tradition; therefore, instead

* 'To thee, O Saturn! Zoilus gives these chains and double fetters; the first rings he wore.'

† 'Why, Zoilus, dost thou bury, not enfold,
Thy small sardonyx in a pound of gold?
When late a slave, this ring thy leg might wear;
But such a weight thy fingers cannot bear.'

Digitized by Google

of collecting them from the pages of the Greek and Roman poets and satirists, I will only extract this passage from Pliny, (ix. 58.) as translated by Mr. King. 'I have seen,' says he, 'Lollia Paulina, once the wife of the Emperor Caligula—though it was on no great occasion, nor was she in full dress of ceremony, but merely at an ordinary wedding party—I have seen her covered all over with emeralds and pearls, in alternate rows, over all her head, her hair, fillet, ears, neck, and fingers; the value of which amounted to forty millions of sesterces, (£400,000,) *a value which she was ready to attest by vouchers of money paid.* Nor were these jewels the presents of an extravagant prince; they were, on the other hand, heir-looms of the family, bought with the spoils of provinces. This was the result of peculation; this the end for which M. Lollius made himself infamous over all the East, by taking bribes from princes, and at the last drank poison when Caius Cæsar had renounced his friendship; all for this end, that his granddaughter might show off herself by lamp-light, covered with the value of forty millions of sesterces! Let anyone now count up the sums carried in triumph by Cassius or Fabricius on the one side, and let him picture their scanty dishes; then, on the other side, Lollia, a wretched woman, a tyrant's plaything, seated at the feast; would he not have preferred that they should have been dragged down from their triumphal cars, rather than have been victors for such a cause as this?'

Fain would I linger awhile on the subject of Roman luxury and extravagance; for, with all deductions for exaggeration, the profusion of such men as Nero, Heliogabalus, Commodus, Caligula, and their favourites, is almost beyond belief. We hear of the commonest and basest utensils being made of onyx, agate, or the far-famed 'murrhina,' covered all over with exquisite cameo work, like the Portland vase, and even more valuable than that exquisite piece of art. Petronius, for instance, possessed a 'trulla,' (wash-hand-basin,) valued at *three thousand talents*, which, as he died, he broke, for fear it should fall into the hands of Nero; and this emperor had therefore to give the same sum for one considerably smaller.

In every succeeding age, after the death of Augustus, we find the splendour of Rome becoming more and more barbaric; art neglected for curiosity, singularity, or the possession of works of inferior taste, coveted for their mere intrinsic value, like the trulla of Nero and Petronius. Still it is a pity that—with the exception of the wedding-casket, and complete silver toilette-service of the Roman bride, Projecta, made on the occasion of her marriage to Secundus, about the close of the fifth century of our era—we have no relics of the 'family plate,' some of which was profusely studded with gems, both camei and intagli. This wedding set, discovered in 1793 at Rome, forms part of the Blacas cabinet, of which I have so often spoken; it is in most admirable preservation, of solid silver; and besides the usual ewer, wash-hand-basin, scent-bottles, vases, and dishes, which our own larger dressing-

Digitized by Google

cases contain, there are four seated figures, of Rome, Constantinople, Antioch, and Alexandria, which fitted on to the poles of the 'sella gestatoria,' or state litter, in which the Roman beauty was carried; and four chains of 'phalene,' composed of lions' heads, and double Amazonian shields, gilt and chased, for the trappings of horses and mules.

(To be continued.)

A GOOD EXAMPLE; OR, A MANUFACTURING TOWN IN FRANCE.

BY MADAME DE WITT, NÉE GUIZOT.

ENGLAND is the country of manufactures, and great efforts of industrial intelligence are almost parts of herself. When they come from without, they receive such a welcome in England as very soon to make them feel at home, and they prosper on her soil, as if they were its natives. No nation even attempts to dispute the palm with her in this matter; and the cotton manufacture belongs to her, more than any other. The English possess two-thirds of the innumerable weaving looms which cover Europe.

The revolution, which took place at the end of the eighteenth century, in trade, especially in that of cotton, has changed the system of work. Till then workmen, scattered in the country, or in the garrets of towns, wove at home the thread produced, with great trouble, by imperfect looms; some million bales of cotton arrived from America every year, and found a difficult sale; even that was a progress, for in 1790 the importation of cotton received from America was only 81 bales, then it was 45,000, and in 1860 it had risen to 4,675,000. Europe had suddenly understood the usefulness of cotton, its price being within the reach of the smallest purses, and at the same time being capable of attaining great fineness by manufacture.

With the necessity of being, the mode of working changed; there were no more confined work-shops for spinning, no more scattered looms for weaving, manufactories had begun to be formed; the great centres of trade could alone use the improved machines, which every year were produced by the genius of clever inventors; the workmen pressed into large halls, men, women, and children, and all day the poor dwellings were left desolate; the revolution had begun to work in production, as well as in completion.

The inconvenience of manufactory labour has been much talked about, and too much can never be said of the evils which may result, and which do unhappily very often result; but we must place by the side of this sad picture, the miseries of isolated production; the unknown sufferings

Digitized by Google

endured in lofts, or cellars, which, but lately, the weaver inhabited; the absence of daylight, space, and fire; the slight remuneration for assiduous toil. Neither must we forget the inconveniences and perils of field labour for women and young girls; the long walks in the evening after a day passed in the rain; and the roughness of the work, which causes the natural attributes of the female character to disappear. Nearly every sort of employment has its moral and physical inconveniences, which we ought to try and diminish without expecting to remove them entirely; all occupations, on the other hand, have their merit and attraction, when looked at by the light of Christian charity, and with a true sympathy for man.

This is what the manufacturers of Mulhause have done, to whom I would for a few moments draw your attention, accustomed as you are to seek and find around you examples of this great industry, which knows how to profit by the work of man, without considering man himself as a mere machine. I said that England was the country of manufactures, she is also the country of Christian manufacturers; but I would show you that she has not the exclusive monopoly; and I do not know that there exists on the soil of Great Britain a single place, where the efforts of nearly all the masters have been united in bringing about such a satisfactory state of things for the workmen as already prevails in the town of Mulhause. It is facts already accomplished that I wish to bring before your notice.

In the bosom of Alsace, that province which has become so essentially French, in spite of the German language and habits which still prevail there, Mulhause remained an independent Republic long after Alsace had passed under the rule of France. Then the right of small states to exist was not contested, and their influence was often serious and efficacious. Mulhause did not aspire to influence, but was ardently attached to its independence, and all the efforts of the magistrates was directed to preserve that. Their zeal was not always intelligent; they wished to enclose the population within the narrow bounds of the city walls; all commerce with others, all bold enterprises, displeased them, as dangerous to the liberty of the Republic. The gates were shut against Turenne in 1674, when he came to fight the Imperialists in the neighbouring plains, and the great general respected the independence of the little city which had refused him shelter. The magistrates of 1766 thought they could also shut their gates against the changes which took place amongst them in the manufacture of coloured cottons. There was no sort of obstacle they would not oppose to the industrious who aspired to endow their country with a new source of wealth. There were prohibitions against the appropriation of, even at the highest price, the places devoted to other work, or against allowing workmen from without to come; an enormous tax on the rough produce of manufacture; all this was done, nothing was forgotten; but the genius of Mulhause had spoken, and the old magistrates saw, with increasing stupor, the establishments develop

Digitized by Google

in spite of them. If the restrictions imposed on commerce in Mulhause were severe, in the town they were at least free; not slaves to the requirements of a corporation; the laws of the little Republic ensured their independence, and their treaties with their neighbours gave them, in France and Switzerland, advantages as to custom-house duties, which helped on the sale of their products. Besides, Mulhause soon became French, and after escaping most of the shocks of the French Revolution, entered with the rest of France into possession of the liberty and new rights, bought with the price of so much blood and crime.

From that time the industry of Mulhause took a fresh start, and advanced with a firm step, in the path in which she has continued to lead the way. Neither in England nor in France has anyone been able to rival either the brilliancy of her colours, the elegance of her patterns, or the really artistic beauty of her products. Alsace is covered with manufactories of coloured cottons, sisters and rivals of Mulhause, but the first always comes from Mulhause itself; and the charitable movement, which for forty years has transformed the aspect of its manufactories, as well as of its streets, without ever shackling industrial development, has been contagious; and the useful institutions of Mulhause have spread everywhere in Alsace, as well as her processes of manufacture.

The peculiar features which the little Republic had so long preserved, were no obstacle to the powerful influence Mulhause naturally exercised over her neighbours. Having been debarred for ages from any mixture with foreign blood, only opening her gates out of charity to the persecuted Protestants of France and Germany, who there met with an affectionate reception, the Republic had maintained its purity of race, a real patriciate had been preserved in the middle of the town, few in number, but proud of its origin, of the influence it had always exercised over the people, and intelligent enough to know how to take possession of the direction of industry, at the moment when the new organization of the town took away the political power. A certain number of families, nearly all united by repeated alliances, belonging to the same religion, animated by similar opinions and tastes, found themselves at the head of the industrial movement, and naturally combined their efforts. After 1826, when ten years of peace had ensured the material prosperity of Mulhause, the principal manufacturers perceived the necessity of forming one centre of action and light, which would permit them to enlighten themselves, and to ameliorate the condition of the people who surrounded them. Then the 'Société Industrielle' was formed; modest in its beginning, but soon prosperous and active, it drew little by little the greater part of the workmen of the Haut-Rhin, and in our days it has achieved a preponderating influence over the destinies of all manufacturing people in France, for Mulhause always is the example continually proposed to manufacturers, as showing them what can be accomplished for the moral and material well-being of the workmen, without injuring the development or prosperity of industry.

Digitized by Google

The peculiar characteristic of the 'Société Industrielle' of Mulhause, is that it has established in all its members, and consequently nearly throughout Alsace, absolute sincerity in their dealings with each other. There are no mysteries in manufacture, no isolated proceedings for the colouring of prints; each discovery at once becomes the subject of general public discussion; each person may profit by the improvements which his neighbour's intelligence has brought to bear on his manufacture. This takes place without wronging anyone's interests; patents are taken out at Mulhause, as elsewhere, but there are no secrets, all goes on in broad daylight; all progress is made in common.

This is, no doubt, a great advantage; but what profit do these rich, powerful, manufacturers derive, from living in the midst of their people, like the Shunamite of the Bible? They make themselves the advocates of the poor and weak, everywhere pleading always the cause of those they employ; thus loudly proclaiming that the interests of the patron and the employed are not necessarily antagonistic, and the most skilful manufacturers do not neglect those who help them to gain their fortune.

They do more; the enumeration is amazing when the numerous institutions destined to ameliorate the condition of the workmen of Mulhause and its environs are placed side by side. Forty kinds of foundations, reckoning for the most part different branches, surround the lives of the poor, like a net-work of help, facilities, and supports, which everywhere mark the affectionate care of the rich. There are no luxuries, no concessions to the evil tendencies of the times; the masters have not tried to remove their workmen from the station where God placed them; they have not sacrificed their own interests in order to put those who serve them into a state of luxury; but they have been touched by the infinite sufferings that life raises at every step in the existence of the poor, and they have applied their efforts and intelligence, at the same time as their riches, to the noble task of alleviating suffering, as far as the Will of God, and the inequality of positions here, will permit.

That which strikes us at once in the charitable enterprises of the manufacturers of Mulhouse, is their eminently practical character. They are evidently not carried away by quick lively religious feeling; it is not the poor of Jesus Christ whom they relieve in the name of the Divine Master who made Himself their Father—it is men they succour as men; they act philanthropically, rather than as Christians. Such appears to me the general spirit of the institutions of Mulhouse. I would not say that the breath of Christianity is a stranger there; but when it does not act directly on the soul, it inspires it from afar, as with a rebound, with all its devotion and all its sacrifices; Charity came into the world with Christianity, she was born at the foot of the Cross, and has a right to claim, as her work, the noble efforts which have, for forty years, quite altered Mulhause. The name of Jesus Christ has not been forgotten there, for the Roman Catholic churches and Protestant temples multiply every day, loudly proclaiming the Truth, which is not disowned by the

Digitized by Google

manufacturers, that in order to build solidly, the foundation must be on the Christian Faith.

Here again a peculiar characteristic presents itself, new to those who live in a Protestant country, where a small minority of Roman Catholics is an object rather of curiosity than of fear or rivalry. In Alsace the two bodies exist side by side, in nearly equal strength; though at Mulhause, the advantage in social position and wealth belongs to the Protestants, and contrary to that which happens in the southern provinces of France, at Mulhause they live on friendly terms, and sometimes even give each other help.

Some years ago, Mulhause experienced the necessity of enlarging her places of worship; simultaneously, a church and a temple arose within her walls, in great part erected by the voluntary gifts of the inhabitants, of both religions, accustomed to see in the homes of their fathers, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, sincere friendship; eager, like them, to struggle against the rising waves of unbelief, ardent to combat indifference, materialism, scepticism, and all the great moral wounds of our time.

What causes this tolerance and singular charity? Is it the privileges which Alsace possessed when the rest of France was ignorant of the benefits of religious liberty? Is it the peculiar situation which the Protestant Church enjoys, which has partly retained the endowments of past centuries, and therefore finds itself richer and more independent than formerly? Is it the good nature and simplicity of the German manners, which have kept the people of Alsace from the terrible struggles, which fifty years ago deluged the towns in the south of France with blood? I do not know; but the example is beautiful and rare, and in a time when unbelief is rife, and menaces us everywhere, when evil proclaims itself loudly, and indifference appears to change into hatred, it is good to see Christians presenting a united front to the enemy, and in the name of the God-Man, who died and rose again for us, marching together against the adversaries, who wish to take from the sinful world the only consolation in suffering, the only hope in death.

In fact, it is together that the Roman Catholics and Protestants of Mulhause work: nearly all the establishments are double, when they bear a religious character of what kind soever; what the one does, the others soon imitate: there are Roman Catholic schools, and Protestant schools, Roman Catholic infant schools, and Protestant infant schools, Roman Catholic work-rooms, and Protestant work-rooms. The Protestant influence is exercised in a striking manner; Sunday schools are rare in Roman Catholic countries; the catechising for the religious instruction which precedes the first Communion, and is held on Sunday by the Priest, answers partly to this splendid institution, but without all its advantages. In the country, Roman Catholic children are admitted to Communion from the age of nine or ten; generally after having attended the catechising for two years. They then learn some trade, go into service, and all religious instruction disappears from their lives. If you

Digitized by Google

interrogate a peasant of five-and-twenty, he knows no more than what he learnt at the catechising, and the notions of religious faith which exist in his head, have generally arrived at the most strange state of confusion. At Mulhause, the Protestant Sunday schools have raised up Roman Catholic Sunday schools. Some even do not recognize any difference in faith; and the Roman Catholic children, and the Protestant, learn there, in the same Gospel, to know and love the same Saviour.

The difficulties are known everywhere of the application of laws which require the attendance at school of children who work in the manufactories; the poor little things, tired with their long work before a loom, exhausted and stupified, fall asleep on the benches in the school, and scarcely profit at all by the instruction they receive. The attention of the manufacturers of Mulhause has long been directed to this serious inconvenience. Since its commencement, the 'Société Industrielle' has addressed serious complaints to the legislative powers, about the work being so prolonged as not to allow the manufactory children to attend the schools. When the law of 1841 partly remedied this evil, the manufacturers found that the lesson hours in the primary schools did not agree with the hours of rest given to the children in the industrial establishments. They nearly all established private schools in their manufactories, managing the work hours, so that each child might devote a certain number of hours in the week to receiving sufficient instruction, without diminishing his pay. Even that is not enough, and the manufacturers of Mulhause have not stopped there; they made known their fresh observations to the Government: *viz.* the hours of work are still too long, the time devoted to education too limited, and school is not a sufficient relaxation for children of their age. A new law is preparing, and the manufacturers of Mulhause have the noble hope of seeing the day reduced to six hours work for children under twelve; then they will be obliged to attend school three hours a day; and the children, more robust, better taught, prepared more seriously for practical life, will come to swell the ranks of that intelligent and moral population, which increases every day under the influence of its leaders.

The young girls, occupied in the manufactories ever since their infancy, have had neither the time nor the opportunity to learn to work. The wives and daughters of the manufacturers are struck by the serious inconveniences of this ignorance, so terrible in a poor household; and some of them have established, in the manufactories themselves, work-rooms where they direct and teach the young girls employed by their husbands and fathers, to mend their clothes and linen. Each girl, before leaving the work-room, is to be able to make herself a complete suit of clothes.

The intelligent care which thus surrounds the children at each step in their lives, could not abandon those whom God has deprived of their parents. Mulhause and its environs boast of many orphanages, both for boys and girls; three agricultural asylums receive orphans, and bring

Digitized by Google

them up to field work; and nearly all these establishments owe their being to private charity, and are maintained by voluntary gifts.

All these children, brought up so carefully, notwithstanding the humble position in which God has placed them here, become men and women, they marry, and in their turn have children; but their masters' care does not abandon them. The young women submit to a slight tax on their wages, and the sum thus amassed for them is doubled by the liberality of the manufacturer who employs them; and when God gives them a child, instead of returning to work three or four days after its birth, as they were formerly obliged, they receive their wages for six weeks, as if they had not missed for a single day; they are visited by good doctors, and are obliged to give up their time to attend to the wants of the new-born child. This measure of ingenious kindness has greatly decreased the number of deaths amongst little children, and sensibly improved the health of the women, without imposing, they say, too heavy a charge on the manufacturers.

These children, followed through the different phases of their youth by so much affection, might, on reaching manhood, relapse into the indifference and intellectual torpor which the labouring classes so easily fall into, absorbed as they are by work, and the cares of life. Again, care has been taken to see after them, and stir them up; adult classes are opened in all parts of Mulhause, and are extended into the country; the workmen attend in great numbers; reading and writing, a little forgotten amid the hard realities of life, have a new interest for these men, who understand the good of a little instruction, and soon they are able to appreciate the people's courts, open at Mulhause for many years, to teach them natural science, chemistry, natural history, and even a little literature and history.

Education gives a taste for reading; and in Alsace, libraries for the people abound; many manufacturers lend books themselves to their work-people, and two large societies, the 'Bibliothêques Communales du Haut-Rhin,' and the 'Société Alsacienne pour la Propagation et l'Amélioration des Publications Populaires Francaises et Allemandes,' charge themselves with the purchase of the books, disperse catalogues, and give prizes to people who establish a library. The circulation of books has become very considerable, especially at Mulhause itself; the library of the 'Société Industrielle' lends more than two hundred volumes a day.

Thus encouraged to study, the workmen of Mulhause feel the want of more instruction every day; they dream little of leaving the station in which God has placed them, but they desire to raise themselves in it; their work interests them, and they aim to bring it to perfection; the schools for drawing, mechanical weaving, spinning, engraving on wood for commerce, are there; they are open to them, it is there they learn their trade, which becomes an art; the designers who come from the schools at Mulhause, already cover Europe; they carry abroad the traditions of taste, elegance, and harmony, which they have picked up

Digitized by Google

in their country; but Mulhause is not at all impoverished; every day new artists offer excellent patterns to the manufacturers, *chefs-d'œuvre* of grace and colour, which make coloured prints into real pictures, destined to cultivate the taste, and charm the eye, in the most modest dwellings.

The school of wood-engraving is especially meant for women, thus opening to them an advantageous career, and a precious resource, in a work they can do at home, and the profits of which, though unfortunately irregular, add to the resources of the household, without even being its foundation.

All admits of, and provokes to, perfection at Mulhause; 'La Société Industrielle' sustains the school for mechanical weaving and spinning, and the young people, who have learnt there, know all the parts and the play of the looms; they learn all the organization of manufacture, study the qualities and make of woven goods—and to theory practice is joined, and after two years study they leave the school to become skilful helpers.

The money paid to these establishments suffices to cover the expenses; this intellectual encouragement which it offers to those young people desirous of raising themselves, 'La Société Industrielle' affords also to the most humble branches of work. The forge-blowers are admitted every year to a competitive examination; for three days, each in turn heats the steam engines in one of the establishments at Mulhause; and prize-money is awarded to those who produce the required amount of heat with the least material. Well devised encouragement! and a good thing for the interests of the masters, who pay very dear for their coal in Alsace.

These are many of the intellectual resources, many of the helps for the development of the intelligence and the modest instruction of the workmen of Mulhause; should the manufacturers stop there, and have a care only for the mind and soul of their work-people, without troubling themselves as to the welfare of their bodies? If they had acted thus, their influence would not have been so powerful; the schools would have remained empty, and the books on the library shelves. Misery is not favourable to intellectual development, and minds bend easily under the yoke of actual suffering. The manufacturers of Mulhause knew this, and their affectionate care is extended to the material welfare of their workmen, as well as to the progress of their intelligence. It is not only in a view of the schools, that Mulhause and its environs present an example of prosperity, and well executed charity, perhaps unique.

At the close of the last century, when Mulhause became French, it consisted of only six thousand souls; now it is more than sixty thousand, and its population increases rapidly. The unheard of development caused an excessive filling of the houses; the workmen crowded into small ill-built houses, which were all they could find suitable for their work and purses; or perhaps (and that was some little progress) twenty families lived together in a large dwelling, as they do in Alsace, calling it barracks, and sharing the numerous rooms.

Digitized by Google

Such a situation was presented in the manufacturing towns of England, and different means had been tried to remedy it; it was an English work, 'The Dwellings of the Labouring Classes,' by Mr. Roberts, that first drew the attention of the Mulhause 'Société Industrielle' to the means to be used to draw the men away from this town, where the want of lodgings entailed on them the most serious inconveniences. The hopes of the manufacturers of Mulhause were ambitious; they not only wished to lodge their workmen healthily at a price suitable to their means, but they aspired to awake in their homes a love of cleanliness, and to lead them to become purchasers of the houses they were going to build for them.

The promoter of all the good works at Mulhause, as he is of many other industrial projects, M. Jean Dolpes, had four houses built in his manufactory at Dornack, destined to serve as models. After some months residence the proprietors were consulted, their observations taken note of, and in 1853 the great enterprise of the workmen's cities of Mulhause was begun; the capital of which the society disposed amounted to 355,000 francs; and the Emperor accorded to this growing work a supply of 300,000 francs.

The end the 'Société Industrielle' had in view, was to construct houses meant to lodge one family, and to sell them to the workmen at cost price, giving them fourteen or even sixteen years to free themselves. If the houses should not find purchasers, they must be let. The first payment was fixed at two hundred and fifty or three hundred francs; the rest of the purchase money was to be paid off by monthly instalments, varying from eighteen to twenty-five francs: if the workman who presents himself as a purchaser has not the first necessary money, the monthly instalments must consequently be increased. After the first payment has been made, the monthly sum is hardly more than an apartment or a small house in the town would be. The price of a house, composed of a ground floor, and surrounded by a garden, is 2300 francs; houses raised to one story cost 3400 francs.

Nearly at the start the enterprise met with unexpected success; these pretty dwellings, built in groups of four, each possessing its separate garden, healthy, convenient, well-built, soon excited the envy of the workmen. The prospect of becoming proprietors triumphed over their natural carelessness: the saving boxes had met with but little success at Mulhause among the workmen, properly so called. The boxes for mutual assistance could only perform their duties with any efficacy, by the inexhaustible generosity of the masters, who in many cases doubled the deposits made by their workpeople to the common fund. That which the institutions of foresight could not achieve, the love of property did. One saw the workmen resist the temptations of the public-houses, and even impose on themselves privations, in order to save the sum necessary for the first payment towards their house; and directly they found themselves *at home*, the desire to become completely free led many of them to advance

Digitized by Google

their payments; sometimes even pushing economy to avarice; even young people were seen, after having accomplished the seven years service in the army which the French law requires, engage themselves afresh, setting apart the money they receive to buy the house their parents lived in. Out of eight hundred houses built in Mulhause, six hundred and eighty-four have already found purchasers, and those which were first built have become entirely free; 'La Société Industrielle' has already received nearly 1,400,000 francs, solely produced by the economy of a small part of the workmen of Mulhause, in the space of fourteen years.

The moral effects of this voluntary constraint are great; the workman who saves, does not go to the public-house, does not drink, does not beat his wife. 'Where does your husband spend his evenings?' a visitor to one of the manufacturing cities asked lately. 'At home, since we have had a home,' replied the woman who had been asked. *Our* home! this passion for possession, so frequent in France, and which nearly everywhere maintains the peasants in an independent situation, this love for the little field, the garden, the poor cottage which shelters the family, and from which no human will can send away the happy proprietor; these are the joys of which, in general, the town workman is ignorant, pure and salutary joys, which contribute more than we think to the moral superiority of the country to the town. 'La Société Industrielle' of Mulhause has wished and known how to give to its workpeople the same satisfaction; thus teaching them economy, foresight, and self-denial; and giving them their part and place in society; has brought them up to respect themselves, without puffing them up with pride, without making them leave their natural station; and nevertheless, it is they themselves to whom they owe their well-being; the masters have helped their workpeople, they have not benefited them gratuitously.

The foundation of this workmen's town has naturally caused a great many other establishments to spring up in the bosom of this little working town, which now contains more than six thousand souls; useful works have found their place ready made; a large house has been built, divided into rooms suitably furnished, which receives the unmarried workmen; in the evening a public room is open to them; and the rules of the house, observed with much exactness, do not hinder the smaller apartments being constantly occupied. A manufacturer on the one side, and some Nuns '*du Divin Sauveur*' on the other, have opened some homes for the young work-women who belong to no family; they live there in good material and moral condition; but often there is trouble in obtaining from the young women any respect for discipline, more than is met with in enforcing the rule in the workmen's houses.

Wide streets penetrate in every direction through the workmen's cities; a large room is ready to receive the children when their parents go to work; two houses are set apart for the dwelling of a deaconess and a doctor, instructed to visit and care for the sick. The deaconesses are

Digitized by Google

held in great honour at Mulhause; the Mother Superior at Strasburg has established a 'chapel of ease' in the house of the diaconate, founded by some Protestants in the town; from there, these true Sisters of Charity of the Protestant Church, carry their devoted help into all the town, caring for the sick at home, or receiving them themselves, lavishing on the poor, whatever their religion, their sympathy and charity. A manufacturer, whose liberality has powerfully contributed to the development of all the good works at Mulhause, M. André Roecklin, has charged himself with the support of a deaconess, to whom the care of the poor and sick belonging to his establishment is entrusted. The Nuns '*du Divin Sauveur*' rival the deaconesses in devotion to, and tender care of, the poor. Nearly all the manufacturers have a doctor to see after their work-people gratuitously.

It is well to look after the welfare of the sick, but it is still more necessary to prevent sickness, as much as human wisdom and power are able. Cleanliness and good nourishment are the great necessaries to health. In order to ensure healthy food to their work-people at reasonable prices, the manufacturers of Mulhause have established economical bake-houses; restaurants, where they dine, at cost price, off bread, soup, beef, and vegetables, for forty or fifty centimes. They have encouraged the co-operative societies, directed by the workmen themselves, who have made advantageous bargains with the bakers and purveyors of the town; and in order to excite a taste for cleanliness in the people, and to make it possible, they have built at the side of their establishments baths and wash-houses, where they profitably discharge the hot water, which comes out of the steam machines, which makes them able to make them as cheap as possible—a bath costs thirteen centimes, towels included, and they are in constant use among the workmen; the large sheltered wash-houses, open to the women of the manufacturing towns, as in many private establishments, allow the house-wives of Mulhause to wash their linen in hot water, without being exposed to the inclemency of the seasons. On payment of five centimes they can spend two hours in the wash-house, and use, without further payment, the drying machine, which, by centrifugal force, wrings the water from their clothes. They take them away half dry, and are even allowed to bring a pitcher to take home hot water for household purposes.

The ingenious charity of the Mulhause manufacturers does not stop there: it is multiplied under various forms, and follows the work-people even to the purchase of their clothing, offering to the women warm cloaks for winter wear at low prices, ensuring fuel economically to the smallest houses, provides places of retreat for the old, pension workmen who are useless either from age or accident, and opens asylums for the aged who have no families. But of all the establishments of Mulhause, two touched me above all, by their character of tender sympathy with the ills of the poor. M. Alphonse Roecklin, having become blind, has established a

Digitized by Google

home for the blind; another manufacturer, also deprived of sight, has given the house occupied as the asylum, and endowed it with an annual revenue: there they bring up the young blind people of both sexes, with the end in view of making them capable of gaining their livelihood; then, as the two founders had been taken in the flower of their age, and the middle of their career, by this sad loss, when it would be impossible for them to have relieved their wants had they found themselves in poverty, they have admitted into their establishment the adult blind, struck like them in their vigour, in order to teach them trades suitable to their position. The blind are received in the asylum till fifty years old; some learn to knit, others to cane chairs; some even to turn a lathe; when they are able to support themselves, they leave the establishment as soon as the Committee of Labour has found means to place them in their families or elsewhere. Such are the fruits of trial in souls taught by God; all really works together for the good of those who love Him, and not only for their own moral and personal good, but for the good of their brethren, for the relief of the poor, and the advancement of the Kingdom of God.

Another foundation at Mulhause awakens all my sympathy; it is the Inn founded for the poor, by M. Jean Dolpes, and maintained by him alone. Many work-people arrive to seek for work, ill provided with money, without honest acquaintances in the town, often even unable to pay for a lodging and a meal at an inn. In this embarrassing situation, the workman may present himself at the humble establishment of M. Jean Dolpes, the door of which is open to all travellers; they give him gratuitously a good supper and a bed, the next morning plenty of soup awaits his awakening, and on his departure he is given a piece of bread and a small four-sous piece. If the experienced eye of the director of the house see misery hidden under decency, a pair of shoes or a shirt is offered to the traveller. The women are lodged in separate rooms, the sick are received into an infirmary. The only condition imposed before admission is, that they are not to come again for two months. This establishment, kept with the greatest care, and governed with perfect order, receives every year more than four thousand persons, and costs M. Jean Dolpes rather more than three thousand francs a year. An affectionate and ingenious charity, which knows how to provide for the smallest wants of the poor, to whom our Lord's saying applies, 'I was a stranger and you took Me in.'

We said that the saving-boxes rarely attracted the small savings of the work-people at Mulhause, and that the societies of prudence only owe their success to the generosity of the masters. We must say the same of the places of retirement; the institutions for this object, long sustained by unheard of efforts of the manufacturers, have become simply a new source of benevolence, for the part of the workmen in contributing is almost nothing. Some seem better to understand the life insurance, thanks to the liberality of their patron, M. Dolpes, who has taken

Digitized by Google

half the payments on himself. Insurances against fire have easily entered into the habits of the population of the manufacturing towns; proud to possess property, and desirous of putting it beyond the reach of accident. Here, again, the solicitude of the masters has facilitated the prudence of the work-people; the insurance policies are contracted by the houses which employ them, and are liquidated by small taxes on their salary.

Is the picture complete? Shall we speak of the efforts of personal charity, of the affecting relations which exist nearly everywhere, between masters and people; the care lavished at the marriage of the men, at the baptism of the children, at the burial of those whom God has taken away. Charity penetrates everywhere; she knows the path to the heart, guesses the wants she does not know; she is tender, devoted, everywhere and always; but she seldom acts with the prudence and eminently practical spirit which characterizes the good works of Mulhause. The manufacturers of this town give, doubtless, liberally with open hands, but they give wisely. A great many of the institutions are purely charitable; others, like the working towns, the bake-houses, the sale of clothing, have, for their fundamental principle, to sell the goods at cost price; but those which are not established on this basis prosper, cover their expenses, and are even a profit.

The gains made by the baths and wash-houses have allowed these establishments to be doubled; it is plain that all these works are conducted by men accustomed to business, quick to perceive probabilities of good as well as of evil; the rules are simple and practical; they are not troubled with little vexing precautions, which are generally useless; what they are asked is required, but nothing unnecessary is asked; they put the wit and sagacity, which has helped them gain their fortune, in the service of charity. They have made the talents they have received on earth, valuable for Heaven.

In face of such a great and brilliant example, one feels profoundly humiliated. The manufacturers of Mulhause have done all they could; they have not passed by on the other side, on the chance that some good Samaritan might pass by. They have stopped, and themselves cared for those dependent on them. They have fulfilled the duty which lay before their doors; this is the lesson taught by these sustained efforts, and perfect results already obtained; that which the manufacturers of Mulhause have done, they have accomplished by means of perseverance, devotion, and self-denial: these virtues do not belong to them exclusively; we too, as far as our power goes, as far as our influence extends, we can devote ourselves with constancy, with wisdom; we can try to combine our efforts under a prudent and sensible direction, giving that which we have, doing what we can; the task is not always easy, it meets with great difficulties, and exposes us to great disappointments, before arriving at the results we admire. The manufacturers of Mulhause have often failed, have seen their charitable intentions misunderstood, their

Digitized by Google

affectionate efforts repulsed; but they have persevered, for they knew their work to be good and useful. Ours may be small and unknown of men; but we know it is the Will of God that we should help the poor, comfort the sick, instruct the ignorant; which of us does not see around an immense undertaking, always increasing, and beyond our strength? God will give us the strength, as He has given us the duty; and to-day He says to us, by the example of the manufacturers of Mulhause, 'Go, and do thou likewise.'

GUIZOT DE WITT.

ST. ANDREW'S WATERSIDE MISSION, GRAVESEND.

ANY one passing down the River Thames, as he drifts swiftly with the tide past Gravesend may see among the various notices, 'Shipping supplied with water,' &c., &c., a strange inscription painted over a brick building, 'Waterside Mission.'

It stands on the river, with a quay of its own, round which are moored two or three dozen fishing-smacks. But for the inscription it would be supposed to be a tavern, for there is a certain business-like squareness about it, and the profound absence of the pointed arch makes one wonder what that ecclesiastical inscription can mean. If any old Gravesender, who emigrated ten or twelve years ago, were to come up the river now, he would rub his eyes. 'Surely that's the "Spread Eagle" Tavern! If they haven't gone and painted up "Waterside Mission" instead!' Why, I wonder where the fishermen will get their beer! What can be the meaning of it?'

To the initiated, however, in parochial work, the meaning is clear. The clergy of the parish church found that they could not get the amphibious population who live down by the water to come to the church, so the Church has come down to them. Instead of standing on the defensive, she leads a party into the enemy's country.

An attempt is made to take Goliath's sword to slay him withal. The fisherman's own beer-house has been taken on lease, the lower story converted into a chapel, the upper part into a mission-house, with all its pious and loving agencies of reading-room and night-school, and lending libraries and mother's meetings. Below, the solemn Eucharistic service shews forth the Lord's Death till He come; above, the busy hands and kindly hearts of Christian women woo the fishermen's wives to holiness.

Did He call fishermen at the first, and will He not call them again? Did He raise Peter's wife's mother? and will He not raise the fishermen's relations now to the true health of evangelical holiness?

Alas! if the Church of Christ were now like David, then would it be easy to slay the giant with his own sword. But we are not, and so we find

Digitized by Google

it easier to attack than to conquer. Our hands hang down, and our knees are feeble. But Patientia! If *we* are not David, surely David Himself is with us.

'O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.'

But it is not of this work on shore that we speak. It is local and parochial. But the circle made by the stone thrown into the water continues to widen. Just as the Good Friday Collects widen and widen, till from praying for the family with which you worship, you find yourself almost involuntarily praying for the lost sheep of the House of Israel; so every living missionary agency must needs touch the wants around it.

Could the loving hearts of Churchmen on shore, when they had established themselves in the Mission House by the water side, fail to look out on the world of moving life carried up and down with each tide? The temptation becomes irresistible 'to thrust out a little from the land,' and 'to teach the people out of the ship.'

And thus a work was entered on which is in reality *national*, and ought not to lie on one parish. With a pious 'foolishness,' a burthen too great to carry (if measured by the weakness of the carrier) has been taken up. Yet 'weakness' has often 'been made strong,' and the 'foolishness' of earnest hearts has been found in the end to be wiser than the worldly wisdom of the most prudent.

It is of this work on the water that we speak; and we will give one or two instances of the nature of the work in detail.

The Society, called the St. Andrew's Waterside Mission, was founded some four years ago under the sanction of the late Bishop of Rochester, who manifested the greatest interest in it.

Soon after the consecration of the present Bishop, the work of the Society, with special reference to its labours on the water, was laid before him, as was right, in order to receive his counsel and encouragement. One of his first acts was to send a large box of books as a contribution to the floating lending libraries, (of which more anon;) and he wrote to the Promoters, saying that 'he had carefully considered the papers sent to him, that he was clearly of opinion that it would be wrong in them to withdraw, and that there was a great work before them, for which he prayed God to strengthen them with His heavenly grace.'

With this cheering assurance the Society went on its way. The peculiar advantage of the twofold nature of its work, *i.e.* partly on shore and partly on the water, is that it leans with one foot on the regularly established parochial system, and Episcopal government, which are so important for purposes of Church order.

The work on the water is of three kinds.

1. Visits to ships outward bound, carrying passengers, either emigrants or troops.

Digitized by Google

2. Visits to ships of all kinds, carrying cargo only, and therefore having only sailors on board.

3. Ministering to all sorts of amphibious people, who live like water-fowl, almost more on the water than on the land.

To speak of 3 first.

Landsmen have no idea what a number of people of this kind a wide and busy river like ours at Gravesend carries on its broad back. A striking instance of this is the existence of twelve coal-hulks moored in a line about a mile long just below the town, from which outward bound steamers are 'coaled.' Here lives a population of sixty to eighty souls, men, women, and children. Such a funny world it is! Every hulk has its dog or its cat, and its fowls, and its flowers in pots.

Is this 'no-man's-land' to be left without the loving ministry of the Church?

Why, there is a little village two miles from Gravesend, with only eighty souls, all among the hops and corn, with a church and a parson and two churchwardens and overseers, and all sorts of people to take care of it.

Are not 'all souls Mine?' Is not the black floating village with the whistling wind lashing the waves round it into foam (and terrible waves they are at times) as near to heaven

> 'As where sweet flowers some pastoral garden cheer
> With fragrance after rain?'

Of course it is; and so while the pious nonconformist lay-minister (all honour to him) goes off to teach what he has learnt of God, the Missionary Clergyman goes off too. Ought he to be less zealous? Has he no 'call?' Has he no promise of 'Lo I am with you alway?'

And so he stands amid the blackened faces looking up in a pause of their exhausting work; as the village curate stands among the wheat-sheaves, or by the village forge, lifting the heart to the thought of something higher than daily toil, and by his very presence, if he be 'sober, grave, temperate,' reminding his flock of heavenly things.

And why not? Is not God among the waves and the toil of the hulk as much as in the sweet gleaning field? Was not St. Andrew called as well as Ruth?

But another striking instance of this amphibious race is a certain man you may see yonder, alone in an odd little boat, always leaning over the side and watching. That man lives by what he picks from the bottom of the river—a strange lonely life! Our Missionary has come across that man from time to time, and spoken the kindly word, which does so much in our world-famed parochial system on shore.

2. But to pass now to the second class of our work, the visiting of ships having only cargo on board. Here the ministry is *only to sailors. Only!!* Can anything be more important? How do other nations judge of England? I don't ask how *ought* they to judge, but how *do* they judge? By the English men they see! And what English *do* they see?

Digitized by Google

Only to Sailors. And a blessed ministry it is.

The writer of these lines is one of the clergy on shore, who is privileged occasionally to share in this holy work. He would like to describe what he witnessed yesterday, but he must drop the editorial 'we,' which does not sit easily on so humble a person, and embarrasses his descriptive powers such as they are.

I mounted the side of the good ship —— bound to Singapore, touched my felt hat and asked 'if the Captain was on board.' 'No.' 'Chief Officer!' 'Yes; there he is.' I walked aft to him. He was sitting down, and did not rise to meet me. I saluted him, and not discouraged by a 'Who are you?' kind of look, said, 'I am one of the clergy from the shore. May I go for'ard and talk to your sailors?'

'What for?'

'Well! to give them books, and try and do some good. Other people come off to you to ply their trade; I'm come to ply mine.'

'Well, I've no objection.'

'I've my son in the boat; may I introduce him to you?'

'Certainly,' said he, melting a little. He melted still more as the boy came aft with me, and after shaking hands with him, turned to me and said, 'Yes, you may go for'ard, and tell the men from me that I hope they'll attend to what you say.'

I give this just as it occurred, to shew the discouragement one meets with, and how a touch of nature (my boy for instance) opens the way, where my office had no weight. This officer afterwards woke up from his indifference, and followed me and backed up my words.

Well, I went for'ard, and asked the men if they'd have some books and papers. So I gave away a quantity of things, some secular and amusing, some directly religious, not forgetting a Testament and Prayer-book for the forecastle.

Then we got talking, making the best one could out of the circumstances. One man, for instance, had a figure of our Lord on the Cross, marked in indelible blue lines on his arm. I called the attention of the crew to it, and said that such a thing was a lesson, not only to the man himself, who ought to be a very good man, but to the whole crew; the man lamenting immediately, as was but natural, that he was a bad man.

Another man was trying to banter me, saying that I evidently thought they were all going to a bad place; on which I turned all the power of my poor wit upon him, and said I loved sailors, and was come to see them on purpose that they might go to a good place.

I wish I could describe how both he and all of them looked at this, and how much feeling they exhibited, and how sure I am that 'the power of the Lord was present to heal.' I wish too, I could describe their look when I told them they were all marked on the forehead, as that one man was marked on the arm. They might have been brought up in my school for the intelligent way in which they said, 'We see what you mean.'

Digitized by Google

A very similar scene to this occurred on board the next ship, except that it finished up by the sailors all shaking hands with me, and in a perfectly simple and nice way. I mean there was no *presumption* of the sailor taking a liberty with the gentleman. It was the expression of the heart breaking bounds, the simple human fellowship of the disciple and the teacher.

And so I went down the side, and as John Bunyan says, 'I went on my way and saw them again no more.' And I shall see them no more till we meet in the good place we spoke of. *Faxit Deus.*

Another incident, one of our Missionary clergy told me, L——

He called at a ship's side, 'Captain on board?'

'O yes, Sir! he's a-board; but he's ill a-bed.'

'Oh! give him my card, and beg to know if I may come and see him?'

'Please, Sir, Captain says will you walk down into the cabin.'

Well, after half an hour's chat (very charming from a man like L—— in the loneliness of a sick bed on board) he got round to what we are always aiming at, 'Did he have service on board on Sunday?'

'No, Sir! no!' (with a good deal of irritation.) 'No, Sir! we don't.' L—— saw the irritation, and wisely let it all go by, and stayed a little longer; then took his leave, promising to call next day.

Next day, as soon as he was settled in his seat the Captain said, 'I'm sorry I was so vexed yesterday, Sir! I've been asking myself *why* I was so vexed, and I have come to the conclusion that it was cowardice on my part. I'm *afraid* to have service. But I won't be so any more. Will you give books? and I'll have it regularly.'

Of course the books were given; and he went on his way; and L—— will see him no more, till they meet in the good place where the brave heart is rewarded for facing its fears and doing its duty.

Now for the first head of our work. Need I enlarge on this? Is it not obvious that when emigrants are leaving home, 'a word in his season' is so good?

And yet the Missionary Clergyman can sympathize deeply with the Captain who was *afraid*. I know nothing so *nervous* as to hold a service on deck on an emigrant ship. And yet if the prayer is offered, 'If Thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence,' the needed nervous power comes, and the tact, and the gentleness; and all is well ordered for a simple service. And soon your human nature comes to your aid, the visible feeling of those about you helping you on. They are leaving home, their hearts are full! What unknown storms and dangers, and heart-aches and lonelinesses, are before them! But Jesus will be there; you know it, and God, by your mouth, makes them feel it—*feel it*, this is higher than knowing it. I was at such a scene three days ago, on a ship bound for New Zealand, and I don't think I shall ever forget it.

Digitized by Google

There is one feature of our work in connection with outward-bound ships going long voyages. The Society has a number of floating libraries. Good friends have sent us books from all parts of the country; and a box holding about thirty good, useful, and entertaining works, is put on board, and exchanged when they go on another voyage. The following letter tells it own tale. It is from an officer, who had collected money on board:—

Ship ——, Wigram's Graving Dock,
June 17th, 1868.

I beg to forward a p. o. order for ten shillings, payable at Gravesend. It is not as much as I would wish, but I shall be happy to give an annual don. to your most useful and admirable work, and will at all times do my best to forward your work by making it known, and collecting books and money for you. Poor Jack is not often cared for, and your library was much thought of on board. Trusting that every good and much blessing may attend your labours,

I remain,

——— ———

Chief Officer, Ship ——

I should like to add one word about the reflex effect on the work ashore, of all this work on the river. It must not be forgotten (I am apologizing for the 'foolishness' of the clergy of a large town parish adding to their cares by such a society) that half our people are pilots, water-men, dock agents, and so on. We all live by the water. We are thus constantly meeting our own people on board. I distinctly remember the look of the faces of two of the tradesmen of my parish who had come to supply stores, and joined our service on board an emigrant ship one day. We thus 'shoot our arrow o'er the house, and find it in our brother's garden.'

The keen approval, too, of the middle class to see the dear old Church of England doing the rough work hitherto done only (to their great regret) by nonconformists. (All honour to them for it, again I say.)

'Why! you've taken up with a Methodist parson!' (said a pilot to a dock-agent, who had kindly given me a lift in his little screw steamer, just after we had parted at the pier head.)

'No!' he said, 'that's the Revd. Mr. —— of —— Church!'

'Don't tell me!' said the pilot. 'Church ministers don't do that sort of thing.' The dock-agent afterwards repeated this to me, with great pride and humour.

I have found this sort of thing in every direction. A poor woman lying ill at the Infirmary hailed me as an old friend, when she knew 'as how as I was the gentleman as visited her husband at the coal-hulks one day.'

And now a word about the ways and means. Our Society costs something between £300 and £400 a year. Let me ask any clergyman of a large Peel parish how this is to be raised if friends do not help. And

Digitized by Google

friends of all kinds *have* helped! The press have helped us by notices. The Illustrated News put in a paragraph, which has brought us hundreds of volumes. The Penny Post put in a most valuable notice, which has brought us a great deal of help, and what is very precious, a good deal of sympathy from those who enter into the spirit of the thing. The Editor of 'The Monthly Packet' sent us a good supply of books, and gave a kindly notice of our want of periodicals, in page 104, July number. The rich have sent cheques often of two figures, and in one case of three figures. A little girl sent me some shillings in stamps. A servant sent some periodicals from London. A farm servant brought me five shillings, which she had collected in sixpences. Clergymen have sent us boxes full of books. Publishers and booksellers the same. Ladies have collected for us. Other ladies have sent us packages of periodicals and illustrated papers. These *are* so useful. We give away hundreds of them. They open the way for conversation, and are so welcome. A helpful act of kindness rendered by a Town clergyman should be recorded. He gave us permission to plead the cause in his church on a week-day, without any collection. There was thus no interference with the financial arrangements of his church, and yet it was the means of making the Mission known. We should be thankful to meet many such friends among the clergy, and would gladly provide a preacher from among us.

There is one thing we dream of. May God move some one's heart to do it! The writer of this is the 'Dreamer of Dreams' among the supporters of the Mission, and a good dreamer has his work to do as well as the more prosaic.

He dreams that our Mission House (the lease of which is just expiring, and which we have the power to buy) will be bought and changed into a Memorial Chapel. Some mourning heart, whom God has blessed with money and with the heart of St. Barnabas, should erect a Memorial Chapel to the lost friend. Instead of a costly marble fabric, which has no use, a building should be erected which will embalm the memory of the lost one in the folds of its present usefulness. How beautifully it would stand on the banks of the river—how it would point with its bell turret to the sky, to which the sailor like the landsman will soar, when in his own words, 'he has gone aloft.'

How it might add to the beauty of the river, which poets have sung of, and which deserves all that is said of him:—

> 'As when from parent fountain first discharged,
> The silver Thames pursues his new-born course,
> His narrow pebbly bed, with rushes marged,
> Scarce feels the influence of his humid source;
> He, as he onward rolls, acquires new force,
> His ample current proud thro' meads to guide,
> And 'twixt his banks to keep a wide divorce;
> While Britain's sons to his expanse confide,
> Britannia's bulwarks and her merchants' pride.'

Digitized by Google

Let me now say, in conclusion, that if anyone should be moved to help, all inquiries will be cheerfully answered by the Treasurer, to whom donations in stamps of the smallest amount may be sent.

Letters to be addressed,

REV. C. E. R. ROBINSON, the Castle, Gravesend.

Parcels of Bibles, Prayer-books and Hymn-books suitable for conducting Worship on board a ship, and of magazines and books suitable for libraries, or for giving away on board, to be addressed,

'THE TREASURER,

'ST. ANDREW'S WATERSIDE MISSION HOUSE,

'*Goods Train.*' 'THAMES TERRACE, GRAVESEND.

'FREE FROM BRICKLAYERS ARMS,' OR 'FENCHURCH ST. STATIONS.'

The South Eastern and Tilbury Railway Companies kindly carry parcels of books free when so addressed.

Gravesend, August 5th, 1868.

A VISIT TO ST. LUCY'S HOSPITAL, GLOUCESTER, JULY, 1868.

BY CECILIA MACGREGOR.

THE pages of The Monthly Packet have from time to time been open to the different accounts of some very valuable works of mercy carried on in England, France, and elsewhere, which have been, no doubt, read with deep interest by all, for suffering is common to our nature, and localized everywhere.

Now no one with any observation can be blind to the many centres of relief which are springing up, and being multiplied through the country generally. Relief, alas! still inadequate to the many different calls made upon it. For suffering in our bright and beautiful world forms a large part of the picture; indeed, we can scarcely realize what the effect of its intense light would be, without this shadow ever accompanying it, with which we are now so familiar. From the cradle, before the child can tell its own little pains and sorrows, even to sere old age, suffering manifests itself in some one of its hydra-headed forms, under which we have perhaps ourselves felt its weight.

The particular work, for the mitigation of this sad suffering, in which we would seek to interest you now, has been, within the last year, nobly started in Gloucestershire. As we lay before you a brief account of the working of the St. Lucy's Hospital for Sick Children there, we shall, we feel sure, carry your sympathies with us.

Digitized by Google

The traveller, after alighting at the Gloucester Station, will have to proceed about a mile and a half out of the town, on the Kingsholme Road, before he arrives at the picturesque and healthful spot chosen for the site of this good work. The Hospital is connected with the St. Lucy's Home for Sisters and Nurses, which has now been in existence some little time, by a long well-lighted corridor, with a beautiful roof; an extremely pretty view from the windows may be obtained of the surrounding country. The buildings stand in their own grounds, with a garden common to the Hospital and Sisters' Home. Here such of the little ones who are able take exercise every day; a small carriage has been provided for the use of those who are unable to walk. This facility for getting the fresh air constitutes often a large element in their progress towards recovery. Pent up as are so many of them from week to week in some over-crowded alley or court, *there* denied by cruel fate the light and air we so constantly enjoy, they are *here* transported into another world of sunshine and freshness. The limbs and lungs begin now for the first time to have room for action, the child starts in life again under kindlier aspects. For above its little head the birds sing merrily, the bee murmurs amongst the sweet flowers, and the child's voice learns to join also in the harmony of rejoicing nature. Some idea of the extent to which this Hospital has already been appreciated, may be gathered when we state that the twenty-one beds in the wards have been invariably full. Day by day since last October the little sufferers have been tenderly nursed by the kind Sisters of St. Lucy's.

The system on which the small patients are admitted can be explained in a few words. Two days in every week the Hospital for out-patients is opened in Gloucester. Here it rests with the medical men to decide which is the most urgent case of those before them. If room will admit, the child is entered at St. Lucy's at once, without favour or votes, while the other unsuccessful patients are relieved. Since the first week in September last year, not twelve months ago, more than a thousand have been under treatment; of these one hundred have occupied the wards of the Hospital, out of which number only two have died.

Every ward has a day nurse belonging to it, under whose especial care the children remain; one nurse overlooks all the Hospital at night. We shall not soon forget our introduction to the little girls' ward as we entered the Hospital. In spite of the *serious* afflictions under which some of the poor children were suffering, the bright happy look that pervaded them all was unmistakeable. Too ill to be moved from her crib, having serious hip disease, one little girl was playing with her doll, singing to it as she hushed it to sleep. Poor child! one's heart ached to think of the long dreary future that would probably follow on her helplessness; for the doctors, she told us, had that day said that she would, they feared, never be cured. Anyhow, all that could be done had been tried; and when she returned her parents would feel that their poverty had been no bar to their child's having the benefit of the best advice and care that even

Digitized by Google

the richest could obtain. It was difficult there to realize the full meaning of that word 'never,' no doubt, which fell from the child's lips as we talked to her about recovery. Just then it seemed all sunshine, and 'life to her was still, as a book is to us with uncut pages, which we possess, wholly ignorant of its contents.' Dr. Johnson once remarked about the world, 'that there was more in it to endure than to enjoy.' Perhaps endurance would be that little one's lot; as we turned away we could only fervently hope that, in her case, what seemed like punishment, might prove medicine; her reward, a jewelled crown for patient suffering.

The wards are much enlivened by the bright scarlet blankets on the children's cribs; red flannel jackets over their little night-dresses, all help also to give a cheerful and picturesque effect to the whole.

A word, in passing, must be bestowed upon the extremely convenient little moveable wooden shelves attached to the cribs, which run easily along the sides, and form tables either for the children's food or toys. Above the bed, suspended by a long iron pole, is the box (well out of the child's reach) in which its medicines or other remedies ordered for the case are kept; while at the foot of the bed is a printed card filled in with the child's name and that of the doctor in attendance; who also adds here the necessary instructions for the nurse's guidance. Pictures hang round the walls of all the wards; and toys have been amply provided for the little ones. It was just tea-time when we were there; those of the children who are able, sit round the table in the middle of the ward. Substantial pieces of bread and butter, with milk and water, formed the children's tea. One little fellow was enjoying the additional luxury of an egg, that had been brought to him by some relation during the day. The boys' and girls' wards are separate; but Walter, being the baby of this large nursery, was allowed to have his tea with the little girls. The mother of this little one, aged three and a half, died at his birth; when first brought to the Hospital he was so small and suffering, that the nurse was afraid to dress him; he now begins to do full justice to the kind care bestowed on him. Each ward has a lavatory attached, a necessary and extremely convenient addition to the original plan. The rooms are all light and well ventilated. There is a nurse's room to each ward. Each ward contains seven beds; a separate one is provided for any extreme case. Up-stairs, isolated from the rest of the Hospital, is the ward for infectious cases—a large room with two fire-places—and nurse's bed-room and lavatory adjoining. A lift communicates with these rooms from the lower or kitchen part, so that all risk, from the nurses being obliged to go up and down stairs, is avoided. Added to the rooms we have already described, is the Physicians' consulting or surgeons' operating room; a dispensary, bath-room, and two rooms for the Sisters' use, one of whom is always in charge of the Hospital.

Communicating with the kitchen after the model of the refectories of better days, is the large dining-hall where the nurses and community take their meals. At the end of one of the corridors up-stairs, is the beautiful

Digitized by Google

little chapel, with its stained window, and pretty open roof. Here, twice a week, the children who are able attend a short Litany Service with hymn. Morning and evening, short prayers and the Belief are read for them by one of the Sisters in their wards.

Separated but a short distance from the Hospital as the visitor drives up to the front door, a small church-like looking little building stands immediately facing him. It is the Mortuary Chapel, a temporary resting-place for the little ones who fall asleep at St. Lucy's.

'A sea before
The Throne is spread;
As pure still glass
Pictures all earth scenes as they pass,
'They' on its shore,
Share in the bosom of' their 'rest
God's knowledge, and are blest.'

Happy children, so to exchange suffering for rest! But yet more blessed for us, who still remain to be privileged to work for our Master, in tending and alleviating the pains and trials of those 'whose angels,' we are told, 'behold ever the Face of our Father which is in Heaven.' Let us not forget as we minister to them, that once, in the form and with all the weaknesses of childhood, our Lord dwelt on the earth. More Sisters are urgently needed for the Hospital at St. Lucy's. We commend the work most heartily to all those whose leisure and circumstances would enable them to afford help. The Hospital at present is entirely supported by voluntary contributions. Gifts of clothing or books for the use and amusement of the little ones would be thankfully accepted.

One especial feature of the usefulness of St. Lucy's commends itself to us all. Carlyle somewhere says that 'Experience is a master that takes high wages, but we learn in that school better than in any other.' St. Lucy's Hospital is at once an excellent school for doctors and nurses, where great advantages are afforded for studying the diseases and ailments peculiar to children. We know not, but that after helping in the good work with our alms or personal service, the experience gained, the relief found there, shall re-act upon the life of some little one dear to us as our own soul. But failing any such directly tangible results as we have imagined, (results by no means impossible,) one day we shall certainly receive a full recompense as those blessed words fall upon our ears: 'I was sick, and ye ministered unto Me;' and we enter upon

'The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.'

C. M.

July 30th, 1868.

Digitized by Google

AUNT SUSAN'S NEPHEWS.

BY Y. S.

'HERRINGS, fresh herrings! Who'll buy my herrings?'

Strangers from the inland counties would have found it very hard to understand that hoarse shrill cry, pitched moreover in such a melancholy key. But the inhabitants of the old-fashioned sea-port town knew it well; and if they were awakened by it, only turned themselves round in bed with a sigh of relief, thankful that they had at least one more hour to sleep before rousing themselves, for the old fisherman was an early riser, and generally began his doleful cry by six o'clock in the morning.

'I say, Archie,' said his brother, springing out of bed, 'let's get up this morning and have some fun before breakfast. There's old Bill with his fish-basket coming up the street. Let's buy some herrings, do. Ain't you fond of herrings?'

'Do be quiet, and let me go to sleep, will you? and don't talk nonsense. Herrings are good enough, but we can't eat them raw, and you know Cook won't dress them for us. She's as cross and grumpy as two sticks. And wouldn't Aunt Susan be in a way just!'

'But, I say, Archie, we will cook them ourselves. Won't that be jolly? We'll go and do them in the nursery when Nurse is out. She always goes out now of an evening, and she generally has a little bit of a fire there. If I make haste and dress, I shall be down-stairs by the time the old fellow is up the street.'

'Well, as you like, Bertie; only mind Aunt Susan will be in an awful way if it is discovered.'

Bertie slipped on his clothes—or dressed, as he called it—in no time, and crept down-stairs without encountering any of the servants, to his great satisfaction. He opened the street-door softly, and was just in time to catch the old fisherman.

'I say, Bill, stop one moment, will you? I want some herrings.'

'Good morning to you, young gent. Who would have thought of you being up so early? And how is all the family—the missis especial?'

'Don't talk so loud, Bill; and don't you see I am in a hurry? How much are the herrings?'

'A penny apiece, Sir. Fine fish they are, Sir, and quite fresh. They were only caught this morning. They're the last of the season, too. We sha'n't catch any again; it's getting late for them. But come here, Sir, out of the draught. It's cold where you're standing. You'll find it more sheltered here out of the wind,' said the old man, at the same time drawing the boy away from the front windows, where he was standing, to a more secluded corner.

'There, Sir, they're fine fish, Sir, and only a penny apiece. I would not cheat you for the world.'

Digitized by Google

Bertie picked out six of the finest fish. 'There, I will take these; and here's your sixpence, old fellow.'

'Thank you, Sir, much obliged I will give you one for luck into the bargain; and I've got a piece of paper here, Sir, to put them in. It ain't pleasant for a young gentleman to take them in his hand.' And the old man wrapt them carefully up as he spoke. Bertie bade him good morning, and glided into the house again and up-stairs.

'I say,' said he, giving his brother a hearty shake, for he had nearly fallen asleep again, 'wake up, will you? See what the jolly old fellow has given me. They're a penny apiece; but he's given me one extra for luck. Ain't he a stunner?'

'I dare say he has cheated you. You are such an ass, Bertie. You believe any rubbish anyone tells you. I should say they're awfully dear, and the fellow's an old cheat.'

'Not a bit of it; old Bill is the best fellow going. But, I say, Archie, do get up. The only time we can have a bit of fun is before breakfast.'

Archie, after many stretches and yawns, tumbled out of bed, and began slowly to dress.

'Now, Archie, where shall we hide these fish? It will never do for Jane to get hold of them.'

'Anywhere—put them in my fishing-basket if you like.'

'But we ought to keep them fresh.'

'Well, leave them till I'm dressed, and then we'll hunt out a hiding-place for them.'

'But you are such a slow-coach, Archie—you know you are. You're three times the time dressing I am.'

'Yes, pretty dressing. What would Aunt Susan say to it?'

'Well, but, Archie, do make haste; we shall have no time now before breakfast, and we shall get into a dreadful scrape if they're found,' and he rummaged into all the drawers as he spoke.

'Here's a bottle, Archie—the wide-necked one we used to keep our sea-anemones in. That will be splendid, won't it now? I'll fill it with water. They'll go in nicely.'

Bertie filled the bottle, put the herrings in, and then hid it safely in his drawer among his linen. Oh! if his aunt had seen it, would not she have been horrified? But fortunately for the boys, Aunt Susan seldom if ever went into their bed-room. She saw too much of their untidy disorderly habits down-stairs, to wish to improve her acquaintance with them.

'There, Archie, ain't that splendid, now? Anyone might open my drawer without suspecting it. They'll keep very nice and fresh there till this evening.'

'But I don't see how we can cook them,' said Archie doubtfully. 'We shall want a frying-pan, or something of the kind.'

'I'll manage that easily enough. I know where Cook keeps her frying-pans, and I'll steal in and bag one when she's busy elsewhere. It

Digitized by Google

will be such splendid fun, Archie. But I say, old boy, do make haste. You won't even be in time for breakfast, and then won't we come in for a jaw? There's the breakfast bell. I say, you must make haste.'

With his brother's help, Archie managed to complete his toilet, and get down-stairs in time for prayers.

'Well, boys,' said their aunt, as they sat down to breakfast, 'what roused you so early this morning? I heard you making a great noise in your room soon after six. You'll please to conduct yourselves more quietly in future, and not forget that you are in a lady's house, and are expected to behave like young gentlemen. I hope I shall not have to speak to you again on the subject.'

'Indeed, Aunt, we were not making a noise; we were quite quiet, I'm sure,' exclaimed Bertie vehemently.

'Do not contradict me, Herbert. What would your parents say if they knew how you were behaving? What a bad example, too, you are setting to the little ones! Nurse makes sad complaints of you. If you really don't mend your ways, I shall have to send you to a boarding-school, and you know that would be a great grief to your mother—she is so anxious for you to be under my care. And you, Archibald, do make haste with your breakfast to-day. I am afraid you are a sad dawdle.'

'I've just finished, Aunt,' said Archie. 'Bertie, just go up-stairs and get my books,' he whispered aside to his brother.

Bertie rushed up-stairs, and was down again in a few minutes. Aunt Susan had left the room, and Archie was finishing his breakfast in solitary grandeur.

'There's the whole pack of them,' and Bertie flung down the books recklessly on the table.

'Now, Bertie, look what you've done. There's my Latin grammar in the butter, and a nice mess it's in,' and Archie picked up one of his neatly-covered books.

'And it don't matter, Archie, a bit. It's only the outside cover after all. I wouldn't be such a goose as to cover my school-books, I'm sure.' And Bertie began with great energy to play at ball with one of his own tattered volumes.

'There, just look at your dictionary!' said Archie, as Bertie missed his catch, and his book fell to the ground, while the loose pages flew out in all directions.

'Well, what's the harm? I wish you would make haste. You know it wants but ten minutes to nine. You dawdy! You don't mean to say that you are going to stop to put a cover to your stupid old grammar? I did think you had more sense than that. I take quite a pride in my books. They look much more like what lesson-books should be than yours.'

'If you chatter so, Bertie, I shall be much longer. You may get my cap for me—it's hanging in the hall.'

Archie and Bertie's parents were in India. They had sent their four

Digitized by Google

children over to England to be educated. Mrs. Robson's sister, Miss Curtis, had offered to board and look after them, and sent the two eldest boys to a good day-school in the old-fashioned sea-port town where she resided.

Both the boys received very indifferent marks for their lessons that morning, probably from the fact that their hearts were with the herrings in Bertie's drawer. What if Jane, the housemaid, were to discover them, and tell Aunt Susan! Even Bertie's brave heart quailed at the thought of such a catastrophe. They thought that five o'clock would never come; but the longest day has an end, and school was over at last.

'I wonder, Archie, how the herrings are going on?'

'"Going on!" How can they go when they are dead?'

'Well, I mean to say, I wonder if they're all safe. I know Jane sometimes goes to our drawers; I caught her the other day stuffing all the things that were lying about the room there. But she would not see the bottle unless she looked for it. I hid it quite underneath my linen.'

'Well, you must undertake all the responsibility if it's found; you put them there, you know, and 'twas you bought the herrings.'

'But you're going to help eat them though, Master Archie. I call that rich, now.'

'Neither of us will eat them if Jane has found them out, you may depend upon it.'

'Yes, all our fun will be done for in that case. That would be stupid.'

The boys rushed up-stairs to their room as soon as they reached home, and Bertie opened his drawer.

'Good gracious, Archie! just look. Here's all the water come out on my clothes. What shall we do?'

'You stupid boy, it's your own fault! Why did not you put the cork in tight? A pretty pickle for your clothes to be in, to be sure. There's your best Sunday jacket all drenched, and your blue neck-tie too. And awfully fishy they smell. They'll take you for a fisher-boy, most certainly, next Sunday.'

'But, I say, Archie, how and where shall we dry them?' said Bertie, taking out his clothes and examining them with a doleful face.

'I can't say, indeed, Bertie. You might dry them perhaps by the nursery fire while we fry the fish, but it's ten to one if they get thoroughly dry.'

'Oh yes, that will be splendid!' and Bertie threw out the contents of his drawer untidily on the floor. Don't the fish look good, Archie? You may thank me for the extra one. I always make famous bargains. Look what a whopper it is. It's bigger than any two of the rest put together.'

'It looks to me rather suspicious,' said Archie.

'Well, how shall we divide them? There's three apiece, and one over. I tell you what, we'll give this big one to Bones, if he promises not to tell of us. He's a shocking little fellow for blabbing. But if we give him this on condition of his not saying a word to Nurse, or anyone, perhaps he may have the discretion to hold his tongue.'

Digitized by Google

'All right, then,' said Archie. 'We must make haste now. Nurse is sure to have gone down-stairs by this time. I'll take these fish to the nursery and lecture the children, if you'll get a frying-pan; and I'll put your clothes before the fire, if you like.'

'Very well then. I'll get a frying-pan—see if I don't.'

Bertie crept softly down-stairs, and disappeared in the back regions, from whence he soon returned in triumph.

'Look here, is not this jolly? Here's a splendid little frying-pan, just the size. Cook was busy in the front kitchen, so I crept into the scullery, and ran away with this.—Now, Carrie,' he continued, turning to his little sister, 'don't you blab of us to Nurse, or anyone, or it will be the worse for you; nor you either, Bones. Do you hear?'

Bones was the name their little brother always went by. No one knew how the name had originated; but the boys never called him by any other, and even Nurse was given to use it, much to Aunt Susan's horror: for she considered it a heathenish substitute for his own noble Christian name—Stephen Augustus. It was certainly a very inappropriate nickname, for the little fellow was stout and plump—as broad as he was long, and did not appear to lay claim to any such vulgar things as bones.

The children both promised faithfully not to say a word about it.

'Now, Bones,' said Bertie, 'if you will guard the nursery door, and tell us directly you hear anyone coming, we will give you one of the fish. There now, what do you say to that?'

Bones' face perfectly glowed with delight. 'I will, indeed—I'll tell you directly anyone comes.'

'Very well then, you sit there and watch.—Now then, Archie, let's put the fish on.'

They placed the frying-pan on the hottest part of the fire, and watched the progress of the cooking with the keenest interest.

'They're very black, Archie. Look how they're burning!'

'I know why,' said Carrie, who had been capering wildly round the room; 'Nurse always puts some butter in the pan when she fries anything.'

'Of course,' said Archie. 'How could you have been so silly as to forget that, Bertie?'

'Well, there's no help for it. We can't get any, and it does not matter a bit. They'll be just as good, even if they are a little burnt. Don't they smell nice, Archie?—Let's turn them. Don't you think they're done this side? And, Carrie, do get out of the way, will you? You'll be sure to set your pinafore on fire. And just look what you're doing—you've knocked all my clothes down in the dirt. You may just pick them up again, please, and then sit down quietly. If you make such a racket, we shall have Nurse up here to see what you're after.'

The boys at last settled that the herrings must be finished, and took them out of the frying-pan—all except Bones', which being the largest, they decided it would be improved by more cooking. Boys are, certainly,

Digitized by Google

a strange species of humanity. Old Betty Hobson, to whom Miss Curtis sent a weekly present of tea and sugar, and who lived on three shillings a week from the parish, would have turned up her nose at these herrings—all burnt and black outside, and full of bones inside—which the boys ate with so much relish.

'I declare, Archie,' said Bertie, 'there's a hole in the frying-pan.'

'I am sure it was not my doing. What shall we do now?'

'Is not my herring done yet?' shouted Bones, leaving his watch and coming to the fire.

'No; go back, will you? We shall have old Nurse coming up here in a moment. I declare there she is!'

The boys swallowed down the remainder of their fish with one gulp.

'I say, Bertie, where shall we put the frying-pan? Won't Nurse be in a rage if she sees it?'

'I know,' said Bertie. 'There's a little ledge in the chimney; don't you remember it?' and he seized the pan. 'There, it's quite safe there. Nurse will never find it.'

'But I don't want my herring put up the chimney. You promised me I should have it if I watched. It isn't at all fair of you, Bertie,' howled Bones.

'Hush, Bones, will you? Here's Nurse. You shall have it all in good time, I tell you. It's quite safe, so you need not make such a prodigious fuss about it.'

'What are you young gentlemen after in my nursery, I should like to know? Some mischief, I'll warrant.—A nice mess you've got your pinafore in, Miss Carrie.—Good gracious! what a creature that Cook is! She's after frying fish for her supper, I suppose, for I'm sure Missus never ordered none. I never could abide the smell of fish. She little thought the smell would come up here so strong. Much good it is making you children decent, if you make yourselves dirty directly afterwards.—And what have you boys been doing to my fire? It was quite a nice little blaze when I went down-stairs; but now it's quite black, and nearly out.' And Nurse gave the fire a vigorous thrust with the poker as she spoke. Ah! she little knew what was up the chimney, or would she not have been in a towering rage!

'Now, you boys, just turn out of my nursery, setting up my children to all sorts of naughtiness; and I advise you, Master Bertie, to give your face a good washing before tea. It's all over smut. That tells tales, it does, that you've been playing with fire. Some pranks you've been after, I know. We shall have the house set on fire over our heads one of these days, I prophesy. But be off now, and make yourselves ready for tea.—Now, Master Bones,' she continued, as soon as his brothers had gone, 'let me brush your hair, and make you tidy. What would your aunt say to such dirty hands and face?—I should like to know what you children have been after. Have you been playing with the fire?'

Digitized by Google

'No,' replied Bones; 'I've only been watching at the door. I did not go near the fire.'

'What were you watching at the door for?'

'To see if I could hear anyone coming.'

Nurse was here interrupted in her questioning by the parlour-maid, who came to take the children down to tea.

'Bones, how could you be so foolish as to say that to Nurse?' whispered Carrie to her brother, as they went down-stairs together. 'The boys said you weren't to say a word about it.'

'I could not help it,' he said. 'Nurse asked me. And I'll tell her all about it too, if they don't give me my herring. It's very wrong of them to put it up the chimney.'

'Well, hush! don't talk about it now, or Aunt will be asking all about it. And mind you behave yourself to-night, because Aunt Susan will send you up to have your tea in the nursery if you don't—she said she would, you know.'

'Well, children,' said Aunt Susan, who was sitting at the tea-table before the bright polished urn, 'I hope you have been good to-day. You may sit, one on each side of me.—Archibald, move a little lower down, and make room for your sister;—and, Stephen Augustus, you come and sit here.—Margaret, put the high chairs for the children.—What have you been doing to-day, Caroline?'

'I've been playing with my doll, and Nurse gave me a reading-lesson,' answered Carrie demurely.

'That's a good girl; I hope you are getting on nicely.—And what have you been doing, Stephen Augustus?'

'I've been watching at the door—don't, Bertie!' he shrieked, as he felt his arm pinched.

'Hush! I'm quite shocked at your conduct at table. And don't take such large mouthfuls. You children really behave more like barbarians than little ladies and gentlemen,' said Aunt Susan sternly. 'If you really don't behave better, I shall have to give up having you down-stairs to tea in future.'

'I want some jam,' cried Bones, nothing daunted, and looking eagerly at the jam-pot.

'Jam is not good for children. I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself. There, now, you naughty boy, look what you've done!' as Bones upset his basin of milk-and-water into his lap. 'There's a nice mess! You may go and finish your tea in the nursery. Do you hear, Sir?' And Aunt Susan rang the bell for Margaret.

Bones, whose heart was still yearning for his herring, now began to roar.

'What's the matter with my boy?' said Nurse in a commiserating tone, as Margaret led him into the nursery.

'He's been very naughty, and not behaved proper as a young gentleman should do,' answered Margaret.

Digitized by Google

'And what is it you've been doing?' And Nurse wiped his tearful face.

'I only spilled my tea,' sobbed Bones. 'Aunt Susan is so cross; she won't let me do anything.'

'Has she been cross, darling? Never mind. Dry up your tears quick. You shall have some buttered toast, and nice tea with sugar.'

It was wonderful how Bones brightened up at this promise. While Nurse was preparing these delicacies for him, he played with his horse and cart, and laughed and shouted as if he had never been in disgrace. It was one of Nurse's weaknesses that she never could bear anyone but herself to find fault with her children—as she called them. *She* could be angry enough with them if she chose, and often punished them severely. But if anyone else were rash enough to interfere with her authority, then it was quite a different case. Her displeasure was very great, and she took her revenge by trying to make the punishment inflicted rather pleasant than otherwise. Certainly Bones, as he sat a few minutes afterwards on his high chair by the table, munching buttered toast with a sprinkling of sugar, and hot tea, which he never tasted by any chance down-stairs, did not look by any means miserable or unhappy.

Nurse did not leave her domains again that evening till she went to bed; so that the boys had no opportunity of rescuing their frying-pan. They were obliged to leave it to its fate for the present, and trust that Nurse—not being a woman of an inquiring turn of mind—would not have the curiosity to investigate the contents of the chimney.

The next morning, the first thing that Bones thought of when he woke was his unfortunate herring. It was as much as cautious Carrie could do to prevent him talking about it to Nurse, and so divulging the whole secret; and it was a great relief to her when the boys made their appearance in Nurse's absence, to look after their piece of stolen goods, for Bertie was very anxious to restore it to its proper place in the scullery, as he had heard a rumour about a mutton chop for Aunt Susan's dinner, and Cook would be sure to want her small frying-pan. True, there was a hole in it. That was certainly a great misfortune; but he hoped to inveigle the old tinker, who sat all day at the bottom of the street, to mend it immediately. They could wait for it, and restore it before going to school, and pay for it when they had the money. But Bertie, who had put his hand up the chimney, cried in dismay—

'I declare, Archie, it's gone; indeed it is. I do believe that spiteful Nurse has discovered it, and means to tell Aunt Sue.'

'It can't have gone. Nonsense, Bertie. Let me feel; my arm is longer than yours. But so it is, upon my word!—Bones, you've been telling tales. Now haven't you? confess.'

Bones declared he had not said a word about it, and roared lustily for his herring. He was sure the boys had hidden it somewhere, and meant

Digitized by Google

to cheat him out of it. Nurse's footsteps coming up-stairs frightened away the boys, for they did not wish to encounter that formidable foe in a hurry, and they had to start for school before they could solve the mysterious disappearance. It was well for them they were out of the way of the fuss which arose when Cook discovered her loss. Cook was not a woman of a particularly amiable temper, and her wrath upset the whole household. It was almost a new frying-pan, and just a convenient size. The charwoman, whom Miss Curtis had had in the day before, must have stolen it, and she begged that the matter might be put in the hands of the police. But her rage was too violent to last very long. She sobered down after a while, and consented to fry the mutton chop in a larger pan, though grumbling all the while, and vowing that she'd find out the thief.

Nurse also had her troubles in the nursery; for Master Bones was in a very fractious irritable state of mind, and she feared that her darling must be sickening for the measles.

When the boys came home in the evening, they heard Cook grumbling about her frying-pan; but fortunately no one questioned them on the matter. What should they know about it? And they were prudent enough to hold their tongues.

Bones was allowed to have his tea down-stairs again that evening on condition that he promised to behave better. But it is to be feared that he did not sufficiently appreciate the honour conferred on him. Probably he preferred his buttered toast and tea in the nursery, to the milk and water and thick bread and butter with his aunt.

The down-stairs meals were usually very silent, as Aunt Susan did not much encourage the children to talk; so she merely asked the boys what they had been doing in school that day, and what marks they had got, and then they relapsed into silence.

Suddenly, however, there was a little commotion. Aunt Susan gave a little shriek, probably for the first time in her life, for screaming was a vice she was never tired of inveighing against. The children all started, while Bones called out, 'My herring! my herring!' as down came Cook's lost frying-pan, followed by the herring, with a great clatter into the empty grate.

A look of utter consternation spread over the boys' faces, as they watched this event. Aunt Susan did not seem to know what to think of it. Bones was the only one who did not appear to be alarmed. Indeed he was quite pleased to see his herring again; and calmly walking up to the fire-place, he extricated the smutty fish with his fingers.

'You naughty boy!' exclaimed his aunt angrily. 'Leave that alone directly, can't you?'

'It's my herring, that the boys put up the nursery chimney. It's only a little smutty. It's quite good.'

'What do you say, Stephen Augustus? Speak clearly, will you?'

'O Aunt,' said Archie, thinking it was better to make light of it,

Digitized by Google

'it's only some herrings which Bertie and I bought and fried on the nursery fire. We put the frying-pan on a shelf in the chimney when we had finished with it, and I suppose there is some passage between the two chimneys, and it's tumbled down here.'

'Yes, you put it there to hide it, I suppose. Pretty doings, boys! And this is Cook's frying-pan, which you have taken, and burnt a hole in.' And Aunt Susan rang the bell as she spoke, and told her maid to summon the cook and nurse into her presence immediately. Meanwhile Bones had quietly and unobserved demolished his herring, utterly indifferent to its sooty condition.

The boys had to make a full confession of their misdemeanour, and were then sent up-stairs in disgrace to their room, while 'The Three Furies,' as Bertie designated them, consulted together as to their punishment. Cook declared that they ought to save up their pocket-money to buy a new frying-pan. Nurse said she would never allow them to enter her nursery again; and Aunt Susan determined they should write to their parents and make a full confession to them.

These three sentences were all carried into effect. True, the frying-pan they bought was one of Bertie's wonderful bargains; in consequence of which the bottom came 'clean out,' as Cook expressed it, almost the first time she used it. But her wrath had by that time considerably abated, and Bertie won her heart by giving her a new ribbon for her cap. The boys, too, gradually got into their old habit of coming into the nursery when they wanted a game of play with the children. But they never again ventured to steal Cook's frying-pan, or to cook herrings on Nurse's fire.

VILLAGE SKETCHES IN SCOTLAND.

It *was* a curious summer residence, after all, it must be confessed; and perhaps my sister and myself were justified in our dislike of it at first. A strange rambling old house, only half furnished, a large straggling ill-kept garden, the gate at the end of the short approach opening into the village; no scope for walking powers, except the high road leading through the long village in the one direction, and in the other to the small country railway station; and even when we tried a drive by way of variety, we found very little variety in our drives. In short, the only advantage the place seemed to possess was one which was unweariedly dinned into our ears by all our neighbours, and that was the *longevity of its inhabitants*. We contented ourselves with rejoicing that we should have no opportunity of trying its properties in this respect, as we were only birds of passage, and hoped to leave it after a residence of a month or two in the summer; and yet, before we left it, we had grown attached

Digitized by Google

to the place, to the village, and to the long-lived villagers. Some of the stories we learned amongst them haunted me for years, and I hope may prove not without interest to my readers. To begin then with the old cow-woman, as we named a poor old body whom I met every morning in my rambles before breakfast, and who never failed to return the greeting which my little nephew and I regularly bestowed upon her; but no words passed between us till after his return to school, when his mother and I were astonished by the good old creature stopping to inquire for him and to express a kindly hope that he was 'weel guided an' no hungert' at his school, telling us of some young gentleman she had once heard of who had been very unfortunate in these respects. Then in answer to our questions in return she went on to tell us that she and a brother older than herself lived together, maintained chiefly on the produce of the two cows which she drove before her to pasture so faithfully day by day. She told us with pride how quiet they were with her, though no hand but her own could venture on milking the chief favourite. 'She flings,' added the proud mistress emphatically; 'but this ane's no sae dorty; she snorts an' she snores, but she does na' fling.'

We asked if they lived quite alone; and then her old heart opened in the recollections of earlier years as she told us of the lonely life they led now, but it had not been always so. A niece they had, whom they had brought up like their own child, and loved as well; but the old old story—the lover came—'a ne'er-do-weel' he was, but her eyes could see no fault in him, and in spite of all the remonstrances of uncle and aunt, she married him and left her childhood's home. They heard nothing for long, and hoped the best though they could not help fearing the worst—and then, with tears and a broken voice, she went on how one day a woman with a little one had come to their door—they took her for a 'beggar-wife,' but they opened the door, and then she dropped the child, and they saw who it was, and that she had come home—to die. The hardships she had undergone she never told, but the first sign of them was not to be mistaken. The little boy being set down on the floor, crawled to the foot of the table and began licking up the crumbs which had fallen from the frugal meal of the old couple. The poor loving old body sobbed as she told of it, but evidently had a sad pleasure in recalling the days that followed—how the child throve from day to day, and what a bonnie boy he was, and how she had loved and tended him as she had done the mother before him; and how the mother faded from hour to hour, and at first sat 'crooning' over the fire, and soon took to her bed, from which she never rose again—and how the strength wasted and the appetite failed, although the wee thing never had a bite that he didn't try to offer to his mammy; and then, how the last sad day came, and how the poor mother, sadly spent but still beautiful, was carried to her long home; and how the little one clung to her to the end, and often visited the grave, patting the sods with his tiny hands and calling on his mammy to come back to him. 'And what became of him?' we asked. She dried her eyes, and tried in vain to speak cheerily, as she told us how an aunt who was well-to-do in the world had come and carried him off; and tried to comfort her heart for his loss (which had evidently been an additional trial to her) by the assurance, 'Ou aye, nae dout he was weel guidet, his claes sae bra',' &c., and then, hastily bidding us 'Gude day,' she went on her way, and ever after was in our eyes as a sealed fountain, with her feelings so deep and strong, and her outward appearance quiet and indifferent as before.

Digitized by Google

Then the story of an omlette which was told us—an omlette of fifty years ago, but which, to the narrator, was still as much an object of interest as on the day on which she broke the eggs to make it. A servant girl in a country inn she had been, in which capacity, as she assured us, she had 'mixed with the gentry.' One day her mistress had been suddenly called away, and 'gentlemen came, and an omlette they wanted and an omlette they maun hae—and an omlette o' the best they had that day.' She had never made one before, but in her pride of success she went on describing every step of the process, and the credit she got; and we sympathized with her with all our hearts, and only found out afterwards how absurd the whole story was.

Then came a Sabbath morning, and to the kirk-yard (which was overlooked by the windows of our mansion) came a poor old woman, attended by a small boy, and carrying a tiny coffin in which was laid one of the twin babes of her only daughter. They seemed to be a very lonely pair, living somewhere on the moor; and on the death of the child, the mother being still very ill herself, the old grannie had procured its coffin and then set off on foot to bring it to its burial. A sadder, more desolate, funeral could hardly be imagined; and the poor woman—somewhat soothed by the ready sympathy and abundance of bodily comforts which my sister lavished on her—started off again with her little companion to her sorrowful home.

Then there was the old Irish woman who had come over when the railway was being made, with her sons who were engaged as navvies. The fever had come among them, and she described the state of destitution and misery in which they had lived; and how she, ill herself, had nursed her boys one after another, and brought them through the terrible time—and it made our hearts bleed as she went on to tell us how she had now no home of her own, but lived with one of these sons; and how his wife, little heeding the care and love which the old mother had lavished on him in those days of suffering, treated her as an interloper, and shewed her, too plainly, that her support was a burden she was weary of. Many were our consultations how to help her without exciting the jealousy and ill-will of the grasping daughter-in-law, and by gifts to both we hoped we had succeeded, but it was altogether a sorrowful tale.

Nor must I forget our idiot boy, our innocent, as they call such in Scotland. He, too, was a keeper of cows, and excited our pity by the want of a covering for his head; and we purchased a bonnet with a fine red tuft at the top, and a scarlet comforter, which we intended to present to him on the first opportunity. This occurred as we were returning from the shop, for we met our friend in the very middle of the village, with all his cows in procession before him. My sister went up to him and offered the parcel, saying it was for him. He stared, but vouchsafed no answer. She opened the parcel, hoping the bright colour would catch his fancy—but no. The obstinacy of an idiot had got possession of him, and the only answer she could get was—'Na, na, I winna tak' it; I winna tak' it.' I then came to her assistance, and we exhausted all our eloquence in vain; and by this time we found, to our dismay, that the stoppage in the village street had attracted everyone to door and window, and that we were the subjects of observation if not the laughing-stock of the whole community. In despair, I caught the parcel from my sister's hand, and (as she afterwards told me) speaking as if I had been forcing a dose of medicine on an unwilling child, thrust it into his hand with the

Digitized by Google

imploring words, 'Take it like a good boy, only take it;' and, having got rid of it, we made a hasty retreat within our own gates, while the boy (fairly vanquished at last) grinned from ear to ear, and leaving all his cows to their own discretion in the street, darted into the nearest house to show his prize.

Afterwards, however, being reproached by some of the servants who were shocked at his incivility, he assured them he liked the articles very much, and had thanked the ladies! for them.

There was a blind man too, with whom we made a passing acquaintance. He was a beggar, led by a very pretty little dog, and we stopped to speak to him. He 'travelled all the country round,' he said, with the help of his dog. 'But,' we asked, 'how does the dog know where you wish him to lead you?' 'I tell him,' he answered; and on our still expressing our surprise, he said, 'Try him yourselves; ask him which is the way to any of the towns in this part of the country.' 'Where is Lanark?' we asked, and instantly the little nose pointed right round in the true direction; Edinburgh, Peebles, and many more towns, we named, and round and round wheeled the dog, always correct in his answers as far as we had ourselves knowledge to judge of his accuracy. How he had learned this, or if it was but a cleverly managed trick, we could not make out; but in any case it surely was a curious specimen of doggish sagacity.

Then came the last evening, when we really regretted our approaching departure, and we were touched more than perhaps we needed to have been when the village band came up to give us a parting serenade; and next morning many of our old friends were round the carriage with their last adieux as we started for the station, and our hearts were quite full as we took our leave of them; and in the words of good old John Bunyan, 'we saw them no more.'

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

CLASSES FOR COMMUNICANTS.

Dear M. I.,

In answer to M. I.'s enquiry as to the working of a Communicants' Class, F——, speaking from her own experience, would recommend that it should be held on Sundays, (to obviate the necessity on other days of late hours,) and that the numbers should not exceed twenty. The girls are generally interested in preparing something during the week; such as either the References, or the Questions for Students, in The Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching. (Mozley.) Three quarters of an hour's brisk teaching is generally sufficient, of which one quarter may be devoted to singing, overlooking the answers, and changing borrowed books; one quarter to reading aloud by the teacher, upon some subject connected with Bible History, Church Services, or the like; and the third quarter to drawing out the agreement and lessons of the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel, for the Day—or explaining a portion of the Prayer Book, &c. The class will probably be a mixed one in point of ability, and tact will be required in putting direct questions, lest the more ignorant should be ashamed by an inability to answer. Points of conscience respecting the Holy Communion, such as slack or non-attendance, it is far safer to refer to the Clergyman.

It is said to be difficult to work a class composed of different grades, such as married women, dress-makers, and servants. I have found them go on very harmoniously together.

F.

Digitized by Google

HINTS ON READING.

EVERYONE should read the *Life of Las Casas*, (Bell and Daldy,) culled and adapted from Mr. Helps's great history of Spanish America, by his son. The book should be put in the way of all who may have to do with aboriginal populations. No protest against colonial ill-usage of the 'nigger' ever was so eloquent as the great 'clerigo's' life—the Bishop Selwyn of the sixteenth century. And that there may be a great self-impelled movement for good in the dark races of the distant isles, is to be seen in Bishop Staley's *Five Years' Church Work in Hawaii*, (Rivington,) a chequered account, whose dark side shows the trustworthiness of its bright one.

We know, too, that many of our readers will be glad to hear that *The Gates of Paradise*, that fair dream, may now be separately procured, being published by Messrs. Rivington.

Seekers after God, Mr. Farrer's contribution to Mr. Macmillan's Sunday Library, is a touching and memorable triad of portraits of three heathen, who almost touched Christianity, yet, as it were, with eyes holden that they should not know it—beautiful and most sad.

Lastly, let us speak of two novels—Holme Lee's *Basil Godfrey's Caprice*, and Lady Charles Thynne's *Colonel Fortescue's Daughters*. They might almost be called Trust and Distrust. Perhaps Distrust has the cleverest plot, it all turns on an admirable device, the characters, too, are graceful; but it is curious to contrast the fretted irritated feeling it gives with the satisfied comfortable sense of respect with which we leave the calm, grave, unfaltering pair in Holme Lee's story; though it is perhaps hard to be brought into contact with such an exceptional demon of a woman as Emmot Torre, who disqualifies the book for many who might otherwise read it. Christabel's Geraldine is her only parallel.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

H. S. C. *begs to inform* E. A. B. *that the lines incorrectly quoted in* The Monthly Packet *for September are by Richard Lovelace*, (1618–1658,) *a Cavalier poet, and form the concluding stanza of a poem entitled* To Lucasta, on going to the Wars. *But the two first lines should run as follows:—*

> 'Yet this inconstancy is such,
> As you, too, shall adore;' &c.

S. W. *or* Prosperina.—*Please tell us to what MS. you refer, or what answer you are expecting from us.*

Two Contributors tell us they 'enclose this MS.' *As they do not* '*enclose*' *it with their letters, but, we conclude, send it with unenclosed ends in a separate parcel, and neither write their names on it, nor its title in their letters, how are we to know their MSS. apart, or from any other we receive by the same post? A third MS. has again placed us in the same difficulty. Will Contributors never attend to the notice that always stands at the head of this page?*

Lina.—*Keble's* Christian Year—*poem for the Third Sunday after Epiphany.*—Dionis *is the Spanish form of Dionysius, or Denis. Out of the many saints of this name, the*

Digitized by Google

chief are the Areopagite of the Acts, and St. Denis, one of the first apostles of France, who was beheaded at Montmartre in the first century.—St. Olave was a King of Norway, contemporary with Ethelred the Unready, for whom he fought against the Danes near the church on the Thames that still bears his name. He was converted in the Channel Isles, tried to Christianize his subjects, but was killed by the heathen in the battle of Stiklestad, in 1080.—St. Vedast, or Vaast, was one of the Bishops who assisted St. Remi in the conversion of the Franks. He died in 539 at Arras, his diocese, of which he was the first Bishop.

Declined with thanks.—Mary; H. R. B.; Agnes's Story; F. F.; The Two Christmas-Boxes; My First Visit to France.

J. *begs for titles of songs and hymns set to tunes with bass accompaniments for the piano, suitable for children under ten years of age.*

G. S. A. *would be greatly indebted for any information as to the Rules drawn up for the Association of St. Vincent de Paul, by Frédéric Ozanam.*

The Rev. Edward Josselyn Beck (Commissary to the Bishop of Newfoundland) acknowledges with thanks 10*s. from* E. S. M., *for the* Bishop's Church Ship.

Constance *also answers* M. J.; *but as her letter contains no practical information, we omit it.*

Remigia.—*The Rubric indicates that the Lord's Prayer at the beginning of the Communion Service is to be said in the same manner as the ensuing Collect*—i. e. *by the Priest alone. The* Amen *not being in italics also denotes that it is only to be said by the Priest. The reason, as given in Blunt's* Key to the Prayer Book, *is, that the Celebrant uses it for himself 'as a prevailing intercession connected with his particular duty, that he may be found not unworthy to represent his Lord, the chief Priest of the Church, in the offering of the Holy Eucharist.*

If the lady who wrote to Greta *under cover to the* Editor, *will forward her address to* Greta, *care of* Mrs. Mansell, The Elms, Howsell, Malvern Link, *she shall have a full answer.*

S. W. *begs to answer the Correspondent who begged to know how to assist the* Shoreditch Sisters, *that their first requirement is money, and next strong clothes for the poor, and that they also have opportunities of selling fancy work. A letter on their needs, for which we have no room, shall be given in our next.*

E. M. G. *asks the author of the lines—*

'Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From lowliest nook.'

A. H., *where to find—*

'Commit their pure souls to their Captain, Christ.'

O. *asks for the name of a small book of Questions on the Prayer Book, if possible with Scripture References; also, on Scripture History.*

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

Digitized by Google

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 35. NOVEMBER, 1868. PRICE 1s.

MEDIEVAL SEQUENCES AND HYMNS.

No. XI.—FOR THE FESTIVAL OF ALL SAINTS.

(Resultet tellus)

LET Heaven's exalted sphere
And earth re-echo clear
The Eternal Father's praise, Who rules the sky;
To Whom the Angelic throng
Raise their harmonious song
In the celestial palaces on high;
So also let us here to-day
With tuneful voice before Him our thanksgivings lay.

The choir of All the Blest
In Paradisal rest,
To Him full tribute of devotion yields;
There the new song they raise
In Christ their Captain's praise,
Treading the pure flowers in the dewy fields;
And clad in white, with laurel crown'd,
Follow the Lamb, their Guide, where'er His steps are found.

For they the alluring gleams
Of this world's short-lived dreams
Despising, yearned for joys of highest Heaven:
Through the blest Spirit's power,
Who His bright gifts doth shower,
Whereby to us immortal life is given:
For He doth search our inmost part,
And from all taint of sin doth purify the heart.

He, Consubstantial One,
With Father and with Son,
For ever reigns in His high citadel;

Digitized by Google

Where, glowing with the sight
Of that eternal Light,
The companies of Saints in rapture dwell:
The Majesty Supreme they view,
Throned each in rank and order of precedence due.

The Essential Unity
And Sacred Trinity
In glory everlasting they adore;
Whereto, when death is past,
God bring our souls at last
To worship Him with Angels evermore;
For in Him All His Saints rejoice,
And we with all redeemed raise our triumphant voice.
Alleluia. Amen.

EVENING HYMN TO THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

When the shades of night are falling,
Let me hear Thee, Shepherd Good;
Let me hear Thee gently calling,
Thee, Who when I oft withstood,
Called again, again entreated,
Told the story oft repeated.

Long I wandered, sad and weary,
Ever seeking self and ease:
But the self-shaped path grew dreary,
For I had not Thee to please:
Thee to follow, Thee for Master,
While the shades of sin fell faster.

Now the stars their light are shedding
Over hamlet, hill, and wold;
Now the chill night-airs are spreading,
Shepherd, call Thy sheep to Fold:
In Thy bosom gently bearing
Weak and faint with tender caring.

As to wand'ring, let me never
Such a guilty heart-thought hide;
But within Thy Fold, for ever
Tended by Thy love, abide:
Thou, Thy sheep fresh pastures showing,
I, the Shepherd's accents knowing.

Digitized by Google

'Say, Good Shepherd, wilt Thou lead me
Through the dark and storm and night:
To the fields where Thou wilt feed me,
To the happy Fold of Light?'
'Yes!' I hear Thy Voice replying,
Voice of Love, divine, undying!

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

THE DAUGHTER OF ABRAHAM.

FOUNDED ON A STORY IN THE BOOK OF MACCABEES.

SHE knelt beside her father's feet,
That Hebrew child with grave dark eyes;
She heard him read the story sweet
Of Abram's willing sacrifice.
The vine-leaves, curled by breeze of eve,
Like *her* young bosom did not heave;
The clouds, by sunset's crimson dyed,
Were pale and cold her cheek beside.

She heard of how the patriarch-sire
To Mount Moriah his child conveyed,
How rose the turf-built altar's pyre,
And how thereon the boy was laid.
The listener's eager breath she held,
From out her eyes sad tear-drops welled,
But when she heard of Isaac saved,
In showers of joy her cheeks were laved.

'His child our father Abram gave;'
So spake she, soft, with reverent voice;
'Ah! would the Lord a gift would crave,
That *I* might shew my willing choice!'
Then laid his hand the father old
Amidst her 'tresses manifold;'
'Nay, give thy *heart*,' his voice replied,
'The *lamb* will God Himself provide.'

Years passed; and now, within a grave
Where cedar boughs deep shadows threw,
She stood, a maiden full of love
To all the breath of life that drew.
She gathered lilies gold and white,
With myrtles green and roses bright,

Digitized by Google

And wove them into chains, to deck
A yearling lamb's unspotted neck.

She gave—nor gave without a sigh—
The firstling from her father's fold,
Which wont within her arms to lie,
In summer's heat and winter's cold.
But when she saw the priestly knife
Destroy her darling's blameless life,
She fixed on Heaven her tearful eyes
For joy to yield her sacrifice.

How could she grudge her playmate fair?
'Twas all her hand could give the Lord,
Whilst Abram gave the blessing's heir,
Nor marred the gift with faltering word.
And firm and sure her simple creed
Stood fixed on Abram's promised Seed;
Since He His blood for her would pour,
How could she grudge Him all her store?

Full many a year hath passed and sped:
How changed was now that maiden's face!
Yet, though the charms of youth were fled,
She wore a matron's holiest grace.
To cheer that matron's loving breast,
With seven brave sons her lot was blest;
All strong to wield the patriot brand,
And fight for God and Israel's land.

There comes a change o'er Judah's realm;
Her sun hath sunk in clouds of night,
Her banner proud rude hands o'erwhelm
Beneath a pagan's lawless might.
In captive thrall that mother stands,
Her sons are bound with hostile bands,
Whilst all their shame with rapture sees
Their tyrant lord, 'Epiphanes.'

But see! with fair dissembling brow
He bids them share his banquet sweet;
To idol-gods they will not bow,
Nor taste the king's polluted meat.
They stood, that calm undaunted seven,
With eyes that sought the aid of Heaven;
Their saintly mother, standing by,
Shed o'er the place a sanctity.

Digitized by Google

The tyrant's brows are stern and gray,
The tyrant's lips are deadly pale,
A muttered curse they hear him say,
At which the stoutest heart might quail.
Yet still that calm unwavering hand
Can all unmoved before him stand;
They dread alone their mother's grief,
They crave alone for tortures brief.

For tortures brief! It may not be,
A common fate their judge denies,
But one by one the brethren see
How each by turns in anguish dies.—
The mother stood with eyes upraised,
Her parted lips Jehovah paised;
No liquid pearls bedropped her eyes,
She joyed to yield her sacrifice!

She saw fulfilled her father's words,
'The lamb will God Himself provide;'
In torturing fires and flashing swords,
She saw her dear ones glorified;
But lo! they bind her last-born fair,
With full proud lips and rich dark hair;
Ah! will not God provide a ram,
To save her last, her cherished lamb?

The tyrant bids her venture near,
He speaks of hope and rescue nigh;
For that brave boy she need not fear,
No death of shame her son shall die—
If but her lips, with counsel sage,
Will bid him shun the monarch's rage;
If he but own that monarch's creed,
She shall not see her last one bleed.

There stole a light about her face,
As if her soul conversed with Heaven;
She gave a long and close embrace,
To him, the last of all her seven.
She gave the king a piercing look,
She did not shun his wrath to brook;
She said, 'My son *shall* hear and live,
For counsel sage my lips *will* give.'

Yet once again she clasped her son,
She made his lips her forehead press;

Digitized by Google

And then, her mortal weakness gone,
She rose like some tall prophetess.
She spoke in words too grand and strong,
To blend with lisping feeble song;
She bade him scorn the gods of gold,
And cleave to Israel's faith of old.

And on him still she bends her eye,
While he too shares the martyr's doom;
But when she hears his parting sigh,
Glad thankful smiles her lips illume.
But, oh! the raptured looks she gave,
When bidden to share his martyr-grave;
Full soon her mortal pangs were o'er—
Though cold the stream, yet bright the shore.

For she could see, in shadows dim,
In mystic types a Form portrayed;
The faint and bleeding Form of Him,
On Whom alone our sins were laid.
Oh, shame to us, who count it loss
To bear for Him our daily cross;
When we can read, with opened eyes,
The tale of His dear Sacrifice!

JANET.

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

To unwind all the harmony of the poems in the Christian Year and Lyra Innocentium, to explain all their difficulties, would be to penetrate into the deepest thoughts of a saint, a poet, a scholar, and a pastor, when stirred by the strongest feelings both of Christian and of man. This, therefore, the ensuing papers do not presume to attempt; but it is possible that there may be a few difficulties in arrangement and allusion that these humble annotations may diminish: and we will therefore try to follow the Sunday poems through one year, leaving the Saints' Days for another.

ADVENT SUNDAY.

It is curious to contrast the two poems of this day—the bright terse simplicity and hopefulness of the old man's verse, with the stern trumpet call of the youthful warrior, girding on his armour for the great battle of thirty years.

Digitized by Google

To enter into the spirit of the awakening summons of the Christian Year, we must think of ourselves as dwellers in the city of Jerusalem—as the Church on earth is so often called—the true kingdom and inheritance of Christ, but full of corruption, and awaiting His second coming as Jerusalem of old awaited His first.

Year by year the summons becomes louder and plainer. 'Strange words fulfilled and mighty works achieved,' mark His approach, as the accomplishment of prophecy marked His first coming long ago. The call that might have awakened His Jewish disciples to go forth, hail Him, and openly enlist themselves as His disciples, peals out in the second verse to us, 'Sworn liegemen of the Cross and thorny Crown.' Our 'gorgeous town' is that mixture of worldliness and Christianity which only too much resembles the Jerusalem of the Scribes and Pharisees. Going forth to meet Him is surely rousing ourselves to true sacrifice, taking His side in some manner that is neither easy nor popular, offering that which costs us something. His true disciples need no such call—long ago they from every age past have chosen their part; and each one of us must in our own hearts seek whether to us the terrible reproach applies—

> 'All but your hearts are there, O doomed to prove
> The arrows wing'd in Heaven for faith that will not love.'

The parallel is carried on between the Jerusalem of old, and the Jerusalem that has existed and has ever been Christ's Kingdom, to which He has been ever 'coming,' ever since it was set up on earth—ever visiting and trying His people—ever coming, yet ever present. The picture is described of the original triumphal entry, the fickle faithless multitude, among whom the Lord passes on in His calm Majesty, turning His benignant looks upon the faithful few. Bartimeus' humble prayer at the gates of Jericho, the children who cried Hosanna, Lazarus, and his sisters, the representatives of zeal and contemplation.

So in the Church of all ages, with every error that has sprung up, through all the many corruptions that have stained her almost from the first, there has never been a time when the faithful have been entirely wanting, or when the Saviour's Eye has not had some true and holy hearts to dwell on.

Three of these 'soft green isles' are given. The first is in the fourth century, when the Empire professed Christianity, but was grievously tainted by Arianism, which was even fostered by the Imperial family. It was a time of glaring luxury and corruption and decay throughout the Roman Empire, and may well recall those last days of Jerusalem. Then it was that the great, learned, and fervent Jerome repaired to Bethlehem, and there dwelt in a hermitage close to the cave regarded as the place of the Nativity, where he deeply studied the Scriptures, brought all his learning to bear upon them, bravely defended the truth, and cheered

Digitized by Google

and fostered the devout in all lands by his earnest love and zealous faith.

'Then to his early home did love repair,
And cheered his sickening heart with his own native air.'

The foul cruelty and barbarism of the Middle Ages find their 'soft green isle' in the pilgrim monarch, St. Louis, 'like some bright angel.'

Lastly, the seventeenth century is called up before us, the 'light without love,' when religious controversy was raging among the Puritans, Presbyterians, and Nonconformists of all shades, and the study of the Scriptures was universal, in too many cases without learning, love, or obedience; and here the quiet calm holy lives depicted by Izaak Walton, the gentle pastor and poet George Herbert, the learned Hooker, the wise Donne, and the devout Sanderson, all following their peaceful course, through all the rude tumultuary quarrels around them.

Multitudes of other instances might have been given, but these mark sufficiently how the worst times have never been devoid of faithful disciples awaiting their Lord. 'Bad and good give their several warnings' that these are the last days. Faith that hopes for the coming of her Lord 'counts them like minute bells at night;' but how will it be with those who cling to this world's delights, and deafen their ears to every warning that might waken them in time to be on the Lord's side?

'Lord, ere our trembling lamps sink down and die,
Touch us with chastening hand and make us feel Thee nigh.'

Turn now to the Advent of the Lyra. There again the Jerusalem stands in thought for the Church; but there is a bright hopefulness in the comparison of the winter buds beneath the withered leaves, to the little children crying 'Hosanna!' while 'Priest and Scribe looked on and frowned.' Who has not felt that in the children lies the hope of the future?

All these four Advent hymns in the Lyra belong to its *first* intention to be 'a sort of Christian Year for teachers and nurses.' Therefore they are very brief, very simple, but like nothing so much as an 'arrow in the hand of a giant,' feathered and polished gracefully, but with a keen, piercing, and weighty point, that sinks deep and can never be forgotten.

WATCHING: A DREAM OF ADVENT THOUGHTS.

I THOUGHT in my dream that I stood upon the sea-shore, where, with several young companions, I had been bidden to watch for the dawn which should herald the coming of our Lord.

As night wore on, my fellow-watchers must either have left me, or fallen asleep, for when I spoke to them no voice came back out of the darkness, and at length I became conscious that I was alone.

Digitized by Google

Lonely and sad, my heart began to fail. The work that had been given me to do lay unfinished and uncared for at my feet; the lamp that had been given to light my way burned dimly and unheeded on the shore. Then I said, 'Why should I alone watch?—to what end is all this vain and weary waiting? I will lie down and sleep until the morning.'

But suddenly the sound of voices roused me; and looking up, I perceived that the shore was peopled with groups of men and women and children. Each carried a lamp, in such a manner that the hands were left free to work at various occupations; and I perceived that, although all seemed continually on the watch for daybreak, each was employed in some kind of business. Some were mending their nets, some preparing for a launch; others were engaged in polishing such precious stones as might be found on the coast, while from time to time a cry of distress would reach the shore, and the life-boat would be put off, with its crew of brave men, who, each with his lamp bound on his forehead, stood waiting for any desperate work that might offer.

The very children were employed; and as they laboured, the plaintive notes of their chants reached my ears, and sounded like the voices of love and longing for an absent Lord:

'Adonai, we wait for Thee,
Let Thy light break o'er the sea;
All our lamps for Thee are burning,
Every heart for Thee is yearning.
Adonai, O Light of light,
Let Thy day dawn on our night.'

So the words rang. Then in the pause that followed I thought I heard a child saying, 'Father, *are* the lamps indeed burning?'

'Surely, my child,' he said. 'What ails you?'

'I am very tired,' she answered, 'and I cannot see my work any longer, dear Father. I think some one will have to finish it for me, and I will rest a little while.'

A sad grave look came into the father's eyes as he took the unfinished task, and saw his little one fall asleep by the side of her mother, who appeared to have been already sleeping for some hours.

I observed that from time to time one and another among the groups of watchers would in like manner seem to faint, and his strength fail, from bodily weakness or fatigue. Now it would be some aged man, now some little child, that would lie down on the shore and fall asleep; but even then the lamp would burn on in the clasped hands, sometimes with more lustre than before; and with his face toward the eastern horizon, the sleeper seemed still to watch for the coming day.

And now a sudden light thrown on the pathway made me aware that some one was standing beside me. In his hand he bore a cross of flame, and I felt its reflection on my forehead as I looked up.

'My child,' he said, 'what are you doing alone here in the darkness?'

Digitized by Google

Half wearily, yet half ashamed of my weariness, I replied that I had been bidden to watch for the Master's coming.

Then he laid his hand on my head, and said, 'Blessed are all they that wait for Him.'

On this I took courage, and asked if it were possible that he knew this Lord for whom I had been bidden to watch.

'Surely,' he replied; 'for I am His servant and martyr, Andrew. Long ago on these shores I heard His voice, and followed Him; and now on this night of every year, it is granted me to return to earth to cheer those who in the darkness of this world toil on in hope of the promised day.'

'I am not one of those,' I said, as I mournfully recalled my own sad and useless vigil.

'True,' he replied gravely. 'Yours has been no true watching, for you were wholly occupied with yourself and your own loneliness, dreaming instead of working, lest the day should break, and an eternal Sabbath dawn on your unfinished task.'

'May the Master forgive me,' I murmured, 'and teach me what I know not.'

'It was for this I came hither,' said he. 'Awake from these dreamings and come with me; so shall you learn how in their different lives those who love Him watch for the coming of their Lord.'

Then it seemed to me that he touched my eyes, and I awoke just as the sun was setting in the sea. Hardly knowing whether I were dreaming still or not, I saw that St. Andrew was still with me, and I followed him as he took his way across the sands, and by many a familiar road, until we reached a large city. Then it seemed to me that we stood in the chapel of a large school. Evening prayer was just ended, and the air still thrilled with the last Amen, sung by several hundred boys, who were preparing to leave the chapel. Suddenly they were recalled by one whom I took to be their master, and with surprise and something of anxiety they again sat down.

The Master's voice was troubled as he spoke these words: 'My boys, I have the deep sorrow to announce what every master and every scholar here will feel to be no ordinary loss. As we assembled for chapel to-night, I received the heavy tidings that one of our number who left us this morning in the fullness of that strength and vigour of which we have been so justly proud, will come among us no more. Douglas Armstrong is dead. This afternoon he sacrificed his own life in the effort to save another from drowning.'

The Master paused for a moment, and then continued, 'I know that to most of you this intelligence will bring a feeling of bitter disappointment, and to many a keen sense of personal loss; for it could hardly be but that one so gifted and so truly good should have had a large number of friends.

Digitized by Google

'But at this moment I ask you to try and turn your thoughts from yourselves—from all that you have this day lost—from all this school has lost, to the rich legacy he has left us in one of the noblest examples of Christian boyhood and youth that it has been our lot to witness.

'And as in the days to come you miss his genial temper, his quick consideration for others, his patient tolerance of dullness or weakness in a junior if only accompanied by honesty of purpose—his impatience, nay scorn, of the wit, however brilliant, that masked what was irreverent or impure: then thank God that even for a few short months you had such a friend—that such a visible proof was granted us that a boy can be not only high in school and famous in the field, but that he can be also brave and humble-minded, popular and yet religious.

'Some among you may remember last Sunday afternoon, after the usual Greek Testament reading, a conversation begun by him on the connection between this Saint's Day and the approaching season of Advent, which was evidently much in his thoughts. As I stood but now in his study, trying to realize the fact that he would work there no more, my eye fell on a print, which many of you are familiar with as an illustration of the Parable of the Ten Virgins, under which he had written in pencil the words, "Lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping." It lay side by side with the Greek play which he had been preparing.

'Thus working—thus watching, he has, we doubt not, passed where the noble qualities which promised so bright a future will find their perfect development.

'I ask you now to kneel again for one moment of silent prayer, that whether death call us to our Lord, or His sudden Advent break in upon our daily life, we too may be found ready. And as you recall the love that is yours in your several homes, think in your prayers of that home which has to-day been made desolate.'

The whole school knelt, and there was a silence which was scarcely broken by the half-suppressed grief of several of the younger boys. Then, as they rose and went out, I observed that the organist was still kneeling, his face buried in his hands. His pupil had found the voluntary, and waited nervously with the stops in his fingers, but still the organist knelt.

'I am not ready for Thy coming,' he murmured, 'not ready! for I have worshipped music rather than Thee.'

St. Andrew's hand was on the musician's head, and he was saying, 'Be strong, be patient; make a full proof of thy ministry; the Lord is at hand.'

At length the organist rose, and laying aside the march that had been placed before him, touched the keys, and the organ wailed forth its tender grief, rising into a strain of quiet hope, and then falling into the melody suggesting the words—'The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them.'

Digitized by Google

As we passed from the chapel into the quadrangle, the Master was still standing in conversation with one of the tutors. The sad tones of his voice reached me, and I said to my companion, 'Sir, had you no word of comfort for the Master as well as for the musician?'

St. Andrew smiled. 'One stands with him,' he said, 'whom you see not. I passed him but now on his way from Paradise, whither he had conducted the soul of the boy for whom they mourn. He is an angel of light, and the consoler of many.'

'I would ask one more question if I might. You spoke to the organist of his ministry?'

'And such it is,' he replied. 'For true music is the voice of God, the very breath of the Lord to the souls of men. It is indeed a ministry; but how few are its faithful priests! Alas! that men should occupy themselves with the noises of earth, and drown the harmonies of Heaven with the clanging discords of their own jealousies and conceits!'

As he said this, the whole scene faded from my view, and we seemed to stand in the ward of a hospital, where most of the patients were asleep. The door opened noiselessly, and a young nurse entered, shading with her hand the lamp she carried. She made her way to a bed by the window, where an old man was lying awake.

'Not asleep yet, Joseph?' she said, speaking in a low voice so as not to disturb the other sick men.

'Nay, it's no sleeping I'll do to-night,' he said, trying to smile; 'but what art thee up for, Sister Alice—it's not thy night?'

'It is not very late yet,' she said, 'though it's later than I thought. To-morrow is Advent Sunday, and I got thinking—but you must have your draught, and try and sleep.'

He shook his head. 'Was't about t' coming of the Lord thee were thinking but now?' he said.

'It was.'

'Dost think He'll come to-night, Sister?'

'Nay, I cannot tell,' she replied; '"but whether He cometh at evening or morning, or the cock-crowing, blessed are those servants, whom when He cometh He shall find watching." You are not afraid of that day?' she added.

'Nay, I can't say I b'aint a bit that way,' he replied; 'but still I seems to have a comfortable hope too. The Lord has taken such a sight o' trouble wi' me, and waited that long for me, that I'm off of thinking He'll be the One to cast me out. But do 'ee go to bed now,' he continued, 'you're main young for this sort of work. Come when He will, I knows the Master will find *thee* ready. And now,' he added intreatingly, 'if thee'll only draw back t' screen so I can see the sky and that girt star t' corner, I'll lie and watch for thee and me; that's what I *can* do.'

Digitized by Google

The Sister smiled, and did as he asked.

'Say me summat afore you goes,' he said.

She bent over him, and said in a low voice the Collect anciently appointed for the early Communion on Christmas Day.

'God, which maketh us glad with the yearly remembrance of the birth of Thy only Son Jesus Christ; Grant that as we joyfully receive Him for our Redeemer, so we may with sure confidence behold Him when He shall come to be our Judge.'

'Ah, that'll do!' he said, with a grateful smile; and Sister Alice, bidding him good-night, quitted the room as the night-nurse entered it; and it seemed to me, that as she moved the Cross of light went with her.

So old Joseph was left keeping his Advent watch, with his face towards the stars.

The next thing I became conscious of was, that we stood at the door of a cottage, built high on the cliff of a very rocky coast.

'More than once have I been here,' said my companion. 'Here a woman watches. Five years ago her husband was lost at sea; but she never ceased to wait for his return—has never allowed to herself that it was his boat that went down in the storm. Night after night a lamp burns in her window to light him home if he should come, and perhaps to warn others of the dangerous coast; but he has never appeared. Still she does not despair, and there has even been joy mixed with her sorrow; for the love and longing she has had for him has been to her the type of that which she should bear to her Heavenly Lord and Master; and while disappointed of her earthly hope, she has found the Life of her soul, and "is at rest in Him."'

The widow was kneeling as we entered. A few embers glowed on the hearth, and gave a faint flush to the wan face that yet could hardly be called sad. The clasped hands seemed still strong; and there was almost a smile on her lip as she said her last prayer for the night, beneath the soft gleaming of St. Andrew's Cross. At length she rose and went to the window. The lamp burned brightly, but she trimmed it once more before going to rest, as seemed her custom, drew back the bolt of the house door, that should he come during the night, her husband might find easy access to his home.

She had hardly finished these arrangements, when suddenly but noiselessly the door opened, and a hand was placed on hers. Perhaps it was not strange that for an instant she seemed unable to believe in that for which she had so faithfully hoped, and that fear should in that first moment prevail over joy. Yet it was indeed her husband's arm that was round her, and his voice that said—

'Lassie, lassie, I ha' cam' hame to thee at last; but an it hadna been for thy light and thy face in the window, I hadna ventured in this night.'

Then, when she did not speak, he took her hand, and looked into her eyes to try and discover if she believed him. 'Hast no word for me,

Digitized by Google

my wife?' he said, with something like reproach in his voice; 'wouldst rather I hadna come?'

The words roused her, and with a cry of joy she gave him welcome; and amid her happy tears I thought I heard her say, 'O David, David! may the good Lord, when He cometh in His glory, find us twa watching for Him as I have watched for thee, lad!'

They were kneeling together as we left the house and stood once again on the shore. The moon was up, and silvering the crests of the long line of waves that broke with a quiet plash on the white sands.

'And now,' I said, 'let me go back to my work, for it seems to me I could keep a truer vigil.'

Again St. Andrew's Cross flashed its star of light on my forehead as I knelt to receive his blessing. 'Farewell, my child,' were his last words. 'May the beloved Master when He cometh find thee ready. Watch with Him in all thy griefs; watch for Him in all thy joys; and let thy love pass through all things earthly, pausing not, nor resting until it rests in Him.'

His voice died away. Sea and shore and sky faded from my sight, and I awoke from my dream as the distant church bell was tolling in the morning of Advent Sunday.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO XCI.

THE LOSS OF NORMANDY.

1445–1450.

THE truce that had been made on the King's marriage did not result in the peace that had been so much desired. No doubt Henry VI. sincerely wished for it, but he possessed little command over his own great nobles, and could not enforce the fulfilment of the conditions; while on the other hand France was every hour rallying, and could only look for advantage in a renewal of the contest.

Yet the court of France was in a strange divided state. The father and son, Charles VII. and Louis the Dauphin, could not live together. All went well indeed while Louis was in command of an expedition against the Swiss, in which he was brilliantly successful, but no sooner had he returned than his restlessness, his keen-edged bitterness of spirit, and impatience of all that controlled him, began to make life at court intolerable both to him and to all who came in contact with him.

No one was more to be pitied than his young wife, Margaret of Scotland. She had been married to him when he was sixteen and she twelve years

Digitized by Google

of age; and she seems, poor thing, to have inherited in no small measure the intellect and poetical temperament of her father, James I. She would have been happier, it may be, if, like her sister Isabel, she could have been pronounced 'perfect indeed in form, but as to mind or understanding, without a particle.' Such was really the description of Isabel Stewart brought home by the commissioners who were sent by John V., Duke of Brittany, to choose a wife for his son, François, among the many daughters of the murdered James I. The old Duke replied, 'Bring her by all means. I want no woman who will meddle in state affairs. It is enough if a wife have wit enough to know her husband's shirt from his ruffle.' Poor Margaret was no meddler in politics, but her intellect brought her only misery.

Neglected by her husband, or stung by his irony, the young girl lived in a world of her own, and such a world as befitted the first-born child of the minstrel King and his nightingale of Windsor. She delighted in those who could relate to her adventures of chivalry, or describe noble achievements; and when she found that Louis only scoffed at such sentiments, her sensitive vehemence led her to follow her impulses unchecked. At a tournament she singled out a poor knight adventurer in shabby armour and equipments, and sent him from her own purse three hundred crowns. And when one day she saw the King's secretary, the poet Alain Chartier, asleep on a couch, she bent down and kissed his lips, saying to the ladies who rebuked her that she kissed not the man, but the mouth that had uttered such lovely words. She took long walks, and used to sit up half the night writing ballads and rondeaux; but the same pleasures that had been the solace of her father at Windsor, were fatal to her at Bourges.

The King and Queen both loved her tenderly, as did her younger ladies; but she, in her own words, 'feared the Dauphin more than any other being on earth.' No children were born to her; and when she was in her twentieth year, a cruel intrigue—probably excited by her husband—was prepared to ruin her reputation, and lead to a divorce.

Jamet de Tillay, Bailli de Vermandois, was the ostensible mover. He found her one evening at nine o'clock, among all the ladies, lying on a couch by the light of a large fire, conversing with two gentlemen, one of whom, named De Blainville, was leaning against the couch. It was no doubt a thoughtless act of indecorum, but De Tillay rudely and coarsely rebuked him, and from that time set forth injurious accusations against the Dauphiness, endeavouring to poison the Queen's mind against her, spreading rumours throughout the court, and so much distressing the poor lady herself, that she 'started as if at the sight of a snake, if she did but hear his voice in the outer room.'

These machinations had not, however, led to any open result, when one hot day in the summer of 1445, Margaret walked from the Bishop's palace at Chalons to the Cathedral, and was immediately after taken ill. The physicians said that she had some grief on her heart which

Digitized by Google

was shortening her life, and as she became worse she sighed piteously for her Scottish home, and complained of the slanderous tongues that had done her to death. Pierre de Brezé, Seneschal of Normandy, who came in to see her, went away with great compassion, crying aloud, 'Ah! ribald, 'tis thou that hast been the death of her.'

'I take God and my Baptism to witness,' she said, striking her breast, 'that I have never done any wrong to my lord.'

And when she was told that she must forgive her enemies, especially De Tillay, she cried out vehemently, 'No, no, I have not forgiven him! I have not forgiven him!' repeating the words, till the priest told her that unless she pardoned every injury, she could not herself receive forgiveness; when at length with a great effort she gasped out, 'Then I forgive him from my heart.'

When someone tried to cheer her with hopes of life, she only said, 'Fie upon life, talk to me of it no more;' and so ended her brief tragedy. Thus died this gifted young girl, at the age of twenty, all her best qualities —in such hands as those of Louis—only serving to point the doom of the Stewarts more fatally against her. After her death, Charles VII., who really loved her, caused an inquiry to be made into the reports against her. De Tillay denied having accused her, and offered to challenge anyone who should declare that he had ever defamed her; but evidences of his malice were not wanting, and poor Margaret Stewart stood acquitted of all, save of being too young, too sensitive, and too unguarded, to live in a hard world and be stung to death as the wife of Louis of Valois. Her two sisters, Eleanor and Joan, arrived a few days after her death to pay a visit to her; and Charles VII. much wished Joan to have become Louis's wife, but neither Pope nor Dauphin would consent.

He meantime being convinced that the kingdom would be much better in his hands than in the incompetent ones of his father, was constantly intriguing against him. He spoke scornfully of the King's measures for reorganizing the army, and specially despised Pierre de Brezé, the best of the royal ministers; he behaved with open insolence to his father's favourite, Agnes Sorel, the Dame de Beauté, and was even said to have given her a blow on the face; and moreover, he tampered with the archers of the Scottish guard, hoping, as it was believed, by their means to have the King seized and secluded from government.

One day in 1446, when looking out of window with Antoine de Chabannes, Count de Dammartin, as he saw one of the archers of the Scottish guard passing by, he said, 'There goes one of the masters of France.' Thus regarding them like a sort of Prætorian guard, he began to tamper with their captain, Cunningham, and arranged an intrigue against his father. So declared Dammartin, who related the whole conspiracy to the King. Where the truth was is not certain, for Dammartin and the Dauphin were equally false, Cunningham denied the whole, and both he and Louis challenged the accuser. No combat, however, took

Digitized by Google

place; but the Prince retired to his province of Dauphiné, a number of the Scots guard were put to death, Cunningham was only spared at the intercession of his young King, James II., and Dammartin became the reigning favourite.

Meantime, Jacques Cœur and the other advisers of the King were working quietly at renovating the forces of the realm. One of their ordinances was that in each fifty houses, the ablest archer with the bow and arblast should be exempt from all taxes except the aides and the gabelle, on condition of his keeping in readiness the equipment of a foot soldier, and being ready for war whenever he should be called out, at a pay of four livres a month. To be a King's 'Franc-archer' was esteemed an honour worth competing for; and this was the only attempt made in France to raise up a body of sturdy effective rustics such as formed the strength of England.

Now the truce upon the borders of Brittany and Normandy had been pretty well observed, and many persons from other parts of France had taken refuge there, especially weavers and wool merchants, so that it was a rich district. Vehemently as the Constable, Arthur de Richemont, and the Breton adventurers, had fought in the cause of France, his brother Jean V., and afterwards his nephew François I., Dukes of Brittany, kept the peace on their own account and that of their states; and Gilles, the brother of François, had been often with his grandmother, the widow of Henry IV., had associated much with the young King Henry VI., was warmly attached to him, and had accepted from him in 1445 a pension of two thousand gold nobles per annum.

This was considered by the Bretons in general as a selling himself to the Saxon; and as the English cause was seen to be the losing one, the national enmity grew stronger and stronger. The two brothers had never been friends, and François was much under the influence of a favourite called Arthur de Montauban, a splendidly handsome man of great wit and cleverness, whose mother was of the Italian house of Visconti. A dangerous rivalry arose between this Montauban and Gilles respecting a little heiress, Françoise de Dinant, the representative of one branch of the house of Rohan. She was under fourteen, but she had promised to marry the handsome Montauban so soon as she should be old enough; and when Gilles requested his brother's permission to wed her, François replied that he had engaged to give her to his friend.

Upon this Gilles pounced on the young lady, carried her off, married her by force, and thus became lord of immense domains, though he loudly demanded a larger apanage as a prince of Brittany. He chiefly resided in the Castle of Guildo, where he led a life of such wild license, that the proverb for a youth of irregular life is still in Brittany to '*courir le Guildo.*'

Meantime he had frequent intercourse with his English friends, especially with the old captain, Sir Matthew Gough, commonly called by the French Matagou, who often used to meet him and talk over English affairs.

Digitized by Google

Gilles was already in great disgrace in 1445, when his uncle, the Constable, did his best to reconcile the brothers; and Gilles made many promises, which he broke immediately, returning to his suspicious intrigues with England. Further mischief was done by his young wife, still a mere child, who—almost in ignorance of the sin she was committing—allowed her handsome lover to have a private interview with her, and let him draw from her a promise that she would be his 'if Heaven should recall Messire Gilles,' whom she certainly had little reason to love.

Arthur then, together with Jean d'Epinay, Bishop of Rennes, and others, never ceased to inflame the Duke's mind against his brother; and Gilles continued to give cause of offence, and to talk of appealing to the King of England against his brother; until at length, in the year 1446, affairs came to such a pass that François sent a body of men-at-arms, who, arriving at Guildo one Sunday morning when Gilles was playing at tennis, made him prisoner, and robbed the whole castle, taking even the jewels of his wife and her mother.

The Constable de Richemont, and the younger brother Pierre, did their utmost to obtain forgiveness for him; but the Duke would not hear them, and caused evidence to be collected against his brother and laid before the States-general of Brittany. Much appeared which shewed the unhappy youth's terrible licentiousness; and there were letters from English nobles found at Guildo, but nothing proving any direct treason towards either the Duke of Brittany or the King of France. The States-general decided that as yet nothing was alleged against him meriting death; but the Duke continued to collect accusations against him, with a view to bringing him to trial, and detained him in prison, much to the grief and indignation of his friends, the English, in Normandy, who esteemed him a sufferer in their cause.

The truce that Suffolk and De Moleyns had agreed to at Nanci, was drawing to an end; and though Henry VI. would gladly have converted it into a permanent peace, the people of England would not have it so; and one condition of the marriage treaty he had been as yet entirely unable to fulfil, *i. e.* the cession of the county of Maine to Margaret's uncle, who took his title from thence. Suffolk had known that this would be so distasteful, that he had bargained for time, and for secresy, in hopes that minds might become prepared before it was actually yielded up.

Instead of this, the disappearance of Gloucester did not so much remove one enemy as excite ten thousand suspicions, while the death of Cardinal Beaufort deprived Suffolk of his best friend and supporter. The secresy only made the anger of the people greater, as they suspected treachery; and probably the court knew it to be absolutely impossible to obtain the cession from the Duke of York, who had been appointed regent of France for five years. John Beaufort, the Earl of Somerset, who had fought the former battles in Normandy, had died in 1443, leaving an only daughter, Margaret, a great heiress, who was the ward of Suffolk; but his brother Edmund, a spirited young man of six or seven and twenty,

Digitized by Google

obtained the title of Duke of Somerset, and therewith much of the odium attached to the head of the Beauforts. The court, however, hoped to be able to get their engagements fulfilled through him, and arranged that Richard of York should exchange the government of France for that of Ireland, which by a sort of tradition had always adhered to the Mortimer family. York, however, took the change as an inexpiable offence; and Edmund Beaufort, who had assisted in impeaching Glocester, came out to Normandy with all his brother's offences and his own charged on his head.

Suffolk defended himself before parliament against the accusation that his promise had been disloyal, and he was there publicly declared a true subject. But Englishmen had received grants of land in Maine, and these put endless obstacles in the way of yielding it; so that at last, after three years, in 1448, the Count de Dunois and Pierre de Brezé led an army to demand the surrender of Maus, which François de Surieune, an Aragonese adventurer, but a knight of the Garter, held out against them, until Adam de Moleyns, now Bishop of Chichester, was sent from England, with a commission to give up the province, causing compensation to be promised to the persons who had property there, and without resigning the King's sovereignty. The truce was renewed for two years, but this was more easily done in words than in deeds; the province of Maine was fast filling with French warriors, and Somerset sent home representations that he could not induce Normandy to give him men or money for its defence. Neither would the English at home send support to the hated Beaufort; and when Surieune brought his expelled troops into Normandy, he found neither pay, food, nor harbour, for them. However, he took possession of two deserted fortresses, Beuvron and Pontorson, repaired them, and maintained his men by plunder in the marches of Brittany, which had thriven a good deal during the peace. The town of Fougère in especial was full of weavers and wool merchants, and so rich that it tempted these needy plunderers, who attacked it at three o'clock one night, scaled the walls, and surprising the inhabitants, murdered, robbed, and revelled at their ease, spreading the report that they had taken the place as an act of reprisal for the imprisonment of Messire Gilles.

Duke François sent the Sieur de Parthenay to expostulate with the Aragonese, and demand by what authority he had seized Fougère in time of peace.

'Ask no questions,' said the fierce Spaniard; 'do you not see that I am a knight of the Garter!'

'Is the Garter then a badge of treason!' said Parthenay. 'You are said to have taken Fougère for Messire Gilles, who would restore it to you with a good pot of wine. Would that content you?'

'Frankly,' said Surieune. 'I tell you I have power to take but not to yield.'

Thereupon the Duke of Brittany complained to Somerset, who replied

Digitized by Google

by disavowing all share in the outrage, and offering to make compensation; but as Charles VII., to whom the Breton Duke had appealed, was now ready for war, and only desirous of a cause for beginning, he valued the city at the impossible sum of 1,600,000 crowns. In the meantime, some Breton captains in their turn seized Pont de l'Arche, only twelve miles from Rouen, and in it Lord Falconbridge and a hundred and twenty archers, and it was proposed to let this be exchanged for Fougère, but a tenth of the former sum was still asked with it, and it was plain that the French were bent on war.

The Duke of Burgundy refused to break the truce, but Brittany united all its strength with that of France to avenge the insult, and François was still more inflamed by a haughty letter, purporting to come from Henry VI., summoning him to send Gilles of Brittany, as a knight of the Garter, to England, and threatening him, in case of non-compliance, with invasion by an army of 30,000 men. It was delivered by a person in the dress of a herald, and calling himself Garter King-at-arms, who went on his way immediately after, leaving the Duke so furiously angry that he sent orders for the closer restraint of his brother, and was more than ever persuaded that there had been treachery. The fact was, that a man named Pierre Larose, who had been employed by some of the English ministers, and knew their style, had forged the document at the instigation of Montauban, who was determined to bring about the death of Gilles, in order to obtain his wife and her estates.

Meantime, the Constable de Richemont recovered Fougère, Pontorson, and Beuvron, and took many other places, laying siege to Mont St. Michel and Avranches, while the city of Verneuil in La Perche was betrayed by a burgher into the hands of Dunois; the Duke of Alençon at last, by the assistance of the inhabitants, obtained entrance into his own city; and in the south, the Count de Foix attacked Mauléon, the strongest place in Guienne.

All through that summer of 1449, place after place was falling. The English had, since Bedford's death, been hard masters, partly from being ill paid, and partly from the demoralizing effects of a lengthened war; nor indeed has it ever been part of the national character to behave in a conciliatory manner to any subject people. Therefore the inhabitants to a man were in the interest of their native king, and but little recked of the old English claims to Normandy, though in Guyenne they were still warmly attached to the descendants of Eleanor of Aquitaine.

The Duke of Somerset sent appeals to England in vain; the most ardent partizans of the war would not raise supplies that were to pass through the hands of Suffolk to support a Beaufort; and it was impossible with his present numbers to meet the enemy in the field. King Charles himself, after sending a defiance in full form to Henry, entered Normandy, and coalesced with the armies of Dunois, Richemont, and even of Henry's father-in-law, King René, to lay siege to Rouen. Gallant old Talbot, better known by that familiar name than by his new title of Earl of

Digitized by Google

Shrewsbury, was in the city, and was Somerset's best assistant, next to the cold wet weather, which set in early in October, and caused it to be decided that the siege could not be continued for the present.

The King and Dunois returned to Pont de l'Arche; but after three days there came a messenger from Rouen with information that some of the townspeople, by feigning great attachment to the English, had obtained the guard of two towers on the walls, which they were ready to give up to him.

Dunois then advanced, with scaling ladders; but by the time thirty men were on the wall, the treachery was discovered, and Talbot and 300 men gallantly repulsed them, planting the banner of Talbot on the walls, and hurling down the assailants and their friends, then pursuing them into the ditches, which flowed with blood.

But, with none of the citizens to be trusted, it was impossible for so large a place as Rouen to be guarded by a garrison of only 1200 men, and Somerset found himself beset in the streets by furious townspeople, insisting on a surrender. He therefore withdrew into the castle; and the citizens sent out their Archbishop and chief authorities to offer their submission to the King, who received them most graciously, and took care not to let them be oppressed by the soldiery.

After five days, Somerset begged to speak with the King, and offered to surrender the citadel on condition that he and all his followers should depart freely with their arms and property; but this the King would not grant unless Harfleur and the other places in the pays de Caux were also surrendered.

'Harfleur?' said Somerset, 'that cannot be. It was the first place taken by our glorious Henry V.'

He went back again, and saw every creature in the streets of Rouen wearing the French badge, the white cross. There were no stores in the castle; no hope of help from home; and in a few days he requested to have another audience, to which he came in a long robe of blue figured velvet lined with sables, and a crimson velvet cap. This conference likewise failed; but at the third he consented to deliver up all the places demanded except Harfleur, on condition of being allowed to depart freely from the castle with his garrison, leaving Talbot and other nobles as hostages for the performance of these terms.

Thus a second time was Rouen lost; Somerset went away to Caen, and Charles made a magnificent entry into Rouen, and was received with splendid pageantry, old Talbot looking on from a balcony, dressed in a violet velvet cap and robe furred with marten skins, that the French King had given him as a testimony of his respect. His captivity was longer than he expected, for the English governor of Honfleur would not surrender it according to the terms, and it was besieged and taken. So also was Harfleur, in the depth of winter; after which the King took up his quarters in the Abbey of Jumièges, and sent for Agnes Sorel to meet him there. In the easy-going south of France, Agnes had been tolerated

Digitized by Google

and even courted; indeed, her influence in awakening the King from his lethargy had been highly valued, but in the north and at Paris, the townspeople had shewn much offence at her elevation, and she had been so much mortified as to call it a city full of villains. At Jumièges too it was plainly shewn that the King's reception of her was regarded as a scandal, and she greatly felt the universal displeasure. Shortly after, she fell ill, and made a most penitent end, often comparing herself to the Magdalen, and reciting some verses of St. Bernard, which she had copied with her own hand. She left large sums to churches and to the poor; and by her better qualities, her high spirit and patriotism, did perhaps as much harm to her country as any woman ever accomplished, since the romantic gratitude that hung around her memory rendered her an example that lessened the contempt hitherto felt for her position.

Whatever she did in rousing the King, the real agent in the renovation of France was that wonderful financier Jacques Cœur, who kept the French well paid and prosperous, when the English were absolutely crippled for want of the supplies which were obstinately denied by the very party which was most bent on the continuance of the war.

At last, in March, 1450, Suffolk contrived to send out Sir Thomas Kyriel, an experienced captain, with 3000 men, who landed at Cherbourg; and was joined by about as many more from the garrisons, with Sir Matthew Gough, Sir Henry Norbury, and Sir Robert Vere; and he began at once by besieging Valognes, which surrendered on the 12th of April.

The Count of Clermont (heir to the Duke de Bourbon) and the Constable de Richemont were to have united their forces against him; but the latter had been weakened by his nephew, the Duke of Brittany, who withdrew some of his men because he regarded his uncle as the protector of his brother Gilles. Many Bretons, however, remained, and the two armies set out to meet one another and to intercept the English at Fourmigni, as they were marching back to rejoin the Duke of Somerset at Caen.

The English had fortified their position on the bank of the stream which flowed between the two hostile armies, and defended it with great valour, but they were crushed as it were between the two armies, and after three hours desperate fighting, Kyriel himself was taken. At last Gough, Vere, and Norbury drew off towards Bayeux, leaving 3,774 men dead on the field. It was the first victory the French had ever gained over the English, except that at Baugé, which was fought by the Scots, and their exultation was unbounded; but in the midst the Constable de Richemont received tidings of a horrible tragedy, only equalled by that of the Duke of Rothsay in Scotland.

Poor Gilles had been transferred from one castle to another till he knew every dungeon in Brittany; and François, constantly inflamed against him by Arthur de Montauban, was resolved on his death. He was now in the Castle of Hardouinaye, the governor of which, Olivier de Méel, was sent for by the Duke, and told that his prisoner must die.

Digitized by Google

'Let him be put in a certain dungeon where there is water, and let me hear no more of him.'

'Alas! Monseigneur,' cried Olivier, 'your Grace must pardon me, it would be too cruel.'

'If you will not, others will,' said the Duke.

He soon after set off to join the King in Normandy, and Montauban again sent for Olivier, promising him large rewards if he would cause poison which he would send to be administered to Gilles.

For this poison he had to send to Italy; and Méel seems to have been no longer trusted, for the Duke assured him before going to Normandy that the dungeon full of water had been only proposed in joke, and Gilles was in consequence placed in a dry one, which had a barred window looking into a dry moat.

Four servants of Montauban and a Milanese arrived at the castle, and for many days the unhappy prince was left unvisited, and was heard crying and lamenting loudly, 'I am hungry! I am hungry! Bread! bread!' The cries ceased; and at the end of a month they thought it time to bury the corpse, but on entering the dungeon, Gilles was found alive and well. A young country girl had heard his groans, and had daily supplied him from her own meals with black bread and water. She had not been discovered, but the starvation plan was given up, and the poison was mingled with the food now supplied. Still, though suffering frightfully, he lingered on, vainly imploring his jailors to let him see a priest. They would not hear him; but the faithful maiden, who still came every night, fetched a Franciscan; and Gilles, clinging to the bars of the grating, confessed his sins with deep penitence, received absolution, and related all the horrors he had undergone.

'My entreaties and my submission to my brother,' he said, 'have only led to greater misery, and yet I am innocent. He punishes imprudence as a crime, and will not hear the truth. Now I am about to pass from this world to another, where the Creator of men will hear my complaint.'

'Son,' said the friar, 'the ineffable joys of Heaven leave no room for earthly recollections. When you enjoy them you will pity your brother.'

'I shall accuse him, Father,' cried Gilles; 'I shall summon him before his Judge and mine. I charge you, I adjure you, so soon as I am dead, to go to Duke François, and tell him the state he has brought me to, and the ills I am suffering unjustly at his command. You see, you see; and yet I cannot prove it before man, or obtain justice. All around me are dumb, all help is taken from me. I shall expect him before the Judgement-seat. Thither do I appeal. Forty days after me shall he appear before His just justice. God command you to carry him the summons.'

Therewith the exhausted prince sank down with a heavy groan; the friar called him several times in vain, and then returned to his convent, and spent the rest of the night in prayer.

The next day, the assassins, despairing of the poison taking effect,

Digitized by Google

strangled the poor prisoner with a napkin, on the 24th of April, 1450. Then they spread abroad a story that Gilles had died of a broken heart for the defeat of the English at Fourmigni, and gave up his body to the Abbot of Bosquieu for burial. The tidings reached the Duke just as Avranches had surrendered to him, and he commanded that a solemn service should be held for his brother at Mont St. Michel, at which he himself, his uncle the Constable, and the chief nobles, were present. On returning across the wide sands between St. Michel and Tombelaine, the Duke was riding alone, and somewhat sad, when a monk stood before him on a little *dune* of sand.

'Sir,' said he, 'I have somewhat to say to you.'

'Speak, reverend Father,' said François. 'Are you of St. Michel? What did I forget—?'

'It concerns not this world,' gravely returned the friar. 'François, Duke of Brittany, my Lord, I heard the shrift of Monseigneur Gilles, your brother, before his death. By his command I announce to you, that appealing from you, in default of justice for the cruel usage he has undergone, and the horrible death you have made him die, or allowed him to die for want of justice, I appoint you to appear in person, forty days hence, before God's judgement-seat, to answer for the aforesaid wrongs and griefs. I warn you to pray continually for God's grace and mercy. In the name of Gilles, your brother foully murdered, François, Duke of Brittany, I summon you to the judgement-seat of God—I summon you, I summon you!'

Drawing his hood over his head, the monk hastened away; and the Duke was found reeling in his saddle, when Richemont and the servants came round him. By the time night came on he was in a burning fever, and remained very ill, when the Constable was forced to return to aid in the conquest of Normandy. The Battle of Fourmigni had really decided its fate. England was in the crisis of a terrible insurrection, and quite powerless to send succour; and the commanders of the various garrisons could only be thankful for the courtesy and honour with which King Charles never failed to treat them. Cherbourg was the last place to fall; and by the middle of July, 1450, the whole of Normandy was French, thirty years after Henry V.'s conquest, which had never been a conquest of the hearts of the people.

By this time Gilles's prediction had worked its fulfilment. François pined from the moment he heard it, and never had an instant's comfort of mind or body, though authorities differ as to whether he died on the 14th of June, the exact fortieth day from the friar's summons, or whether he lingered till the 17th or 19th of June.

He left no son, and the dukedom went to his brother Pierre, a devout ascetic man, with a saintly wife, Françoise d'Amboise. He and the Constable caused an inquiry to be made into Gilles's death, and all the particulars here given were related on the trial of Méel and of the four murderers, who were all put to death; but the chief criminal, Montauban,

Digitized by Google

took refuge in the Convent of Marcoussis, and finding that he should at any rate not be permitted to marry Françoise de Dinant, he further guarded himself by putting on the cowl, and by the interest of his powerful family rose in dignity, and at length ended his life as Archbishop of Bordeaux, in high favour with Louis XI.

Charles VII., who had a great regard for brave men as long as they were before his eyes, treated Talbot with great courtesy, and released him without a ransom and with rich gifts, when he heard that he wished to be present at Rome at the jubilee of 1450.

The conquest of Normandy was speedily followed by that of Guyenne. This was aggression on the French side, for it had belonged to England ever since 1136, and the inhabitants were warmly attached to their old masters; but Henry VI. was helpless, and his kingdom in confusion, no troops could be sent out, and place after place surrendered—Bordeaux after a long sad trumpet call, and a vain appeal from the herald that the English King would come to its relief. The old Captal de Buch, true to the associations of his name, would not transfer his oath of fealty, but gave up all his lands to his little three year old grandson rather than desert the English cause; but most of the nobles were forced to conform, and Calais alone was left to England in all France. The Duke of Orleans wrote a poem of congratulation to the King on the conquest, declaring that it was evident that the English had become hated of God for their pride, their outrageous language, their oppressions, and their frequent treasons against their king. Therefore their strength and might had been taken from them.

'De sa verge Dieu les pugnit et bat,
Et t'a rendu Guyenne et Normandie.'

Little thought Henry V. that this would be the end of his endeavour to purify France by force of arms.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS OF A LOVER OF OLD ENGLISH PROSE.

I HAVE lately been indulging myself in renewing an acquaintance with two small shabby volumes, most precious to me in early life, not merely for their own sakes, but because they were held in high estimation also by the best among the friends of my youth. I trace in them the subjects of some of the most interesting of their conversations. I light continually upon ideas which had their starting point here—ideas which I have had the rare pleasure of seeing consistently followed out; and now, when the voice can no more give them their first beauty and force, I delight to

Digitized by Google

think that they may be the source, in other minds, of the noblest consolations and the highest aspirations. The volumes in question would not, perhaps, be thought much of now. They are Basil Montagu's 'Selections from the works of Taylor, Hooker, Milton, Hall, Barrow, Bacon, &c.'—mighty names, all—yet the selection is far from satisfactory. There is too much, in proportion, of Bishop Taylor; by far too little of Milton—not much of Hooker; and the Bacon portion does not present the most striking specimens of his thought, but a rather dry analysis of the 'Advancement of Learning.' We have no extract from Donne, none from Fuller, nor Andrews, nor Dryden, Cowley, or Cudworth; nor from Owen Feltham, or Arthur Warwick. And yet there was quite enough in the volumes to make you hunger after more; and they appeared just at a time when they were wanted.

Looking back at that period, (the second edition of the book is dated 1807,) I have often thought that, great and good as was the influence of Coleridge in literary matters, people had been moved in the right direction long before he wrote in any *effective* manner. For surely Coleridge's prose was not, till the writer was far advanced in life, attractive in any way; and although his lectures drew attention and secured intelligent audiences, it would hardly have been so without a considerable previous awakening. Still the advent of a thinker and reader, and above all, a talker, like Coleridge, did immense service. He confirmed, in many minds, the unfixed but very strong feeling that what Professor Shairp in his thoughtful articles, 'Studies in Poetry and Philosophy,' has well defined as a 'limitation of range, with a certain perfectness of form, an absence of high imagination, repression of the deeper feelings; man looked at mainly on his conventional side—careful descriptions of manners, "but no open vision,"' were the characteristics of the literature of the passing-away eighteenth century. And then there were the mighty impulse of the French Revolution, the questions, the responses awakened! Some now living, perhaps, recall the energy with which, a few years afterwards, intelligent young men found again their patriotism—how Whig and Tory united in their horrors of French invasion, and in what, on the whole, I believe to have been a just, though intense, aversion for the man who, for his own selfish ends, poured out the blood of his people like water, 'flattered all the worst, and stifled all the best parts of their nature, and turned their marvellous talents and aptitudes into channels immediately destructive to others, and permanently injurious to themselves.' *

Men like Wordsworth and Coleridge, but especially one like Coleridge, whose erudition was so great and varied, are justly regarded as the best products of a growing age; but it is no disparagement to say, that they were but the children of the light, and their function was to help it on, rather than to originate it.

At all events, I am clear that some of the best and purest English

* Mrs. Austin.—Preface to 'Germany from 1760 to 1814.'

Digitized by Google

prose writers we have had among us in the last sixty years, would ascribe their obligations rather to a much older school than that of the Lake Poets, although they would warmly welcome men who so cordially delighted in old English writers. One, at least, I have known, well known—one whose writings, whether original or translated, owed great part of their force and beauty to an early acquaintance with the works of those authors from whom Basil Montagu made his selections, together with many others whom he has passed by. I allude to the late Mrs. Sarah Austin—whose hand could be traced in everything she wrote, with or without a signature, having no *marked* peculiarity whatever, except its wonderful beauty and aptness for every occasion on which she employed it. Mrs. Austin was an exact, classical scholar, a capital modern linguist—employed for many years in translating from the German and French—yet, who ever found her diverging into 'strange tongues?' How firm was her loyalty to good Saxon English! how pure, how fresh, how full of meaning was her habitual style!

I cannot but note that she owed this, in a great measure, to the sensible ideas and practice of a mother, who, though she knew no language but her own, was well read in *that*, and wrote it with grace and purity—who eschewed all affectations most heartily—whose maxim it was first to consider well what you were going to say, and then to say it as well as possible. Perhaps she was inclined, as her daughter afterwards said, to overrate the value of educational advantages which she did not possess, but she was the more to be commended for holding fast to those she could appreciate perfectly. She had a discernment, a trueness, in her critical power I have never seen surpassed. She wrote far better English than Mrs. Hannah More, who was spoilt by her Johnsonian imitations; and in her own range of subjects, in letters, &c., nothing but leisure and practice were wanted to have made her even surpass Mrs. Barbauld, who did not always escape an over-stately mannerism. I am sure she appreciated the Queen Anne's school—the papers of Addison, Steele, and Swift—but the beauties of the elder authors, (I speak of prose,) of Hooker, Taylor, Bacon, and Milton, were much more her delight. And so it was that her daughters learnt to love them too—for, though not both of them authors, they both wrote in the same charming manner.

I trust that the remembrance of what has most struck me in intercourse with minds like these, will not be quite valueless as a testimony to matters of fact. Often have I heard these gifted women express a fear, lest the claims of modern books and many accomplishments should more and more shut up from young people's ken the older writers they delighted in. I hope it may not be so; while we have Shakespeare, and while we have good reprints of our best divines, I do not think we shall lose our love of English; but I should still be very glad to see an enlarged and improved edition of Basil Montagu's Selections, and think it might be made a 'Golden Treasury' indeed. The Retrospective Review, some years ago, opened up mines of half-hidden wealth, and its volumes will

Digitized by Google

always be precious to English readers; but they are unattainable to many, and it would really be impossible to present the quarter of what might be culled for us, judiciously, in its original form. Some persons tell us, that we are doing a better thing in reprinting the complete works of old authors. For the *few* it may be better—not, I am sure, for the *many;* but good, well chosen half-hour readings might often send us to the authors themselves for further enrichment.

There is no doubt that, in any collection or selection, our divines would occupy a considerable place; but we should not think solely of the Churchman—we should especially, I think, take in lay writers; and if, even in selecting from divines, we can meet with letters or private addresses, so much the better, as taking them off the ground of mere preaching.

Leighton would furnish many such; and shall we give as an example the following letter from Bishop Hall—which Basil Montagu has inserted in his small volumes. It seems to me nearly perfect in its kind. It is addressed to Lord Denny, 'On the employment of time.'

I have merely omitted two short passages.

TO LORD DENNY.

* * * * * * * * *

All days are His, who gave Time a beginning and continuance; yet some He hath made ours, not to command, but to use.

In none may we forget Him; in some we must forget all besides Him. First, therefore, I desire to awake at those houres, not when I will, but when I must; pleasure is not a fit rule for rest, but health: neither do I consult so much with the sunne, as mine own necessitie whether of body or mind. If this vassall could serve me waking, it should never sleepe: but now it must be pleased, that it may be serviceable. Now—when sleepe is rather driven away than leaves me, I would ever awake with God; my first thoughts are for Him who hath made the night for rest, and the day for travell, and as He gives, so blesses both. If my heart be early seasoned with His presence, it will savour of Him all the day after. While my body is dressing, not with an effeminate curiosity, nor yet with rude neglect, my mind addresses herselfe to her ensuing taske, bethinking what is to bee done, and in what order: and marshalling (as it may) my houres with my worke: that done, after some whiles meditation, I walke up to my masters and companions, my bookes, and sitting downe among them, with the best contentment, I dare not reach forth my hand to salute any of them, till I have first looked up to Heaven and craved favour of Him to whom all my studies are duly referred; without whom I can neither profit, nor labour. After this, out of no over great variety, I cull forth those which may best fit my occasions: wherein I am not too scrupulous of age; sometimes I put myselfe to schoole, to one of those ancients, whom the Church hath honoured with the name of Fathers; whose volumes I confesse not to open without a secret reverence of their holinesse and gravitie: sometimes to those later doctors, which want nothing but age to make them classical; alwayes, to God's booke. That day is lost, whereof some houres are not improved to these Divine monumentes: others I turn over out of choice; these out of duty.

Ere I can have sate unto wearinesse, my family, having now overcome all household distractions, invites me to our common devotions; not without some short preparation. These heartily performed, send me up with a more strong and cheerfull appetite to my former worke, which I find made easie to me by intermission and varietie; now therefore I deceive the houres with change of

Digitized by Google

pleasures, that is of labours. One while my eyes are busied, another while my hands, and sometimes my minde takes the burthen from them both, wherein I would imitate the skilfullest cookes, which make the best dishes with manifold mixtures: one houre is spent in textual divinitie, another in controversie; histories relieve them both. Now, when the mind is weary of other labours, it begins to undertake her own: sometimes it meditates and winds up for future use: sometimes it layes forth her conceites into present discourse; sometimes for itselfe, often for others. Neither know I whether it workes or playes in these thoughts; I am sure no sporte hath more pleasure, no worke more use; onely the decay of a weak body makes me thinke these delights insensibly laborious. Thus could I all day (as ringers use) make myself musicke with changes, and complaine sooner of the day for shortnesse than of the business for toyle, were it not that this faint monitor interrupts me still in the midst of my busie pleasures, and enforces me both to respite and repast: I must yield to both: while my body and mind are joyned together in unequal couples, the better must follow the weaker.

Before my meales therefore, and after, I let myselfe loose from all thoughts; and now would forget that I ever studied. A full mind takes away the body's appetite no lesse than a full body makes a dull and unwieldy mind: company, discourse, recreations, are now suitable and welcome; these prepare me for a diet, not gluttonous, but medicinal; the palate may not bee pleased, but the stomach; nor that for its own sake.

* * * * * * * * * *

After my later meale, my thoughts are sleight—only my memory may be charged with her taske of recalling what was committed to her custody during the day, and my hearte is busie in examining my hands and mouth, and all other senses, of that daye's behaviour. And now the evening is come, no tradesman doth more carefully take in his wares, cleare his shop-board, and shut his windowes, than I would shut my thoughts and cleare my minde. That student shall live miserably, which, like a camel, lies downe under its burden. All this done, calling together my family, we end the day with God. Thus do we rather drive away the time before us than follow it. I grant neither is my practise worthy to be exemplary, neither are our callings proportionable. The lives of a nobleman, of a courtier, of a scholar, of a citizen, of a countriman, differ no lesse than their dispositions; yet must all conspire in honest labour.

Sweat is the destiny of all trades, whether of the browes or of the minde. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men, which spend the time as if it were given them, and not lent; as if houres were waste creatures and such as should never be accounted for: as if God would take this for a good bit of reckoning—*Item*, spent upon my pleasures, forty yeares! These men shall find that no blood can privilege idlenesse; and that nothing is more precious to God than that which they desire to cast away, *time*.

Such are my common days: but God's day calls for another respect. The same sun arises on this day, and enlightens it; yet because that Sun of Righteousness arose upon it, and gave a new life to the world in it, and drew the strength of God's moral precept unto it, therefore justly doe we sing with the Psalmist, 'This is the day which the Lord hath made.' Now, I forget the world, and in a sort myselfe; and deale with my wonted thoughts, as great men use, who, at some times of their privacie, forbid the accesse of all sutors. Prayer, meditation, reading, hearing, preaching, singing, good conference, are the businesses of the day, which I dare not bestow on any work or pleasure, but heavenly.

I hate superstition on the one side, and loosenesse on the other: but I find it hard to offend in too much devotion, easie in prophanenesse.

The whole weeke is sanctified by this day: and according to my care of this is my blessing on the rest. I show your lordship what I would doe and what I ought: I commit my desires to the imitation of the weake: my actions to the censures of the wise and holy; my weaknesses to the pardon and redresse of my mercifull God.—*Bishop Hall's Works, Decad.* VI. *Epistle* I.

Digitized by Google

I own I cannot read this specimen of calm and simple description of the habits of a good man's life, without longing for more. Owen Feltham, whose 'Resolves' were first published in 1628, and have gone through twelve or fourteen editions, was a different manner of man. There is a rigidity and compression in his English; but if, as is said, he gave to the world his first 'Resolves' at the age of eighteen, he was surely very remarkable. He was not a clergyman, but is believed to have been a secretary, and master of the horse, to the Earl of Thomond; and in one edition of his works is appended 'a form of prayer for the family of the Countess of Thomond.' This was a loyalist family, destined to high honours by Charles I. in 1645, which, however, were never consummated. We have no information about Owen Feltham's early education. Cambridge is conjectured to have been his university, if he went to any—his father's family being of ancient and gentlemanly repute in Suffolk and Norfolk as early as the reign of Henry III.; indeed, they were the possessors of Feltham's manor in Norfolk. (See Bloomfield.)

It is evident, in reading the Resolves, that his education was of a high order—that his mind was stored with classical knowledge and historical wealth. Personally, he knew Ben Jonson, and Carew, and Randolph.

The account he gives of his own motives in writing the 'Resolves,' is interesting. He says, 'What I aim at in it, I confesse hath most respect to myselfe: that I might, out of my own schoole, take a lesson which should serve for my whole pilgrimage: and if I should wander, my own items might set me in Heaven's direct way again.' *(Preface to an old edition.)* *

There is considerable difficulty in giving specimens—but here are one or two:—

The good man's goodness lies not hid in himself alone: he tries to strengthen his weaker brother. Good works and good instructions are the productive acts of the soul—out of which spring new posterity to the Church and the Gospel.

* * * * * * * * * * *

How ungratefully he slinks out of life who has done nothing to reflect a glory to Heaven! What a barren tree he is, that lives and spreads and cumbers the ground, and leaves not one seed, not one good work, to generate another after him! I know all cannot leave alike: yet all may leave something answering to their means; and virtue is distributive, and had rather benefit many with injury to itself, than bury benefits that may do good to a multitude. I doubt whether any one will ever find the way to Heaven, who desires to go thither alone. They are envious favourites who desire their kings to have no loyal subjects but themselves. All heavenly hearts are charitable—enlightened souls disperse their rays. I will, if I can, do something for others and heaven: not to deserve by it, but to express myself and my thanks. Though I cannot do what I would, I will labour to do what I can.—*(Part of the Resolve on Man being extensively good.)*

* My copy of Owen Feltham bears date 1806, and is prefaced by a short account of the Author by James Cumming, Esq.; it is a small 8vo. of 400 pages closely printed.

Digitized by Google

Feltham's subjects are many. In the first part alone there are eighty of them. In the second nearly as many, longer or shorter. They are mostly brief, yet perhaps the main fault is that they illustrate too much, both by quotation and reference to authorities. He is best when he gives his own shrewd judgment upon social dangers and difficulties, and upon party contests. The reader will often be reminded of Bacon's Essays in reading him—the cast of thought is alike, and the style will occasionally bear a comparison: he is reverent, though not often spiritual; has strong, determined attachment to the English Church, and is much alive to the weak points of the Puritan side—yet has a kindly tone for all.

Of Prayer he speaks very earnestly.

I had rather be deprived of all the solaces of this life—yea, and the ordinances that tend to a better—than be debarred of recourse to my God by prayer. Next to Christ, it is man's mediator, to re-instate him in the favour of an offended Deity. . . . . Load a man with chains, let him lie upon the rack, and leave him but a live heart, and prayer shall dwell there out of the tyrant's reach, and comfort him.

If it carry us not safely through all roads of danger, the fault is in ourselves, not it: like a faithful companion, when friends, wealth, health, honour, and life are leaving us, this holds us by the hand, and leads us to overlook the shades of death. When speech is gone it lifts up hands and eyes; and instead of language groans.

In a lighter mood how well he discourses of 'Loquacity:'—

There is nothing tries me more than words—when they clatter, like a loose window, shaken by the wind. A talkative man may be compared to an unbraced drum, which beats a wise man out of his wits. Surely nature did not guard the tongue with the double fence of teeth and lips, without meaning that it should not move too nimbly. . . . . Some will preamble a tale impertinently: and cannot be delivered of a jest till they have travailed an hour in trivials; as if they had taken the whole particulars in short-hand, and were reading from their notes; thus they often spoil a good dish with improper sauce. . . . Some are addicted to counseling, and will pour it in, even till they stop the ear. Tedious admonitions stupify the advised, and make the giver contemptible. *It is the short reproof which stays like a stab in the memory, that tells:* and oftentimes three words do more good than an idle discourse of three hours. Some have varieties of stories, even to the wearing out of an auditor: and this is frequently the grave folly of old persons, whose unwatched tongues stray into the waste of words, and give us cause to blame their memories, for retaining so much of their youth. . . . . Doubtless the best thing is to be short, plain, and natural. Let me hear one wise man sentence it, rather than twenty fools—garrulous in their lengthened tattle.

There is a time when we ought to be silent, and a time when we may speak; but there is no time in which all things should be spoken.

Of travel, Feltham speaks charmingly. 'Preaching' comes in for some of his thoughts.

It is a wonder to me, how men can preach so little and yet so long: so long a time, and so little matter. . . . . I grieve that anything so excellent as Divinity should fall into a sluttish handling. Surely, though other obstructions do eclipse her, yet this is a principal one. I never knew a good tongue that

Digitized by Google

wanted ears to hear it. I will honour her in her plain trim: but I would desire her in her graceful jewels: not that they give addition to her goodness, but that she is thereby rendered more persuasive in working on the soul she meets with. When I meet with worth which I cannot over love, I can well endure that art which is a means to heighten liking.

Of all commentators on preachers, however, commend us to Milton. What can be more beautifully traced than the following? To be sure, the Puritan breaks out towards the end, and rides 'his fiery chariot' like Zeal himself—but with what a tenderness and discrimination he dwells on the variety of gifts imparted to Christian preachers!

Our Saviour, who had all gifts in him, was Lord to express His indoctrinating power in what sort him best seemed: sometimes by a mild and familiar converse; sometimes with plain and impartial home-speaking, regardless of those whom the auditors might think He should have had in better respect; otherwhile, with bitter and ireful rebukes, if not teaching, yet leaving excuseless those His wilful impugners. What was *all* in Him, was divided among many others, the teachers of His Church; some to be severe, and ever of a sad gravity, that they may win such, and check sometimes those who be of nature over-confident and jocund. Others were sent more cheerful, free, and still, as it were, at large, in the midst of an untrespassing honesty; that they who are so tempered may have by whom they might be drawn to salvation, and they who are too scrupulous and dejected of spirit might be often strengthened with wise consolations and revivings: no man be forced wholly to dissolve that ground-work of nature which God created in him; the sanguine to empty out all his sociable liveliness, the choleric to expell quite the unsinning predominance of his anger: but that each radical humour and passion, wrought upon, and corrected as it ought, might be made the proper mould and foundation of every man's peculiar gifts and virtues. Some were also endowed with a staid moderation and soundness of argument, to teach and convince the rational and sober-minded: yet not therefore *that* to be thought the only expedient course of teaching; for, in times of opposition, when either against new heresies arising, or old corruptions to be reformed, this *cool, unpassionate, mildness of oppositive wisdom* is not enough to damp and astonish the proud resistance of carnal and false doctors, then (that I may have leave to soar for awhile as the Poets use) *Zeal*, whose substance is ethereal, arming in complete diamond, ascends his fiery chariot drawn by two blazing meteors, figured like beasts, (but of a higher breed than any the Zodiac yields,) resembling two of those four which Ezekiel and St. John saw—the one visaged like a lion, to express power and authority, and indignation; the other of countenance like a man, to cast derision and scorn upon perverse and fraudulent seducers: with these, the invincible warrior, Zeal, shaking loosely the slack reins, drives over the heads of scarlet prelates, and such as are insolent to maintain traditions, bruising their stiff necks under his flaming wheels.—*Apology for Smectymnuous.*

Who can resist supplementing this noble passage by the following, from the same source?

TRUE ELOQUENCE.

True Eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of Truth: and that whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into the minds of others, when such a man would speak, his words (by what I can express) like so many airy and nimble servitors, trip about him at command, and in well ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their proper places.

Digitized by Google

As we glance over these and other passages, how rich does our own old England appear!

Cleave to her, sons and daughters of her soil! Wander as you will, for a while, in other lands and among other languages, but remember, as Feltham says, 'Wherever you go or stay, keep to your God and friends unchangeably. Howsoever he returns, he makes an ill voyage, who changes his faith *(and love)* with his tongue and garments.'

T.

THE ABBEY FARM.

BY AUGUSTA HAYWARD.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANNIE woke the next morning with a start from an uncomfortable dream. She had been sitting up—in her dream—with Miss Clune, and in the middle of the night both nurse and patient had been disturbed by a loud knocking at the boudoir door; and Isabella had jumped up in quick terror, crying that she knew who it was, and that he would kill her if he came in. Then the knocks came louder and more frequent, and Annie, in a kind of horror, saw Isa's face grow whiter and whiter; and as she heard the handle of the door turn, cried out, and with the effort of calling woke to the consciousness that the knocks had been no dream, and that somebody was battering at the back door, just below her window. The dream would have been enough to account for her impression that those knocks had something to do with the Park. The feeling was so strong, that she jumped up in a hurry, and rushed to the window to satisfy herself that nothing unusual was going on. There stood old Andrews, the sexton, in eager discourse with Cook, evidently communicating some astonishing piece of news.

Annie drew back, and woke up little Edith. 'Put on your slippers, dear, and that shawl, and run to the top of the stairs for me, just to ask what Andrews is here for; quick!'

The little girl obeyed sleepily, and Annie sat down, leaning against the bed-post, to wait for her tidings. Edith came back in a moment with an important look.

'What *do* you think, Annie? Miss Clune died in the night, and he's come for the church key, to toll the bell for her.'

It was exactly what she expected; but she crept back to bed entirely overcome, and cried as she had not done since her mother's death. Not from sorrow alone, but from hot passionate anger against that visitor of yesterday.

'He killed her!' she said to herself; 'he murdered her! if he hadn't

Digitized by Google

come I should have seen her again! Oh, *why* are people allowed to do such things?'

There was no answer to the question—the same question that rises up to Heaven in thousand differing forms, from thousand suffering mortals—no answer yet! By degrees she soothed herself into a better sorrow, by the recollection of her last interview; Isa's words did much to calm her. Isa was in the quiet rest she had spoken of; her trouble and her sickness could not reach her there. And the bitterest part of her sorrow was over when she went down to breakfast, pale and heavy-eyed.

Her father kissed her even more tenderly than usual. 'You were shocked at the sad news, I am sure, my dear. It must have been a great surprise to you.'

'I don't know, Papa; I thought her worse last night,' said Annie; and then Aunt Catherine's voice began, in the shrillest of tones,

'I have been telling your Papa, my dear, that the blinds really *must* be put down. What *would* people think if we were to take no notice? and a connexion, too! Why, I was making it out; let me see—Sir Edward So-and-So, I forget his name—'

And then came the whole genealogical history. Annie used to gloat over it, now it sickened her.

'Please don't talk about it!' she interrupted snappishly; 'I hate it. As if I thought of *that* now!' But as soon as she could get a moment's talk with her father alone, she said, 'I *should* like the blinds down, Papa! I couldn't bear not to do something, she was so kind to me!'

'You shall do just as you like, my dear. I am sure you want it for a proper motive, not—'

Annie interrupted him. 'Not for Aunt Catherine's reason! oh, Papa, don't think that! I know I used to be very silly about it, but I ought to be cured by this time; and I do think I'm better than I used to be!'

'I am sure of it, my dear child,' was the answer to her childish confession; 'it shall be just as you like.'

So Annie with her own hands drew down every blind in the Vicarage; and Isabella Clune had no sincerer mourner than was in those small darkened rooms.

It was a great aggravation of her trouble that she was so cut off from knowing any of the particulars. Only yesterday she had been one of the privileged visitors to the boudoir; now all connection with the Park seemed at an end, for the time being. The formal answer to the message of inquiry, 'Mr., Mrs., and Miss Salterne were pretty well,' was as unsatisfactory as anything could well be; and Annie had serious thoughts of plucking up courage enough to write a note to Ada herself, and only gave up her idea on the uncomfortable reflection, that if Miss Salterne did send a reply, it would be too polite to be of much comfort to her.

How thankful she was that she had refrained, when, that evening, a note from the Park was brought to her. 'From Miss Salterne,' she

Digitized by Google

said, opening the envelope, and instead of the note of three or four lines, which she expected, discovering a closely-written sheet of large note-paper. 'Well, it is kind!' reading the letter with tearful eyes; 'Miss Salterne has told me all about it, Papa. She says that being her "little nurse," I ought to know it all; isn't it kind?'

That piece of attention on Miss Salterne's part was not thrown away; Annie brightened up visibly, sad though the details must necessarily be. They were much what she had fancied they would be. Isa had been restless and excited through the evening, and Ada had stayed in her room longer than her usual time, hoping to see her settle quietly to sleep. She was saying 'Good-night' to her, fancying that there was some inclination to sleep, when Isa started up with a little cry; that was all; in a moment the change came, and she fell back on Ada's arm—dead. The medical men had been sent for, only to confirm what was well known already; Mr. Clune had been telegraphed for, and was hourly expected. The letter closed with expressions of gratitude to Annie, for the loving services that—wrote Ada—had been very dear to the invalid, and would never be forgotten.

'I never read such a kind letter!' sobbed Annie, divided between the pain of reading the particulars of the last few hours in the sick-room, and the pleasure of receiving such acknowledgement from the impassive Miss Salterne; 'she says I may go up to the Park if I like; I know what for. I should like to take some flowers, I think.'

So when the funeral day came, Annie's loving hands laid a cross of the simple wild flowers that Isa had often asked her to bring her, on the quiet breast; and when the stately procession of plumed hearse and carriages had left the portico, and was winding down the long avenue under the many-tinted elm branches, Annie crept away through the Park, and stole into the little church, to hide herself behind the curtains of the organ-loft, and listen with wet eyes and a full heart to the great Resurrection chapter.

That was the last she could do. She had been spending two or three days in re-trimming her old black dress, with crape begged from some of Mr. Marvin's hat-bands; nobody noticed the clumsily-added tucks—Annie was notorious for her bad needle-work!—but it gave her a feeling as if she had really gone into mourning, and had still some little share left in the memory of the dead.

From the open door of the organ-loft she watched the small group of mourners standing round the grave, and now and then caught some of the well-known words, in her father's voice; then, when the last Benediction had been said, ran home unseen by the private walk, and watched anxiously for Mr. Marvin's return, trying to realize it all.

Aunt Catherine's presence was enough to bring down any overstrained feelings to the lowest level of commonplace, especially on an occasion like this; and poor Annie tried in vain to keep her temper through the discussions and wonderings about every trifle connected with the

Digitized by Google

ceremony, which the old lady had scrutinized carefully from behind the nursery blind.

'I believe the little boy we noticed, my dear, must have been that young lord—you know who I mean, dear me! nephew to poor Miss Clune. I saw his name in the Peerage.'

'Don't! Aunt Catherine!' burst out Annie; 'I won't listen to all that now!'

'Dear me! I thought you would be pleased to hear it, my dear! I am sure Mr. Hatherly'—with a very strong emphasis—'never was in such society before! I wonder what he thought of walking with a lord!'

'He never thought of it at all!' said the indignant girl; 'and you know it!'

Mr. Hatherly's presence at the funeral had been Aunt Catherine's constant topic for the last three days, and Annie's patience had given way. She herself had been as much surprised as anyone when Mr. Hatherly showed her the short but cordial note from Mr. Clune, that had accompanied the funeral invitation; and nothing could have gratified her more than the few words which said that the request was made in consequence of his sister's particularly expressed wish.

'Just like her!' repeated Annie, wonderfully comforted by this last act of thoughtfulness; and she looked out anxiously for Mr. Hatherly's evening visit, in hopes of hearing some more particulars of the Park.

It was nine o'clock before he appeared, still in his deep mourning dress; he had only just left the Park, he explained, and had not even had time to return to the Abbey; 'But I knew you would like to hear about the Salternes, and I have something to tell your father.'

'I guess!' Annie had almost said, as she ran impatiently to call her father. 'Was it very sad?' she asked; 'you look so dull. Were the Salternes in great trouble?'

'Yes. But I have been thinking more of Mr. Clune. I don't think I ever saw such sorrow, and so well borne. One felt so helpless in having to watch it, and to be able to do nothing. If he were not a very good man, it was the kind of grief one would call hopeless.'

'It *must* be bad for him!' said Annie, crying again; 'tell me something more.'

'I am going to, but I want your father to hear it. It concerns him very much.'

'Then I know what it is!' cried Annie, 'I am sure I do! Here is Papa. Tell me, quick!'

'After the funeral, Mr. Clune spoke to me, and asked me to be present at the reading of his sister's will. She wished it, he said, and I was a party concerned.'

'Ah! I knew it!' murmured Annie.

'And,' continued Mr. Hatherly, 'I never had a greater surprise. The sum I had offered for the endowment of the church is left in the hands of two trustees, to be applied as the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have

Digitized by Google

already decided, with the consent of her nephew, or rather, her nephew's guardians.'

'He is a child,' said Annie; 'what has he to do with it?'

'He represents his father, Miss Clune's eldest brother, who is dead, as you know. The legal consent of the heir-at-law is necessary, in cases such as this.'

'Who are the trustees?' asked Annie.

'Mr. Salterne and I.'

'How nice of her!' said the girl, more tearful than ever, while Mr. Marvin sat in astonished silence.

'Then there is no further difficulty about the church?' he asked at length.

'None. Mr. Salterne is ready—his lawyer told me—to give the site I suggested to him some time ago. The building may be begun directly; the funds are all in hand.'

'Your money?' asked Annie.

'I wish it were. But I am only to do half. Mr. Clune makes it a request that he may take a share in it, as a memorial to his sister.'

'And of course you could not say anything. I don't think you quite like the change, after all. Are you disappointed?'

Annie was quick enough to notice the short depressed way in which Mr. Hatherly had told of the way in which his hopes were going to be realized at last.

'Not disappointed,' he said; 'it is better for me in many ways. Yet I think I had set my heart on doing it; I think I feel as if some definite work were taken out of my life. It makes my future too easy for me, I am afraid. My part of the work will mean nothing more than writing a cheque for a certain amount; and you know we had settled that it was to mean a considerable sacrifice.'

'It has been a sacrifice in a great measure,' said the Vicar; 'the cheque that you talk of so lightly has not been accumulated without self-denial.'

'And you are such a fidgety thing about those little crotchets of yours,' laughed Annie, trying to rouse herself into something more cheerful for his sake. It did seem hard, she thought, that the very thing he had been so looking forward to should come in a way to make him feel it as much of a disappointment as a fulfilment of an anticipation. 'It is very strange when one comes to think of it,' she went on more brightly; 'but so many of the things one has wished for have come like this—in some great worry. Do you remember, something very good'—she spoke shyly—'happened to me, just through the misery of that horrible New Year's Day. I was engaged then, wasn't I? And Arthur's going to the Abbey—that began through Tracy leading him into mischief, and plaguing us all. And my getting to know Miss Clune—that was through her illness; and now, this biggest good-fortune of all—through her death! Why is it, I wonder?'

And Mr. Marvin returned to his old habit of answering her by a quotation—'"All things work together for good to them that love GOD."'

Digitized by Google

'I have something else to tell you, Annie, about the will,' said Mr. Hatherly, after a pause, 'something that *will* surprise you. You will have a formal notice to-morrow from Miss Clune's lawyer, that among the legacies there is one of two hundred, "as a remembrance of her love and esteem for her relative, Ann Marvin." I remembered the words, because I knew you would care more for the kind thought than even for the thing itself.'

Annie gave him an incredulous look. 'You don't mean it!' she said; and then her head went down, and the poor child sobbed aloud, with a mixture of pleasure and pain that she could not understand.

Mr. Hatherly was right; it was the kind thought for her, not the legacy, that she treasured; though afterwards, when she could think over her unexpected riches, the possession of such a sum—immense as it appeared to her limited notions—was in itself no small pleasure.

'Those horrid bills' were to trouble her no more, in her visions of the wonderful things that were to come out of her own especial property; every little comfort or luxury that her father would care for was to be attainable: in the future what a trousseau she was to have, and at no expense to the scanty housekeeping purse. But those fancies were distant as yet; to-night she could only say, in her grateful tears, 'She *did* care for me.' She could only think, in her loving way, of the empty sick-room, the grave in the quiet churchyard, the words that had been in her ears all day, 'This corruption must put on incorruption; this mortal must put on immortality.'

CHAPTER XV.

'I SAY! it's settled at last, and you're every one to come over to us next Thursday,' began Arthur, in his ordinary fashion of taking upon himself all Mr. Hatherly's invitations; 'they're getting on first-rate with the foundations, and the stone's nearly carved; I've seen it.'

'St. Philip and St. James's Day!' said Annie, 'as soon as that! I am very glad.'

'Soon! you call it, do you?' returned the boy; 'I like that! more than half a year since the money was left, and nothing to do but cut away a bit of turf, and knock up a bit of wall.'

Arthur had not much idea of anything less practical than the actual walls of the building, and listened with disdain to any mention of the legal proceedings that had been delaying the completion of his friend's undertaking—the new church at Abbey Hamlet.

'Such a day we mean to have!' he proclaimed to the admiring audience of the children, 'dinner for the whole place, heaps of games, Evening Service, and everything else! Won't it be first-rate? I say, you didn't know about the coloured windows, Annie? he's got the

Digitized by Google

drawings for you to look at,'—with a toss of his head towards Mr. Hatherly, who was listening with a well-satisfied look to his pupil's encroachments. 'Two coloured windows; one apiece for him and Mr. Clune. Mr. Clune's is a sort of tomb-stone to his sister, you know; and, I say,' lowering his voice, 'who do you think Mr. Hatherly's is for? Mamma!'

Annie flushed up in a moment. 'How good of you!' she said, turning to Mr. Hatherly, with a face that showed her gratitude; 'oh, are those the drawings?' as he took a large roll from his pocket, and began unfolding it before her.

'Yes, the designs, and something else,' he said, 'which you must see afterwards. Mr. Clune's memorial window—mine.'

Annie hardly knew what the designs were; she was looking at the two names, unobtrusively placed in scrolls beneath the figures: how pleasant it was to think of their making a part, as it were, of the holy building!

'Here is the other sketch,' said Mr. Hatherly, when Annie had pored for no inconsiderable time over the bright window designs; 'the inscription—no, on second thoughts you shall not see this. I think I would rather show you the original on Thursday.'

The sheet of paper went back into its covering; but Annie cared little for it; those memorials had fascinated her, and she only regretted that the forthcoming ceremony was not the opening of the completed church.

'I almost wish Aunt Catherine was here to see this!' she said; 'even she must be delighted.'

Aunt Catherine had forsaken the Vicarage: another winter, she declared, in such a place would be too much to go through; and she had packed up her numerous boxes and disappeared, with many sincere self-reproaches for the loss she believed she was inflicting on 'those poor children,' and a generous attempt to atone for it, in the most substantial way she could. Annie's heart softened into a little bit of remorse, when—after the tearful good-byes and parting injunctions had been given, and the fly had driven off, with a sly 'hurrah' from the youngsters—Mr. Marvin called her into his study to show her a bank-note.

'Your aunt has kindly insisted on giving me this half-yearly, my dear, for all of you. It is a most liberal gift.'

Annie thought so too; and her severest strictures against Aunt Catherine were limited after that to a remark that 'it was a pity some good people were so disagreeable.'

But no one could deny that her absence made the prospect of the coming May Day considerably brighter to the children, whose only fear now was that the day should be wet, when, Arthur explained, half the fun would be spoiled.

However, St. Philip and St. James's Day came, with all the brightness of early spring; and once more the Vicarage party drove up to an Abbey

Digitized by Google

festival, an hour before anyone else had dreamed of arriving, in compliance with Mr. Hatherly's, or rather Arthur's, pressing commands to be in time. Mr. Hatherly was at the archway, waiting to welcome them, and took possession of Annie before she had time to see anything more than a confusion of wreaths and banners, and such preparations.

'I want to show you something quietly,' he said, taking her towards the site of the new building; 'the original of the drawing you wanted to see the other day. Here we are!' coming to the platform put up for the ceremony; 'it is the foundation stone—one of the corner stones, strictly speaking. It will be visible, so we have had an inscription carved on it.'

Annie looked up to the great mass of stone, suspended from a crane above the spot it was soon to be laid upon, and read:—

This Church

IS ERECTED

TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND THE MEMORY OF ALL SAINTS,

AND IN ESPECIAL REMEMBRANCE OF

HARRIET MARVIN AND ISABELLA CLUNE,

BY

EDWARD HATHERLY AND EDWIN CLUNE.

Harriet was her mother's name.

Annie turned pale.

'Come away,' said Mr. Hatherly, seeing how overcome she was, and took her away from the workmen and the villagers into a path that led to a thick shrubbery, on a more private part of the grounds. 'Sit down for a few minutes;' putting her on a rough garden-seat; 'I fancied you would like to see that.'

'*Like* it!' said Annie, finding words at last; 'I thought the memorial window was pleasure enough; but this! oh, is it really Mamma's name?'

'Really. The church is to be a joint memorial: Mr. Clune's share of the work is in remembrance of his sister; yours, of your mother.'

'Mine!' said Annie, still in a very choky voice; 'it is yours!'

'It is the same thing,' was the happy answer; 'you know that, Annie!'

Annie was in too great a state of confusion to attempt an answer.

'I want you to come home,' Mr. Hatherly went on in his own quiet way; 'you know the cause of the delay we talked of is quite removed. I want you at home.'

It was a lovely home to come to! From the higher ground that they were on Annie looked down on it all: the old building, greyer and more

Digitized by Google

picturesque than ever in the surroundings of the early spring foliage; contrasting with it, the white stone of the newly-begun church, with bright colours in wreaths and banners waving from every point of the scaffolding; between the two, the tall spire of the traditional May-pole, carrying its burden of many-coloured flowers high above the heads of the merry crowd, trooping in from all directions; a beautiful, happy-looking home!

'Not yet!' she said shyly; 'I mustn't leave Papa yet, and the children—all for my own pleasure.'

'It would be for your own pleasure?' asked Mr. Hatherly.

'That it would!' she answered, colouring; 'but I mustn't think of it yet. It seems almost wrong of me to think of—anything of that sort; and it is hardly more than a year since we went into mourning. Besides, they haven't a housekeeper to take my place,' she ended, in a lighter tone.

'I have got another reason for wanting you not to put it off very long,' said Mr. Hatherly, with a smile.

'What is it?'

'If I had had a brother, Annie, I should have given him a University education. I should have liked to see him in Holy Orders, I think. When you come home here, Arthur will be my brother.'

Annie jumped up, in greater surprise than ever. 'How good you are! how good you are!' she kept repeating; she could say nothing else, and it was enough for him.

'Hallo! where are you? If you knew how I've been hunting high and low,' said a boyish voice; and Arthur himself appeared, scrambling up among the shrubs in great disregard of the path. 'Ah! I see! Have you been telling her?—I say, Annie, I'm going to Oxford after all! Didn't I say there never was anybody like him!'

'You were right,' murmured Annie; 'ah, and that was the meaning of your always sending me some message about the classics! And you have been his tutor!'

'Hasn't he, then! And a good stiff time I've had with the Greek and all the rest of it. But I didn't mind much,' concluded the boy, with a virtuous air.

'I have had this in my mind for some time, you must know,' said Mr. Hatherly; 'Arthur and I have kept our secret well. Who knows that some day he may not be curate at All Saints'?'

'Ah! that's a bore!' said the boy; 'I say, Annie, he might have had the presentation, now they're going to make the Abbey into a district—I heard Mr. Clune say so; and he might have given it to me! And if you believe it, he's got a crotchet about it, and he's going to hand over the presentation to the Bishop; and I don't believe *he'll* put me in.'

'Very likely not,' said Mr. Hatherly; he always seemed to enjoy his pupil's not too respectful mode of treating him; Arthur might have been his brother already, to judge by the style of intercourse between the two.

Digitized by Google

'If the Bishop happens to be the right person to hold the presentation, I think we can do nothing better than make it over to him.'

'The Salternes' carriage!' interrupted the lad; 'I say, it's nearly time; come along!' And away he scrambled.

'I can hardly believe it,' said Annie, as they followed more quietly; 'if you only knew how disappointed I was when Papa told me about not being able to send him to college! We tried to comfort ourselves then, that he would not have so many temptations; he was always being dragged into some scrape then by that horrid Tracy. You're not afraid of him now?'

'Not in the least,' he answered reassuringly; 'I think he has good principles, and will make a good clergyman; I would not forward his being one if I did *not* think so. There will be temptations, of course; but what is a man's character worth that has never been tried? I believe Arthur will be the better for having temptations, and overcoming them.'

There was no time for more. The Salternes were among the latest arrivals, and the business of the day began at once, with Morning Prayers in the tithe-room, followed by the Service for the Foundation. The ceremony was an illustration of Annie's discovery, that the realization of the best wishes are often clouded over by some great shadow: the crowd of lookers-on took part in it with a hearty rejoicing; but to those more immediately connected with the work, the losses of which it was a memorial were too recent and too prominent. So many of those gathered nearest to the point of interest were in such deep mourning! The two names on the great stone were so full of sad memories to so many who watched it slowly descending into its post of honour! Annie saw and heard it all through her tears: Mr. Clune's pale fixed face, as he came forward trowel in hand, and completed his task mechanically, with a shrinking womanly look—yet a proud one—at the dedicatory inscription; Ada's anxious look at his every motion—the sudden rising of the village choir—the burst of a hymn—the Blessing. Before she could well realize it, it was over; and as the little assembly dispersed from the platform, with glad congratulations and exclamations of pleasure, Ada came up to her.

'We ought to congratulate *you*,' she said kindly.

'Not me; I am glad it is done, but it is very sad,' answered Annie, by way of excuse for her troubled face.

'Very sad—yes, in some ways. But I think sorrow may not be a bad beginning for a work like this. It is more like the Church Militant than if everything were very bright.'

'Everything *is* very bright, if we could but see the brightness,' said Mr. Clune, coming up with Mr. Hatherly; even in his great grief, he looked as if some of that brightness were visible to him, Annie thought; 'we must not complain to-day, when so many of our hopes have been realized.'

Digitized by Google

So many hopes realized! and for those that had seemed to fail and to pass into disappointment in the gloom and shadow of death, there was the faith of the coming fruition, when the issue of every life-work should be visible, and the incompleteness of Time be perfected in Eternity.

'You ought to be satisfied,' said Annie simply, 'you have done something worth doing. But I—!'

'This is not a *very* great thing,' said Mr. Hatherly; 'that hurrahing can hardly be heard in the next parish.'

The cheers were beginning, led on with right good will by Arthur.

'They don't want to hear them in the next parish,' said Annie; 'your work was only wanted here. Ah!' at a meaning smile on Mr. Hatherly's face, 'I see what you mean!'

'Mr. Hatherly is quite right,' assented Mr. Clune heartily; 'all works are great enough if they fill up the space that lies vacant around each of us, and very small if we begin to compare them with the whole they are a part of. The horizon is very far off; and beyond there is Infinity—and Heaven. Our work may well look small.'

(*Concluded.*) A. C. H.

THE CAGED LION.

CHAPTER V.

WHITTINGTON'S FEAST.

THE next day the royal train set forth from Pontefract, and ere mounting, James presented his young kinsman to the true Joan Beaufort—fair haired, soft featured, blue eyed, and with a lovely air of graciousness, as she greeted him with a sweet, blushing, sunny smile, half that of the queen in anticipation, half that of the kindly maiden wishing to set a stranger at ease. So beautiful was she, that Malcolm felt annihilated at the thought of his blunder of last night.

As they rode on, James was entirely occupied with the lady, and Malcolm was a good deal left to himself; for, though the party was numerous, he knew no one except the Duke of Bedford, who was riding with the King and Lord Warwick, in deep consultation, while Sir Nigel Baird, Lord Marmion, and the rest, were in the rear. He fell into a mood of depression such as had not come upon him since he passed the border, thinking himself despised by all for being ill-favoured and ill-dressed, and chafing, above all, at the gay contempt he fancied in young Ralf Percy's eye. He became constantly more discontented with this noisy turmoil, and more resolved to insist on returning to the peaceful cloister where alone he could hide his head and be at rest.

Digitized by Google

The troop halted for what they called their noon meat at the abode of a hospitable Yorkshire knight; but King Henry, in order that the good gentleman's means should not be overtasked, had given directions that only the ladies and the princes should enter the house, while the rest of the suite should take their meal at the village inn.

King James, in attending to Joan, had entirely forgotten his cousin; and Malcolm, doubtful and diffident, was looking hesitatingly at the gateway, when Ralf Percy called out, 'Ha! you there, this is our way. That is only for the royal folk; but there's good sack and better sport down here! I'll show you the way,' he added good-naturedly, softened, as usual, by the startled, wistful, timid look.

Malcolm, ashamed to say he was royal, but surprised at the patronage, was gratefully following, when old Bairdsbrae indignantly laid his hand on the rein. 'Not so, Sir—this is no place for you!'

'Let me alone!' entreated Malcolm, as he saw Percy's amazed look and whistle of scorn. 'They don't want me.'

'You will never have your place if you do not take it,' said the old gentleman; and leading the trembling shrinking boy up to the door, he continued, 'For the honour of Scotland, Sir!' and then announcing Malcolm by his rank and title, he almost thrust him in.

Fancying he detected a laugh on Ralf Percy's face, and a sneer on that of the stout English porter, Malcolm felt doubly wretched as he was ushered into the hall amid the buzz of talk, and the confusion made by the attendance of the worthy knight and his many sons, one of whom, waiting with better will than skill, had nearly run down the shy limping Scotsman, who looked wildly for refuge at some table. In his height of distress, a kindly gesture of invitation beckoned to him, and he found himself seated and addressed, first in French, and then in careful foreign English, by the same lady whom he had yesterday taken for Joan of Somerset, namely, Esclairmonde de Luxemburg.

He was too much confused to look up till the piece of pasty and the wine with which the lady had caused him to be supplied were almost consumed, and it was not till she had made some observations on the journey, that he became at ease enough to hazard any sort of answer, and then it was with his sweet low Scottish voice, and that irresistibly attractive look of shy wistful gratitude in his great soft brown eyes, when his un-English accent caused her to say, 'I am a stranger here, like yourself, my Lord;' and at the same moment he first raised his eyes to behold what seemed to him perfect beauty and dignity, an oval face, richly tinted olive complexion, dark pensive eyes, a sweet grave mouth smiling with encouraging kindness, and a lofty brow that gave the whole face a magnificent air, not so much stately as above and beyond this world. It might have befitted St. Barbara, or St. Katherine, the great intellectual virgin visions of purity and holiness of the middle ages; but the kindness of the smile went to Malcolm's heart, and emboldened him to answer in his best French, 'You are from Holland, Lady?'

Digitized by Google

'Not from the fens,' she answered. 'My home lies in the borders of the forest of Ardennes.'

And then they found that they understood each other best when she spoke French, and Malcolm English, or rather Scotch; and their acquaintance made so much progress, that when the signal was again given to mount, the Lady Esclairmonde permitted Malcolm to assist her to her saddle; and as he rode beside her, he felt pleased with himself, and as if Ralf Percy was welcome to look at him now!

On Esclairmonde's other hand there rode a small slight girl, whom Malcolm took for quite a child, and paid no attention to; but presently old Sir Lewis Robsart rode back with a message that my Lady of Westmoreland wished to know where the Lady Alice Montagu was. A gentle timid voice answered, 'O Sir, I am well here with the Lady Esclairmonde. Pray tell my good Lady so.'

And therewith Sir Lewis smiled, and said, 'You could scarcely be in better hands, fair damsel,' and rode back again; while Alice was still entreating, 'May I stay with you, dear Lady? It is all so strange and new!'

Esclairmonde smiled, and said, 'You make me at home here, Mademoiselle. It is I who am the stranger!'

'Ah! but you have been in courts before. I never lived anywhere but at Middleham Castle till they fetched me away to meet the Queen.'

For the gentle little maiden, a slender, fair haired, childish faced creature, in her sixteenth year, was the motherless child and heiress of the stout Earl of Salisbury, the last of the Montacutes, or Montagues, who was at present fighting the King's battles in France, but had sent his commands that she should be brought to court, in preparation for fulfilling the long-arranged contract between her and Sir Richard Nevil, one of the twenty-two children of the Earl of Westmoreland. She was under the charge of the Countess—a stately dame, with all the Beaufort pride; and much afraid of her she was, as everything that was shy or forlorn seemed to turn towards the maiden whose countenance not only promised kindness but protection.

Presently the cavalcade passed a grey building, in the midst of green fields and orchards, where, under the trees, some black-veiled figures sat spinning.

'A nunnery!' quoth Esclairmonde, looking eagerly after it as she rode past.

'A nunnery!' said Malcolm, encouraged into the simple confidingness of a young boy. 'How unlike the one where my sister is! Not a tree is near it; it is perched upon a wild crag overhanging the angry sea, and the winds roar, and the gulls and eagles scream, and the waves thunder round it!'

'Yet it is not the less a haven of peace,' replied Esclairmonde.

'Verily,' said Malcolm, 'one knows what peace is under that cloister, where all is calm while the winds rave without.'

Digitized by Google

"'You know how to love a cloister,' said the lady, as she heard his soft sad tones.

'I had promised myself to make my home in one,' said Malcolm; 'but my King will have me make trial of the world first. And so please you,' he added, recollecting himself, 'he forbade me to make my purpose known; so pray, Lady, be so good as to forget what I have said.'

'I will be silent,' said Esclairmonde; 'but I will not forget, for I look on you as one like myself, my young Lord. I too am dedicated, and only longing to reach my cloistered haven.'

She spoke it out with the ease of those days when the monastic was as recognized a profession as any other calling, and yet with something of the desire to make it evident on what ground she stood.

Lady Alice uttered an exclamation of surprise.

'Yes,' said Esclairmonde, 'I was dedicated in my infancy, and promised myself in the nunnery at Dijon when I was seven years old.'

Then, as if to turn the conversation from herself, she asked of Malcolm if he too had made any vow.

'Only to myself,' said Malcolm. 'Neither my tutor nor the Prior of Coldingham would hear my vows.' And he was soon drawn into telling his whole story, to which the ladies both listened with much interest and kindness, Esclairmonde much commending his resolution to leave the cares of his lands and vassals to one whom he represented as so much better fitted to bear them as Patrick Drummond, and only regretting the silence King James had enjoined, saying she felt that there was safety and protection in being avowed as a destined religious.

'And you are one,' said Lady Alice, looking at her in wonder. 'And yet you are with *that* lady—' And the girl's innocent face expressed a certain wonder and disgust that no one could marvel at who had heard the Flemish Countess talk in the loudest, broadest, most hoydenish style.

'She has been my very good lady,' said Esclairmonde; 'she has, under the saints, saved me from much.'

'Oh, I entreat you, tell us, dear lady!' entreated Alice.

It was not a reticent age. Malcolm Stewart had already avowed himself in his own estimation pledged to a monastic life, and Esclairmonde de Luxemburg had reasons for wishing her position and intentions to be distinctly understood by all with whom she came in contact; and moreover, there was a certain congeniality in both her companions, their innocence and simplicity, that drew out confidence, and impelled her to defend her lady.

'My poor Countess,' she said, 'she has been sorely used, and has suffered much. It is a piteous thing when our little imperial fiefs go to the spindle side!'

'What are her lands?' asked Malcolm.

'Hainault, Holland, and Zealand,' replied the lady. 'Her father was Count of Hainault, her mother the sister of the last Duke of Burgundy—him that was slain on the bridge of Montereau. She was married as a

Digitized by Google

mere babe to the Duke of Touraine, who was for a brief time Dauphin, but he died ere she was sixteen, and her father died at the same time. Some say they both were poisoned. The saints forefend it should be true; but thus it was my poor Countess was left desolate, and her uncle, the Bishop of Liège—Jean Sans Pitié, as they call him—claimed her inheritance. You should have seen how undaunted she was!'

'Were you with her then?' asked Alice Montagu.

'Yes. I had been taken from our convent at Dijon, when my dear brothers, to whom Heaven be merciful, died at Azincourt. My *oncles à la mode de Bretagne*—how call you it in English?'

'Welsh uncles,' said Alice.

'They are the Count de St. Pol and the Bishop of Thérouenne. They came to Dijon. In another month I should have been seventeen, and been admitted as a novice; but alack! there were all the lands that came through my grandmother, in Holland and in Flanders, all falling to me, and Monseigneur of Thérouenne, like almost all secular clergy, cannot endure the religious orders, and would not hear of my becoming a Sister. They took me away, and the Bishop declared my dedication null, and they would have bestowed me in marriage at once, I believe, if Heaven had not aided me, and they could not agree on the person. And then my dear Countess promised me that she would never let me be given without my free will.'

'Then,' said Alice, 'the Bishop did cancel your dedication?'

'Yes,' said Esclairmonde; 'but none can cancel the dedication of my heart. So said the holy man at Zwoll.'

'How, Lady?' anxiously inquired Malcolm; 'has not a bishop power to bind and unloose?'

'Yea,' said Esclairmonde, 'such power that if my childish promise had been made without purpose or conscience thereof, or indeed if my will were not with it, it would bind me no more, there were no sin in wedlock for me, no broken vow. But my own conscience of my vow, and my sense that I belong to my Heavenly Spouse, proved, he said, that it was not my duty to give myself to another, and that whereas none have a parent's right over me, if I have indeed chosen the better part, He to whom I have promised myself will not let it be taken from me, though I might have to bear much for His sake. And when I said in presumption that such would lie light on me, he bade me speak less and pray more, for I knew not the cost.'

'He must have been a very holy man,' said Alice, 'and strict withal. Who was he?'

'One Father Thomas, a Canon Regular of the chapter of St. Agnes, a very saint, who spends his life in copying and illuminating the Holy Scripture, and in writing holy thoughts that verily seem to have been breathed into him by special inspiration of God. It was a sermon of his in Lent, upon chastening and perplexity, that I heard when first I was snatched from Dijon, that made me never rest till I had obtained his

Digitized by Google

ghostly counsel! If I never meet him again, I shall thank Heaven for those months at Zwoll all my life—ere the Duke of Burgundy made my Countess resign Holland for twelve years to her uncle, and we left the place. Then, well-nigh against her will, they forced her into a marriage with the Duke of Brabant, though he be her first cousin, her godson, and a mere rude boy. I cannot tell you how evil were the days we often had then. If he had been left to himself, Madame might have guided him; but ill men came about him; they maddened him with wine and beer; they excited him to show that he feared her not; he struck her, and more than once almost put her in danger of her life. Then, too, his mother married the Bishop of Liège, her enemy—'

'The Bishop!'

'He had never been consecrated, and had a dispensation: but all were against her then; and for me too it went ill, for the Duke of Burgundy insisted on my being given to a half-brother of his, one they call Sir Boëmond of Burgundy—a hard man of blood and revelry. The Duke of Brabant was all for him, and so was his mother; and though my uncles would not have chosen him, yet they durst not withstand the Duke of Burgundy. I tried to appeal to the Emperor Sigismund, the head of our house, but I know not if he ever heard of my petition. I was in an exceeding strait, and had only one trust, namely that Father Thomas had told me that the more I threw myself upon God, the more He would save me from man. But oh! they seemed all closing in on me, and I knew that Sir Boëmond had sworn that I should pay heavily for my resistance. Then one night my Countess came to me! She showed me the bruises her lord had left on her arms, and told me that he was about to banish all of us, her ladies, into Holland, and to keep her alone to bear his fury, and she was resolved to escape, and would I come with her? It seemed to me the message of deliverance! Her nurse brought us peasant dresses, high stiff caps, black boddices, petticoats of many colours, and therein we dressed ourselves, and stole out, ere dawn, to a church, where we knelt till the Sieur d'Escaillon—the gentleman who attends Madame still—drove up in a farmer's garb, with a market cart, and so forth from Bruges we drove! We came to Valenciennes, to her mother; but we found that she, by persuasion of the Duke, would give us both up; so the Sieur d'Escaillon got together sixty lances, and therewith we rode to Calais, where never were weary travellers more courteously received than we by Lord Northumberland, the captain of Calais.'

'Oh! I am glad you came to us English!' cried Alice. 'Only I would it had been my father who welcomed you! And now?'

'Now I remain with my Lady, as the only demoiselle she has from her country; and moreover, I am waiting in the trust that my kinsmen will give up their purpose of bestowing me in marriage, now that I am beyond their reach; and in time I hope to obtain sufficient of my own goods for a dowry for whatever convent I may enter.'

'Oh! let it be an English one!' cried Alice.

Digitized by Google

'I have learnt to breathe freer since I have been on English soil,' said Esclairmonde, smiling; 'but where I may rest at last, Heaven only knows!'

'This is a strange country,' said Malcolm. 'No one seems afraid of violence and wrong here.'

'Is that so strange?' asked Alice, amazed. 'Why, men would be hanged if they did violence!'

'I would we were as sure of justice at my home,' sighed Esclairmonde. 'King Henry will bring about a better rule.'

'Never doubt!' cried Salisbury's daughter. 'When France is once subdued, there will be no more trouble. He will make your kinsmen do you right, dear demoiselle, and oh! will you not found a beauteous convent?'

'King Henry has not conquered France yet,' was all Esclairmonde said.

'Ha!' cried the buxom Countess Jaqueline, as the ladies dismounted, 'Never speak to me more, our solemn sister. When have I done worse than lure a young cavalier, and chain him all day with my tongue?'

'He is a gentle boy!' said Esclairmonde, smiling.

'Truly he looked like a calf turned loose among strange cattle! How gat he into the hall?'

'He is of royal Scottish blood,' said Esclairmonde; 'cousin-german to King James.'

'And our grave nun has a fancy to tame the wild Scots, like a second St. Margaret! A King's grandson! fie, fie! what, become ambitious, Clairette? Eh! you were so occupied, that I should have been left to no one but Monseigneur of Glocester, but that I was discreet, and rode with my Lord Bishop of Winchester. How he chafed! but I know better than to have *tête-a-têtes* with young sprigs of the blood royal!'

Esclairmonde laughed good-humouredly, partly in courtesy to her hoyden mistress, but partly at the burning blushing indignation she beheld in the artless face of Alice Montagu.

The girl was as shy as a fawn, frightened at every word from knight or lady, and much in awe of her future mother-in-law, a stiff and stately dame, with all the Beaufort haughtiness; so that Lady Westmoreland gladly and graciously consented to the offer of the Demoiselle de Luxemburg to attend to the little maiden, and let her share her chamber and her bed. And indeed Alice Montagu, bred up in strictness and in both piety and learning, as was sometimes the case with the daughters of the nobility, had in all her simplicity and bashfulness a purity and depth that made her a congenial spirit with the grave votaress, whom she regarded on her side with a young girl's enthusiastic admiration for a grown woman, although in point of fact the years between them were few.

The other ladies of the court were a little in awe of the Demoiselle de Luxemburg, and did not seek her when they wished to indulge in the gossip whose malice and coarseness she kept in check; but if they were

Digitized by Google

anxious, or in trouble, they always came to her as their natural consoler; and the Countess Jaqueline, bold and hoydenish as she was, kept the license of her tongue and manners under some shadow of restraint before her, and though sometimes bantering her, often neglecting her counsel, evidently felt her attendance a sort of safeguard and protection.

The gentlemen were mostly of the opinion of the Duke of Gloucester, who said that the Lady Esclairmonde was so like Deborah come out of a mystery, that it seemed to be always Passion-tide where she was; and she moreover was always guarded in her manner towards them, keeping her vocation in the recollection of all by her gravely and coldly courteous demeanour, and the sober hues and fashion of her dress; but being aware of Malcolm's destination, perceiving his loneliness, and really attracted by his pensive gentleness, she admitted him to far more friendly intercourse than any other young noble, while he revered and clung to her, much as Lady Alice did, as protector and friend.

King James was indeed so much absorbed in his own lady-love as to have little attention to bestow on his young cousin, and he knew moreover that to be left to such womanly training as ladies were bound to bestow on young squires and pages was the best treatment for the youth, who was really thriving and growing happier every day, as he lost his awkwardness and acquired a freedom and self-confidence such as he could never have imagined possible in his original brow-beaten state, though without losing the gentle modesty and refinement that gave him such a charm.

A great sorrow awaited him, however, at Leicester, where Easter was to be spent. A messenger came from Durham, bringing letters from Coldingham to announce the death of good Sir David Drummond, which had taken place two days after Malcolm had left him, all but the youth himself having well known that his state was hopeless.

In his grief, Malcolm found his chief comforter in Esclairmonde, who kindly listened when he talked of the happy old times at Glenuskie, and of the kindness and piety of his guardian; while she lifted his mind to dwell on the company of the saints; and when he knew that her thoughts went, like his, to his fatherly friend in the solemn services connected with the departed, he was no longer desolate, and there was almost a sweetness in the grief of which his fair saint had taken up a part. She showed him likewise some vellum pages on which her ghostly father, the Canon of St. Agnes, had written certain dialogues between the Divine Master and His disciple, which seemed indeed to have been whispered by Heavenly inspiration, and which soothed and hallowed his mourning for the guide and protector of his youth. He loved to dwell on her very name, Esclairmonde—'light of the world.' The taste of the day hung many a pun and conceit upon names, and to Malcolm, this—which had, in fact, been culled out of romance—seemed meetly to express the pure radiance of consolation and encouragement that seemed to him to shine from her and brighten the life that had hitherto been dull and gloomy—nay, even to give him light and joy in the midst of his grief.

Digitized by Google

At that period courts were not much burdened with etiquette. No feudal monarch was more than the first gentleman, and there was no rigid line of separation of ranks, especially where, as among the kings of the Red Rose, the boundaries were so faint between the princes and the nobility; and as Catherine of Valois was fond of company, and indolently heedless of all that did not affect her own dignity or ease, the whole Court, including some of the princely captives, lived as one large family, meeting at morning Mass in church or chapel, taking their meals in common, riding, hunting, hawking, playing at bowls, tennis, or stool-ball, or any other pastime, in such parties as suited their inclinations; and spending the evening in the great hall, in conversation varied by chess, dice, and cards, recitals of romance, and music, sometimes performed by the choristers of the royal chapel, or sometimes by the company themselves, and often by one or other of the two kings, who were both proficients as well with the voice as with the lute and organ.

Thus Malcolm had many opportunities of being with the Demoiselle of Luxemburg: and almost a right was established, that when she sat in the deep embrasure of a window with her spinning, he should be on the cushioned step beneath; when she mounted, he held the stirrup; and when the church bells were ringing, he led her by her fair fingers to her place in the nave, and back again to the hall; and when the manchet and rere supper were brought into the hall, he mixed her wine and water, and held the silver bason and napkin to her on bended knee, and had become her recognized cavalier. He was really thriving. Even the high-spirited son of Hotspur could not help loving and protecting him.

'Have a care,' said Ralf to a lad of ruder mould, 'I'll no more see that lame young Scot maltreated than a girl.'

'He is no better than a girl,' growled his comrade; 'my little brother Dick would be more than a match for him!'

'I wot not that,' said Percy; 'there's a drop of life and spirit at the bottom; and for the rest, when he looks up with those eyes of his, and smiles his smile, it is somehow as if it were beneath a man to vex him wilfully. And he sees so much meaning in everything too, that it is a dozen times better sport to hear him talk than one of you fellows, who have only wit enough to know a hawk from a heronschaw.'

After a grave Eastertide spent at Leicester, the court moved to Westminster, where Henry had to meet his parliament, and obtain supplies for the campaign which was to revenge the death of Clarence.

There was no great increase of gaiety even here, for Henry was extremely occupied, both with regulating matters for government during his absence, and in training the troops who began to flock to his standard; so that the Queen complained that his presence in England was of little service to her, since he never had any leisure, and there were no pastimes.

'Well, Dame,' said Henry gaily, 'there is one revel for you. I have

Digitized by Google

promised to knight the Lord Mayor, honest Whittington, and I hear he is preparing a notable banquet in the Guild Hall.'

'A city mayor!' exclaimed Queen Catherine, with ineffable disgust. 'My brothers would sooner cut off his roturier head than dub him knight!'

'Belike,' said Henry drily; 'but what kind of friends have thy brothers found at Paris? Moreover, this Whittington may content thee as to blood. Rougedragon hath been unfolding to me his lineage of a good house in Gloucestershire.'

'More shame that he should soil his hands with trade!' said the Queen.

'See what you say when he has cased those fair hands in Spanish gloves. You ladies should know better than to fall out with a mercer!'

'Ah!' said Duke Humfrey, 'they never saw the silks and samites wherewith he fitted out sister Philippa for the Swedes! Lucky the bride whose wardrobe is purveyed by honest Dick!'

'Is it not honour enough for the mechanical hinds that we wear their stuffs!' said Countess Jaqueline, 'without demeaning ourselves to eat at their boards! The *outrecuidance* of the rogues in the Netherlands would be surpassing, did we feed it in that sort!'

''Tis you that will be fed, Dame Jac,' laughed Henry. 'I can tell you, their sack and their pasties, their marchpane and blanc manger, far exceed aught that a poor soldier can set before you!'

'Moreover,' observed Humfrey, 'the ladies ought to see the romaunt of the Cat complete.'

'How?' cried Jaqueline. 'Is it, then, true that this Vittentone is the miller's son whose cat wore boots, and made his fortune!'

'I have heard my aunt of Orleans divert my father with that story,' murmured Catherine. 'How went the tale? I thought it folly, and marked it not. What became of the cat?'

'The cat desired to test his master's gratitude, so tells Straparola,' said the Duke of Orleans in his dry satirical tone; 'and whereas he had been wont to promise his benefactor a golden coffin and state funeral, puss feigned death, and thereby heard the lady inform her husband that the old cat was dead. "*A la bonne heure!*" said the Marquis. "Take him by the tail, and fling him on the muck-heap beneath the window!"'

'Thereof I acquit Whittington, who never was thankless to man or brute,' said King Henry. 'Moreover, his cat, or her grandchildren, must be now in high preferment at the King of Barbary's court.'

'A marvellous beast is that cat,' said James. 'When I was a child in Scotland, we used to tell the story of her exchange for a freight of gold and spices, only the ship sailed from Denmark.'

'Maybe,' said Henry; 'but I would maintain the truth of Whittington's cat with my lance, and would gladly have no worse cause! You'll

Digitized by Google

see his cat painted beside him in the Guild Hall, and may hear the tale from him, as I loved to hear him when I was a lad.

Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London town!

I told my good old friend I must have come over from France on purpose to keep his third mayoralty. So I am for the City on Thursday; and whoever loves good wine, good sturgeon, good gold, or good men, had best come with me.'

Such inducements were not to be neglected, and though Queen Catherine minced and bridled, and apologized to Duchess Jaqueline for her husband's taste for low company, neither princess wished to forego the chance of amusement; and a brilliant cavalcade set forth, in full order of precedence. The King and Queen were first; then, to his great disgust, the King of Scots, with Duchess Jaqueline; Bedford, with Lady Somerset; Glocester, with the Countess of March; the Duke of Orleans, with the Countess of Exeter; and Malcolm of Glenuskie found himself paired off with his sovereign's lady-love, Joan Beaufort, and a good deal overawed by the tall horned tower that crowned her flaxen locks, as well as by knowing that her uncle, the Bishop of Winchester, the stateliest, stiffest, and most unapproachable person in all the court, was riding just behind him, beside the Demoiselle de Luxemburg.

Temple Bar was closed, and there was a flourish of trumpets and a parley ere the gate was flung open to admit the royal guests; but Malcolm, in his place, could not see the aldermen on horseback, in their robes of scarlet and white, drawn up to receive the King. All the way up Holborn, every house was hung with tapestry, and the citizens formed a gorgeously-appareled lane, shouting in unison, their greetings attuned to bursts of music from trumpets and nakers.

Beautiful old St. Paul's, with the exquisite cross for open-air preaching in front, rose on their view; and before the lofty west door the princely guests dismounted, each gentleman leading his lady up the nave to the seat prepared in such manner that he might be opposite to her. The clergy lined the stalls, and a magnificent Mass was sung, and was concluded by the advance of the King to the altar step, followed by a fine old man in scarlet robes bordered with white fur, the collar of SS. round his neck, and his silvery hair and lofty brow crowning a face as sagacious as it was dignified and benevolent.

It seemed a reversal of the ordinary ceremonial when the slender agile young man took in hand the sword, and laid the honour of knighthood on the grey-headed substantial senior, whom he bade to arise Sir Richard Whittington. Jaqueline of Hainault had the bad taste to glance across to Humfrey and titter, but the Duke valued popularity among the citizens, and would not catch her eye; and in the line behind the royal ladies, there was a sweet elderly face, beautiful, though time-worn, with blue eyes misty with proud glad tears, and a mouth trembling with tender exultation.

Digitized by Google

After the ceremony was concluded, King Henry offered his hand to the Lady Mayoress, Dame Alice Whittington, making her bright tears drop in glad confusion at his frank hearty congratulation and warm praise of her husband; and though the fair Catherine could have shuddered when Sir Richard advanced to lead her, she was too royal to compromise her dignity by visible scorn, and she soon found that the merchant could speak much better French than most of the nobles.

Malcolm felt as remote as did the French princesses from burgher wealth and splendour, and his mind had not opened to understand burgher worth and weight; and when he saw the princes John and Humfrey, and even his own King, seeking out city dames and accosting them with friendly looks, it seemed to him a degrading truckling to riches, from which he was anxious to save his future queen; but when he would have offered his arm to Lady Joan, he saw her already being led away by an alderman measuring at least a yard across the shoulders; and the good-natured Earl of March, seeing him at a loss, presented him to a round merry wife in a scarlet petticoat and black boddice, its plump curves wreathed with gold chains, who began pitying him for having been sent to the wars so young, being, as usual, charmed into pity by his soft appealing eyes and unconscious grace; would not believe his assertions that he was neither a captive nor a Frenchman. 'Don't tell her, when he spoke like a stranger, and halted from a wound.'

Colouring to the ears, he explained that he had never walked otherwise; whereupon her pity redoubled, and she by turns advised him to consult master Doctor Caius, and to obtain a recipe from Mistress—she meant Dame Alice Whittington, the kindest soul living, and, Lady Mayoress as she was, with no more pride than the meanest scullion. Pity she had no child—yet scarce pity either, since she and the good Lord Mayor were father and mother to all orphans and destitute—nay, to all who had any care on their minds.

Malcolm was in extreme alarm lest he should be walked up to the Lady Mayoress for inspection before all the world when they entered the Guild Hall, a building of grand proportions, which, as good Mistress Bolt informed him, had lately been paved and glazed at Sir Richard Whittington's own expense. The bright new red and yellow tiles, and the stained glass of the tall windows high up, as well as the panels of the wainscot, were embellished with trade-marks and the armorial bearings of the guilds; and the long tables, hung with snowy napery, groaned with gold and silver plate, such as, the Duke of Orleans observed to Catherine, no citizens would dare exhibit in France to any prince or noble, at peril of being mulcted of all, with or without excuse.

On an open hearth beneath the louvre, or opening for smoke, burnt a fire diffusing all around an incense-like fragrance, from the logs, composed of cinnamon and other choice woods and spices, that fed the flame. The odour and the warmth on a bleak day of May were alike delicious; and King Henry, after leading Dame Alice up to it, stood warming his

Digitized by Google

hands and extolling the choice scent, adding, 'You spoil us, Sir Richard. How are we to go back to the smoke of wood and peat, and fires puffed with our own mouths, after such pampering as this—the costliest fire I have seen in the two realms.'

'It shall be choicer yet, Sir,' said Sir Richard Whittington, who had just handed the Queen to her seat.

'Scarce possible,' replied Henry, 'unless I threw in my crown, and that I cannot afford. I shall be pawning it ere long.'

Instead of answering, the Lord Mayor quietly put his hand into his furred pouch, and drawing out a bundle of parchments tied with a ribbon, held them towards the King, with a grave smile.

'Lo you now, Sir Richard,' said Henry, with a playful face of disgust; 'this is to save your dainty meats, by spoiling my appetite by that unwelcome sight. What, man! have you bought up all the bonds I gave in my need to a whole synagogue of Jews and bench of Lombards? I shall have to send for my crown ere you let me go; though verily,' he added, with frank open face, 'I'm better off with a good friend like you for my creditor, only I'm sorry for you, Sir Richard. I fear it will be long ere you see your good gold in the stead of your dirty paper, even though I gave you an order on the tolls. How now! What, man, Dick Whittington! Art raving? Here, the tongs—!'

For Sir Richard, gently smiling, had placed the bundle of bonds on the glowing bed of embers!

Henry, even while calling for the tongs, was raking them out with his sword, and would have grasped them in his hand in a moment, but the Lord Mayor caught his arm. 'Pardon, my Lord, and grant your new knight's boon.'

'When he is not moon-struck!' said Henry, still guarding the documents. 'Why, my Lady Mayoress, know you what is here?'

'Sixty thousand, my liege,' composedly answered Dame Alice. 'My husband hath his whims, and I pray your Grace not to hinder what he hath so long been preparing.'

'Yea, Sir,' added Whittington earnestly. 'You wot that God hath prospered us richly. We have no child, and our nephews are well endowed. How, then, can our goods belong to any save God, our King, and the poor?'

Henry drew one hand over his eyes, and with the other wrung that of Whittington. 'Had ever king such a subject!' he murmured.

'Had ever subject such a king!' was Whittington's return.

'Thou hast conquered, Whittington,' said the King, presently looking up with a sunny smile. 'To send me over the seas a free man, beholden to you in heart though not by purse, is, as I well believe, worth all that sum to thy loyal heart. Thou art setting me far on my way to Jerusalem, my dear friend! Thank him, Kate—he hath done much for thine husband!'

Catherine looked amiable, and held out a white hand to be kissed,

Digitized by Google

aware that the King was pleased, though hardly understanding why he should be glad that an odour of singed parchment should overpower the gums and cinnamon. This was soon remedied by the fresh handful of spices that were cast into the flame; and the banquet began, magnificent with peacocks, cranes, and swans in full plumage; the tusky boar crunched his apple, deer's antlers adorned the haunch, the royal sturgeon floated in wine, fountains of perfumed waters sprung up from shells, towers of pastry and of jelly presented the endless allegorical devices of mediæval fancy, and pre-eminent over all, a figure of the cat, with emerald eyes, fulfilled, as Henry said, the proverb, 'A cat might look at a king,' and truly the cat and her master had earned the right; therefore his first toast was, 'To the Cat!'

Each guest found at his or her place a beautiful fragrant pair of gloves, in Spanish leather, on the back of which was once more embroidered, in all her tabby charms, the cat's face. Therewith began a lengthy meal; and Malcolm Stewart rejoiced at finding himself seated next to the Lady Esclairmonde, but he grudged her attention to her companion, a slender, dark, thoughtful representative of the goldsmith's company, to whom she talked with courtesy such as Malcolm had scorned to show his city dame.

'Who,' said Esclairmonde presently, 'was a dame in a religious garb whom I marked near the door here? She looked like one of the Béguines of my own country.'

'We have no such order here, Lady,' said the goldsmith, puzzled.

'Hey, Master Price,' cried Mistress Bolt, speaking across Malcolm, 'I can tell the lady who it was. 'Twas good Sister Avice Rodney, to whom the Lady Mayoress promised some of these curious cooling drinks for the poor ship-wright who hath well-nigh cloven off his own foot with his axe.'

'Yea, truly,' returned the goldsmith, 'it must have been one of the bedeswomen of St. Katharine's whom the lady has seen.'

'What order may that be?' asked Esclairmonde. 'I have seen nothing so like my own country since I came hither.'

'That may well be, Madam,' said Mistress Bolt, 'seeing that these bedeswomen were first instituted by a countrywoman of your own—Queen Philippa of blessed memory.'

'By your leave, Mistress Bolt,' interposed Master Price, 'the hospital of St. Katharine, by the Tower, is of far older foundation.'

'By *your* leave, Sir, I know what I say. The hospital was founded I know not when, but these bedeswomen were specially added by the good Queen, by the same token that mine Aunt Cis, who was tirewoman to the blessed Lady Joan, was one of the first.'

'How was it? What is their office?' eagerly inquired Esclairmonde. And Mistress Bolt arranged herself for a long discourse.

'Well, fair Sirs and sweet Lady, though you be younger than I, you have surely heard of the Black Death. Well named was it, for never

Digitized by Google

was pestilence more dire; and the venom was so strong that the very lips and eyelids grew livid black, and then there was no hope. Little thought of such disease was there, I trow, in King's houses, and all the fair young lords and ladies, the children of King Edward, as then was, were full of sport and gamesomeness as you see these dukes be now. And never a one was blither than the Lady Joan—she they called Joan of the Tower, being a true Londoner born—bless her! My Aunt Cis would talk by the hour of her pretty ways and kindly mirth. But 'twas even as the children have the game in the streets—

> "There come three knights all out of Spain,
> Are come to fetch your daughter Jane."

'Twas for the King of Castille, that same Peter for whom the Black Prince of Wales fought, and of whom such grewesome tales were told. The pretty princess might almost have had a boding what sort of husband they had for her, for she begged and prayed, even on her knees, that her father would leave her; but her sisters were all espoused, and there was no help for it. But, as one comfort to her, my Aunt Cis, who had been about her from her cradle, was to go with her; and oft she would tell of the long journey in litters through France, and how welcome were the English tongues they heard again at Bordeaux, and how when poor Lady Joan saw her brother, the Prince, she clung about his neck and sobbed, and how he soothed her, and said she would soon laugh at her own unwillingness to go to her husband. But even then the Black Death was in Bordeaux, and being low and mournful at heart, the sweet maid contracted it, and lay down to die ere she had made two days journey, and her last words were, "My God hath shown me more pity than father or brother;" and so she died like a lamb, and mine aunt was sent by the Prince to bear home the tidings to the good Queen, who was a woeful woman. And therewith, here was the pestilence in London, raging among the poor creatures that lived in the wharves and on the river bank, in damp and filth, so that whole households lay dead at once, and the contagion, gathering force, spread into the city, and even to the nobles and their ladies. Then my good aunt, having some knowledge of the sickness already, and being without fear, went among the sick, and by her care, and the food, wine, and clothing she brought, saved a many lives. And from whom should the bounties come, save from the good Queen, who ever had a great pity for those touched like her own fair child. Moreover, when she heard from my aunt how the poor things lived in uncleanness and filth, and how, what with many being strangers coming by sea, and others being serfs fled from home, they were a nameless, masterless sort, who knew not where to seek a parish priest, and whom the friars shunned for their poverty, she devised a fresh foundation to be added to the hospital of St. Katharine's in the Docks, providing for a chapter of ten bedeswomen, gentle and well-nurtured, who should both sing in choir and likewise go forth constantly among

Digitized by Google

the poor, to seek out the children, see that they learn their Credo, Ave, and Pater Noster, bring the more toward to be further taught in St. Katharine's school, and likewise to stir poor folk up to go to Mass and lead a godly life; to visit the sick, feed and tend them, and so instruct them that they may desire the Sacraments of the Church.'

'Ah! good Flemish Queen!' cried Esclairmonde. 'She learnt that of our Béguines!'

'If your ladyship will have it so,' said Mrs. Bolt; 'but my Aunt Cicily began!'

'Who nominates these bedeswomen?' asked Esclairmonde.

'That does the Queen,' said Mistress Bolt. 'Not this young Queen, as yet, for Queen Joan, the late King's widow, holds the hospital till her death, unless it should be taken from her for her sorceries, from which Heaven defend us!'

'Can it be visited?' said Esclairmonde. 'I feel much drawn thither, as I ever did to the Béguines.'

'Ay, marry may it!' cried delighted Mrs. Bolt. 'I have more than one gossip there, foreby Sister Avice, who was godchild to Aunt Cis; and if the good lady would wish to see the hospital, I would bear her company with all my heart.'

To Malcolm's disgust, Esclairmonde caught at the proposal, which the Scottish haughtiness that lay under all his gentleness held somewhat degrading to the cousin of the Emperor. He fell into a state of gloom, which lasted till the loving-cup had gone round and been partaken of in pairs.

After hands had been washed in rose-water, the royal party took their seats in barges to return to Westminster by the broad and beautiful high-way of the Thames.

Here at once Alice Montagu nestled to Esclairmonde's side, delighted with her cat gloves, and further delighted with an old captain of trained bands, to whose lot she had fallen; and on finding that she was the daughter of the Earl of Salisbury, under whom he had served, had launched forth by the hour into the praises of that brave nobleman, both for his courage and his kindness to his troops.

'No wonder King Henry loves his citizens so well!' cried Esclairmonde. 'Would that our Netherlandish princes and burghers could take pride and pleasure in one another's wealth and prowess, instead of grudging and fearing thereat!'

'To my mind,' said Malcolm, 'they were a forward generation. That city dame will burst with pride, if you, Lady, go with her to see those bedeswomen.'

'I trust not,' laughed Esclairmonde, 'for I mean to try.'

'Nay, but,' said Malcolm, 'what should a mere matter of old rockers and worn-out tire-women concern a demoiselle of birth?'

'I honour them for doing their Master's work,' said Esclairmonde, 'and would fain be worthy to follow in their steps.'

Digitized by Google

'Surely,' said Malcolm, 'there are houses fit for persons of high and princely birth to live apart from gross contact with the world.'

'There are,' said Esclairmonde; 'but I trust I may be pardoned for saying that such often seem to me to play at humility when they stickle for birth and dower with the haughtiest. I never honoured any nuns so much as the humble Sisters of St. Begga, who never ask for sixteen quarterings, but only for a tender hand, soft step, pure life, and pious heart.'

'I deemed,' said Malcolm, 'that heavenly contemplation was the purpose of convents.'

'Even so, for such as can contemplate like the holy man I have told you of,' said Esclairmonde; 'but labour hath been greatly laid aside in convents of late, and I doubt me if it be well, or if their prayers be the better for it.'

'And so,' said Alice, 'I heard my Lord of Winchester saying how it were well to suppress the alien priories, and give their wealth to found colleges like that founded by Bishop Wykeham.'

For in truth the spirit of the age was beginning to set against monasticism. It was the period when perhaps there was more of license and less of saintliness than at any other, and when the long continuance of the Great Schism had so injured Church discipline that the clergy and ecclesiastics were in the worst state of all, especially the monastic orders, who owned no superior but the Pope, and between the two rivals could avoid supervision altogether. Such men as the holy Canon of St. Agnes, or the great Jean Gerson, were rare indeed; and the monasteries had let themselves lose their missionary character, and become mere large farms, inhabited by celibate gentlemen and their attendants, or by the superfluous daughters of the nobles and gentry. Such devotion as led Esclairmonde to the pure atmosphere of prayer and self-sacrifice had well-nigh died out, and almost every other lady of the time would have regarded her release from the vows made for her in her babyhood a happy escape.

Still less, at a time when no active order of Sisters, save that of the Béguines in Holland, had been invented, and when no nun ever dreamt of carrying her charity beyond the quadrangle of her own convent, could anyone be expected to enter into Esclairmonde's admiration and longing for out-of-door works; but the person whom she had chiefly made her friend was the King's almoner and chaplain, sometimes called Sir Martin Bennet, at others Dr. Bennet, a great Oxford scholar, bred up among William of Wykeham's original seventy at Winchester and New College, and now much trusted and favoured by the King, whom he everywhere accompanied. That Sir Martin was a pluralist must be confessed, but he was most conscientious in providing substitutes, and was a man of much thought and of great piety, in whom the fair pupil of the Canon of St. Agnes found a congenial spirit.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

BERTRAM; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE Westerleigh coach, which had passed through Lewisham for so many years, and retained its position so much longer than most other coaches, stopped this day among some shabby houses, the best match that could be found for the small travellers on the roof.

'Now that's about what you want to find, I expect,' exclaimed the driver, addressing our young friends; and passing on the reins while he assisted the children to alight, he immediately re-mounted the box, and drove on towards his destination.

'Well, these are the strangest little articles *I* ever saw,' remarked one of their fellow passengers, as soon as they were again in motion. 'What with crying, and drawing, and cleaning the slate, and then more crying, they have really had enough to do. What are they after in Lewisham, I wonder?'

'After an aunt, one Mrs. Sutton, as I understood,' replied another of the travellers. 'Mother's sister, with whose relationship to themselves they seemed totally unacquainted. Why don't you call her your aunt? said I, at which pertinent question they simply stared.'

'And then you pinched them—eh, Morris? and that was what made them cry.'

'Ah! but I fear it was a deeper wound than that,' returned Morris. 'They are orphans, and but recently, I fancy. The boy had a very good idea of drawing: made his strokes so firmly.'

Morris was a carpenter, and from having a pencil so often in his hand, he thought himself a judge.

'Poor things! I hope they may find their aunt.' And here the conversation changed, and will be perfectly uninteresting to us, so we will return to our 'little Gipsies,' who have been turning themselves round and round, and looking towards all points of the compass.

'There seem to be a great many houses in Lewisham,' remarked Robin, at last; 'I wonder which is Ray's Cottage.' He ran up to a man who was passing in the road, and made inquiry.

'Ray's Cottage? I can't say, never heard of it.' And he went on.

It was still early in the day, there was time to walk about for further investigation.

'There's the church; we shall go to church on Sundays, Amy.'

'If there's no dreadful man there,' said Amy.

'Mrs. Sutton will go too, and take us, I dare say,' said Robin, 'and then we sha'n't mind.'

They were arriving among the shops, and persevered with their inquiries.

Digitized by Google

'Sutton? there *was* a Mrs. Sutton out by Catford Hill, I know. Ray's Cottage—yes, I think it was. She dealt here once, but I have not seen her for a long time. Here, you must turn to your right.' He gave them their orders, which they carefully obeyed; the cottages looked low and damp, but, oh joy! at the corner of one of them was written up the longed-for syllables, 'Ray's Cottage.'

A slight hammering with one of the small fists brought an untidy woman to the door.

'Well?' said she, in an unpromising manner.

'Oh, please, are you Mrs. Sutton?' cried Robin with breathless anxiety, not pausing to look out upon his future with such an aunt.

'No, I am not,' and the door was closing against them, when Robin spoke again.

'Oh, please, tell me if there is another Ray's Cottage? pray, oh, pray do, we are come such a long way.'

The hard woman was a little moved. 'Here,' she cried to a neat body in a neighbouring garden, 'they want a Mrs. Sutton. Did she ever live here?'

'My children!' exclaimed the neighbour, looking at the distressed faces, down which the tears were now running fast. 'I hope you do not want her very much. How came you to think she was here still?'

'Mother said so. Mother's dead. Mother was her sister, she told us to come,' sobbed out Robin, while little Amy stood breathless.

'She has been gone from here these four years,' said the neat neighbour.

'But we are to go to her, anywhere,' said Robin. 'Please, where is she gone?'

'Go to her, poor dears! Why, she's gone to Australia, and it's thousands of miles across the sea!'

Poor Robin uttered an uncontrollable cry, and little Amy slid down again, as she had done that morning in the van. It was her second fainting within twelve hours.

'She's dead too!' cried Robin.

'No, no, she'll soon be better again. She is disappointed, and perhaps you are both hungry.'

She laid little Amy down safely, and fetched some water to bathe her face.

'Are you hungry?'

'We've had nothing to eat,' answered Robin, 'but,' added he, 'we have got some money to buy it.'

'There's an honest boy, but you need not buy this.'

She cut him a slice of bread and butter, and as Amy's consciousness returned, she gave her the same; and setting down a cup of milk, 'I must go out now,' she said, 'but I shall be home in an hour or two, and will see what more I can do for you.'

She left them sitting in the garden. 'They must go to the House, poor children!' she added, to herself.

Digitized by Google

And Robin and Amy sat down, and had their cry out. Presently they ate their food, and felt the better for the refreshment.

'We never said our prayers this morning, Amy,' said Robin; 'we had better hide somewhere, and say them now.'

They turned from the front of the cottage, and knelt down side by side, repeating the simple words which formed their daily supplication.

'And pray take care of us, for we are all alone.'

'O Good Lord, take care of Amy,' added Robin.

'Pray, pray, take care of us. O Good Lord, take care of Robin.'

Then they sat quiet for a few minutes, while Robin thought upon their future. Then he stood up again.

'Now, Amy dear, if you are rested, I am sure London is the best place for us to live in. Let us go on to London. We shall be sure to get on there.'

CHAPTER XII.

'A MOTHER and two children—boy and girl, aged about nine and eight—have been living among the Gipsies, but supposed to be of a superior class to their companions. The mother has recently died. The children may be heard of by applying to the Rev. C. Robertson, Vicarage, Westerleigh, Kent.'

'Will that do, Papa? and do you mind my sending it?'

'Send it if you like, by all means, but I am afraid that will be the end of your romance. But if it makes you happier, my dear.'

'It will make me happier to have done my best. Everyone reads *The Times;* and Mr. Kaye made me quite wretched with his account of the poor children.'

'I conclude you have Mr. Robertson's permission to mention his name. He may be troubled by wrong applications, though I anticipate no right ones.'

'Yes. He gave me leave. He thought that there was something strange about the case. So did you, Papa; please to remember.'

'Yes, I did. But then, the mother's being with them stopped all the wild fancies I might otherwise have formed about their story.'

'But we may get the poor children a home amongst their relations, and separate them from the Gipsies. It would be such a happiness. I am sure those blue eyes are no descendants of theirs. Mr. Kaye promised that he would see them again. They cannot leave now for a few days.'

And so the advertisement was sent; but Mr. Robertson never had any trouble. Had an application been made for the children, the Vicar would certainly have been puzzled to direct the inquirer, according to his promise. But everyone sees *The Times*, and Jessie was happier for

Digitized by Google

her endeavour to place her young acquaintances in a more satisfactory home.

'Everyone reads *The Times*;' and so the Earl and Countess of Pendyne were made acquainted with the advertisement a few days after the above conversation.

'Oh, Anna! these are clearly your pets, and they have lost their mother. Now is your time, my love.'

The Countess sighed. Children were often a grave subject to touch upon. But Adela became instantly excited.

'The little Gipsies! And they have no mother. Oh, let us go and see them! You always do at Pendyne when people are sad. Take me to see them, dear Mamma.'

'My love, you are not well enough; we must wait for Dr. Ryder's permission, then we will go, and say something kind to them, if anyone can tell us where they live.'

'Poor dear little Gipsies!' continued Adela. 'How unhappy they must be! Do you think their mother was good, Mamma?'

'My love, I did not know her. But perhaps Dr. Ryder can tell us something.'

This as the Doctor was announced. The young lady's case was not one now to require many minutes of attention. Then came the inquiry after the Gipsies.

'I am afraid there is nothing very satisfactory to say about them,' answered the Doctor. 'The fact is, they are gone.'

'Gone! Gipsies never stay long in the same place.'

'The Gipsies are here, Lady Pendyne; but the children have disappeared.'

'Claimed by someone?'

'No. It was before the advertisement appeared, only we did not know it. It seems that as soon as their mother was dead, that same morning they went off on the coach, and were set down at Lewisham.'

'By themselves? That is mysterious.'

'Gone away, and now I shall never see them!' and Adela looked very ready for a cry; 'I meant to be so kind, and to make them happy again. Tell me some more about them, Dr. Ryder.'

'I do not know very much,' replied the Doctor; 'Mr. Kaye went to see how they were getting on, and he found the old woman in a great state of indignation. She said "the ungrateful creatures had run away, and that they were very bad, and not worth seeking," which we do not believe. She then added that our sexton had insulted her, which is by no means improbable.'

'Then if I cannot see the Gipsies, may we go home to Pendyne? I only wanted to stay until I had seen the children. Do let us go home, dearest Mamma.'

'My love, we are hoping to go now as soon as we have Dr. Ryder's permission.—Would next week be too soon, Dr. Ryder, do you think?'

Digitized by Google

'There is nothing in Lady Adela's state of health that need detain you now,' replied the Doctor. 'Indeed, I think that a change would be beneficial.'

'Then we shall probably be returning in a few days; but you will favour us, I hope, with another visit? We feel much obliged for your attentive care of your patient.'

'I will do myself that honour.' The Doctor rose and took his leave.

And the next week Brastings Court was deserted.

(To be continued.)

CUBS.

THERE is a mystery in the whole atmosphere of the breakfast table this morning.

The Squire, his sons, and nephews, all wear the same pleasant look of elation. Something has happened; but whatever it is, it is not to be spoken. The happiness is evidently of that deep concentrated nature that needs no words—a thing to be felt, not talked of.

And they evidently *do* feel it as they eat their breakfast almost in silence. But what *does* it all mean, when, after a long interval of happy thought, the Squire says, *á propos* of nothing, 'Strong little beggars, better luck with this lot, I hope. Knock over a few rooks for them after breakfast Charlie.' A nod from Charlie, but nothing to explain the matter.

Not till the after-breakfast dispersion, do I, the uninitiated, venture to ask the least sporting member of the household what sort of 'little beggars' made everybody so happy this morning.

'Oh! foxes in the old earth in the beech wood; an old Mrs. Fox been disturbed somewhere, and migrated to us, babies and all. But don't say a word about it. I ought not to tell; nobody talks about that sort of thing, you know.'

So as the mystery of mysteries they remained, for it evidently was *défendu* to ask anything more about them; but it was very pleasant, though puzzling, to see what happiness they gave. All day long, and for many a day after, the influence of those foxes was felt over the whole house.

A calm, too serene to be ruffled by the death of lambs, by the laming of horses, even by an epidemic among the young pheasants, had settled over the Squire. He walked and rode his rounds through field, and farm, and stable, with a look that told of a 'happy dream he did not care to speak.' The Squire was beyond the reach of lesser griefs, while those foxes were safe in his own beech wood. For him the world of his fellow Christians was divided into those who loved foxes, and those who loved them not;

Digitized by Google

those who would give them all, and those who, like the unreasonable old women in the village, grudged them all things, even their own pet hens. Darkly and gloomily brooded the Squire over the perils with which the plots of those bereaved women might surround that earth in the wood. He believed the villagers capable of anything—traps, poison, even of turning down a mangy fox into his covers, that all the rest of the foxes might catch it.

> 'We never deeply love that for which
> We do not also greatly fear.'

It was so with the Squire during those happy anxious weeks.

Then came a day when it came to be hinted, rather than said, that those foxes might be seen. It was evidently thought almost too good news to be true, and more than ever was it a thing not lightly to be spoken of. We knew that night after night the Squire and his sons, sometimes one, sometimes all three, disappeared for two or three hours periodically at dusk; and we guessed where they had been, but never asked. The look of happiness they brought back with them could be from nothing else but the sight of the foxes.

Imagine the thrill of astonished delight, when at dinner, (of course, after the servants had left the room,) the Squire said, 'Put on your waterproofs, and come along with me to-night.' Should we too see the foxes! it meant that or nothing. With an utter absence of decorum, a sad want of tact, someone had almost said, 'To see the fox—?' but was stopped by a nod from the Squire. 'Ay, ay, you'll see the prettiest little beggars you ever saw in your life.'

Ten minutes afterwards, and we were on our way to the 'Earth,' on the war-trail, walking in Indian file, led by the Big Chief himself. Through the lawn where the dew lay heavy on the grass, and the house looked strangely mysterious and still in the light of the 'gloaming' as we looked back upon it, over the brook, sleepily gliding past the water weeds and under the arch of the little bridge, where the poplars stood like warders stiff and tall, into the deep shade of the beech wood at last. The ground cushioned with reddened leaves and patches of velvet-green moss, soft and silent under our feet, only the wood-pigeons now and then 'whished' away from a tree as we passed under it; and far away, from the opposite wood, came still the pleasant jangle of the rookery. The rooks are all saying good night, and ten thousand good nights make a good deal of croaky music.

Are we ghosts or Indians? stalking grim and grey in the shadow of the darkened wood. Indians, I think; and the Big Chief dangles a mass of tumbled-up-together poor young rooks in his left hand, which will do very well in this light for his last bunch of scalps on the war path. But we shall never do for squaws. Our grey cloaks, our grey masquerade, all put on for those wretched foxes, *will* catch in the brambles; and when the sticks crackle under our feet, in a way they would certainly never do

Digitized by Google

under Indians', the Squire hears and turns, and, with a perfectly imploring gesture, enforces silence. More sticks, and a perfect labyrinth of brambles, over which tall legs stride, but through which we scratch, and at last, at last, a little open glade, round which we skirt in the shadow of the trees, and reach a great clump of thick beech. Here one of the grey-cloaked ones is suddenly and deftly picked up by the tall Squire, and placed like a young bird on a branch. No, upon looking down, it is not a branch, but a sort of swing, a big stick swung by a cord amongst the branches, evidently a luxurious contrivance of the Squire's for watching the 'Earth' in peace. Some people might think perching upon poles, like apes amongst the branches, not so pleasant, and it certainly is not, in the long run; but here, so perched up aloft, the Squire kept those mysterious vigils. Here, then, we were to watch in the silence, as he had watched every night for a fortnight, and would every night for the next six weeks, our eyes fixed upon the brambles, till we shall see—what we shall see.

We had been apes and baboons for an hour; an Indian fakeer, in the first six months of his sixty years penance, could not have been more uncomfortable—nothing but the Squire's stern grey-blue eyes kept us from dropping off our perches—when the brambles moved, and something moves across the shadow, and coming right for us, into the open space, where it is much lighter, we see a fine old vixen fox. The Squire's grey eyes are a sight to see; every stern line has softened down, till his whole face is a smile over that fondly-loved old fox, who creeps on stealthily, and not at her ease, as if she rather thought the Squire was there, and ungratefully wished him anywhere! She stops and looks suspicious, but sees us not, and steals on in her stealthy walk and disappears under some fern.

But who come here? Four of the merriest little madcaps that ever tumbled head-over-heels, and raced after each other's brushes. Here are the cubs, here are the unutterably beloved 'little beggars' themselves; they come racing into the arena as if they were going to show off for our especial amusement; beautiful, graceful little creatures, fuller of fun and tricks than the tricksiest of kittens; their coats are now getting a reddish tint, and they have pretty white tips to their brushes. Common words, though, are not for them. Foxes have neither feet, nor tails, nor tips to their tails; for them, all these appendages are pads and tags and brushes. Only we may, it seems, call their heads, heads.

Little reck those four little fetishes, who wear those sacred brushes, which cause more hard riding than many a well-fought battle, of all the adoration which is beaming down upon them from the beech trees. Half an hour by the clock, and three by our discomfort, we have watched them at their gambols; when, from under the fern where she disappeared, steals the old vixen back to the bairns with a soft grey bunny as the children call it, with a white ring round its neck, hanging across her murderous jaws. This sobered the cubs, or at least put a stop to their

Digitized by Google

play, and turned them into the savage little carnivori that nature made them. Tearing and tugging at the rabbit, they all disappeared together under the brambles; and swiftly and silently we got down from our trees, and resumed our war-path through the now darkened wood.

The house might have fallen in upon the Squire, and he would not have cared about it that night. For another month at least, the foxes diffused the same air of general happiness through the household. To save that beloved vixen trouble, rooks and rabbits died by dozens; the Squire and his sons did it all, taking the affairs of that precious nursery into their own hands. The keepers were not allowed to interfere, a dark cloud of suspicion hanging over that department just at that time, in consequence, partly, of their mothers all owning hens in the village, and also of their own incredible, but suspected partiality for pheasants *versus* foxes.

But sunshine does not last for ever, and ours came to an end at last. It was a bright morning in June; the Squire strode into the hall, with his gun in his hand, looking as if he had seen a ghost. He laid down the gun upon a table, looking utterly wretched, but also angry. There was hardly an attempt at 'talk' that morning; it was felt to be too indecorous while *that* look fixed itself on the master's brow. It was Jupiter Tonans in glower and gloom. But good gracious, what was it? what *could* make the Squire, what could make any man, look like that? When at last I make my next neighbour understand that it really is too alarming to sit still, and not know what is the matter, this is what is revealed in a scared whisper, 'Cubs, it's the cubs!' 'Are the cubs dead?' 'No; mange—they have got the mange.' And, alas! how the gloom deepened to dark on the Squire's brow as he caught the tragic word which told his trouble.

He remained long deeply unhappy. But I think they (the cubs) survived it—at least, I know some of them did—and I suppose, after all, there were plenty more cubs in the world, for the Squire was to be seen five days a fortnight, a very few months afterwards, in his oldest pink coat with the claret-coloured tails, with all his gallant pack, and the whole hunt behind him, brushing through the gossamer that spangled the gorses, doing what he called cub hunting. The Squire was trying with all his skill and cunning, with the aid of sixteen couple of savage hounds, to kill his pet cubs.

He would have hanged a man as high as Haman, if he had caught him trying to do the same thing in another way; but now his musical hallo comes through the wood, as he gallops down the ride under the beech trees, and hounds on all those murderous savages, without a single misgiving, upon his last pet cub.

The poor little cub scurries about in a helpless sort of way, through and through the wood, scared back by outsiders, placed for the purpose, whenever it attempts to get away, till at last one hears it is 'chopped,'

Digitized by Google

which perhaps means made mince-meat of, for that is exactly what has happened, or will happen very soon. The cub was run into close to the 'Earth,' and his play-room, the grassy little glade near the beech trees, made a pretty theatre for the last scene of his poor little life.

The Squire, dismounted, holds him up, at arm's length above his head, a limp and bloody mass of reddish fur, the hounds all yelling and tearing at him as with a screech like a demoniac, he pitches the cub into the middle of the pack, who quarrel, and fight, and yell, and tear worse than ever, and then it is all over. He has killed his cub, and had him eaten; and the Squire looks as pleased as the day when on that very spot under the beech tree he first watched that poor 'little beggar' at play. It was all as it should be. Had not that fox died as a fox should die?

One wonders what a fox must have had to get over before he joined a pack of hounds himself; but one actually hunted regularly with harriers for three years in Northumberland, and another, lately, in Cardiganshire, constantly went out shooting. Charlie, the Welsh sporting fox, was a most beautiful fellow, and unusually tame. He arrived as a tiny cub, with close grey fur, and very little of it, and a rat-like tail, (in that embryo state it was certainly not a brush,) and about as big as a good-sized kitten. He lived either in his master's pocket or in a little kennel in the flower-garden, where he ran in and out of the doors and windows of the house at his own pleasure. Tea with cream and sugar was his breakfast, and a boiled rabbit his dinner. A whistle at the windows brought him scudding along the garden, with his brush level behind him, till he came with a scamper into the room. Then he would swing his brush, like a dog wagging his tail, and whine and whimper with pleasure, with the prettiest, most winning look in his eyes, as he came to be petted and played with. The words 'Sugar, Charlie!' always arrested him, and he would stop and trot to the side-board, and look up and wait for the bits of sugar which generally awaited him there, and then begin again a series of gambols round and round the room, over the chairs and under the tables, till he usually ended by jumping into his master's arms, and being carried away in triumph into the garden; there he got wilder than ever, racing from one end of the walks to the other, or with his brush in his mouth, rolling over and over down the steep grassy slope; he would repeat this feat as long as he had anybody to watch and applaud him, until some other fancy struck him. He would snatch handkerchiefs, or gloves, or hats, and carry them off in triumph over the garden; but shoes and boots, for which he hunted pertinaciously in bed-rooms and dressing-rooms, went off sometimes as pairs, sometimes as odd ones in Charlie's mouth to his favourite lair in the shrubberies; and he ate more leather in this way, and especially india-rubber in the shape of galoshes, than could possibly have been good for him. His frolics were not always even as innocent as this. A stately flock of Shanghai hens lived near, and promenaded all day close to that very shrubbery where Charlie chose to live. The hens

Digitized by Google

were old and fat, and walked with that matronly and deliberate air Shanghai hens always do. So, of course, one by one they vanished, and no questions were asked; Charlie was welcome to anything, except perhaps the grand old Shanghai cock, and he was more than a match for him; he could not walk any faster than his old hens, but he fairly cowed the fox by his huge size and loud voice. Charlie used to lie watching him by the hour, lying flat with his head between his feet, and the old bird standing on guard, not daring to move, and croaking his expostulations with his enemy, who, however, never dared to dash at the owner of those grand double spurs. One day Charlie met his master, trotting along with a little bunch of brown feathers in his mouth, which proved to be a pet Bantam hen; this was rather too much, so he had to give it up; and just as his master stooped to take it out of his mouth, he rushed round and picked his pocket, scampering away with the handkerchief. The hen was put down, and Charlie chased and captured, and the handkerchief rescued; but away he went back, and caught up the hen, scampering off with her, and disappearing in the depths of a shrubbery where no one could follow; and of course not a feather was ever seen more.

He had plenty of his own kith and kin to play with. Many a frolic was watched when his friends the wild cubs came down from the hill for a game of play with him in the twilight. There were a lot of cubs that year about; and one day Charlie's master had a strange encounter with an old paternal fox, who was kindly catering for his family in a very novel way. He met him face to face on a narrow path, leading a turkey hen by her long throat, the old hen trotting along by the side of the fox as if she had quite agreed to the arrangement, and was going to save him the trouble of carrying her, by walking with him all the way to his cubs in the cover, which was evidently their destination; of course her fortunate meeting with her master 'changed all that.' A whistle near the laurels—Charlie's favourite spot for sleeping—always brought him creeping out in a few moments, gaping and looking very pretty and very sleepy, as if he had just awoke, and then he would wake quite up, and curl himself round his master's feet, whining with delight as he caressed him, and often licking his fingers like a little dog. He would follow for any distance when he was taken out for a walk, but not at all like a dog. He always on a road seemed to prefer running along the hedge banks for the sake of the field-mice, which he pounced on one after another in the most extraordinary way, catching and killing and eating five or six in the course of a very short evening walk. His greatest delight was being taken out with a gun. Even if he had not been called, he sometimes made his way to the sound of his master's gun, and he never seemed scared at the report as he trotted by his side and picked up the rabbits like a little retriever.

He was just grown up, grown out of his cub days, and tamer than ever, and petted by everybody, when one day he was missed. It was

Digitized by Google

October, and the fox-hounds would be meeting soon in the neighbourhood, and if Charlie was wandering, he would certainly get into trouble.

So there was great despair, when day after day he never came back to whistle or call; his rabbit untouched, and his tea untasted, showing he had never been home. Carefully and constantly his haunts were watched, but he was either dead or stolen, for he was too tame not to come back from anywhere if he could; nothing was ever heard of him more, his friends had never even the consolation of knowing that he had died as a fox should die. If he had given a good run, if he had scurried for twenty miles over hill and bog till his pretty red-brown coat was draggled with sweat and mud, and his heart was almost burst, it would have been dying as a fox should die. He should have been killed 'in the open,' run into by the hounds, and there died a rapid, bloody, glorious death amongst thirty-two pair of savage jaws, and have been carried home honourably in fragments, his brush in a lady's hat, his head in Brusher's or Bobadil's jaws, and his pads in everybody's pockets.

But not for poor Charlie was the glory of having fulfilled the destiny of a fox.

His brush was never hung in hall or bower; his memory, and the runs he gave, never toasted by the men who loved him as only fox-hunters *can* love a fox, and who would have killed him exultingly and cheerily as only fox-hunters ought to kill him. Eheu! save me from my friends!

Did Charlie think so? for he never came home again.

GWYNFRIN.

ANIMAL OMENS.

'OLAFR OLODR is dead, to be sure, but not done with. Olafr sits in the houe out yonder, sword by his side, and other goodly gear at hand, free to use and to enjoy, in a way, or as befits a *Dödinge*. Let him use and enjoy what is fairly his, and let him leave me to use and enjoy what he has left behind, and ought now to be fairly mine. But he wasn't called Olodr (ale-mad) for nothing. He liked the beer-cup right well, and likes it yet, and will have it yet, and at my expense if I don't stop him, by fair means or foul. I'll try both. I'll lay a roe-buck for him in the ground in the orchard, and I'll put turf on the bee-skeps, or the bee-skeps on the turf; and then, if he still wants, he can't lay hand or influence on them!' Such a soliloquy, and the principle of it, is simple enough, and quite intelligible to any who comes to consider the essential basis of all ghost-notions, and especially as they are illustrated in the South Sweden notion of the *Dödinge:* and there is then no difficulty in comprehending or accounting for every local item of folk-lore such as was noticed under the head 'Bee Notions.'

So too, realize the fact that the Lady-bird was Fru or Freya's satellite

Digitized by Google

and messenger centuries before the idea implied in 'Var Fru' had ever been suggested to the Gothic brain; the attendant and minister of the goddess of love and life, of the great magna mater, from and through whom all fertility and productiveness, all the forces which render the, to us, Divine command, 'Increase and multiply,' possible and operative; from and through whom all love and marriage, all rains from Heaven, and fruitful seasons, spring and proceed; realize this fact, or conception rather, and what more natural or certain than that the lady-bird herself should come to be treated with a proportionate regard; consulted, invoked, nay, even propitiated with offerings, as is still shadowed out in the bread and milk and the silver spoon of the Swiss children's Lady-bird rhyme?

So too, again, if the magpie, and the raven, and the whole tribe of the flesh-feeding crows, were especially the birds of Odin, Odin the all-wielding and, above all, the practical arbiter of the destinies of men; if, with a precision and certainty which baffles the nicest investigation of the scientific ornithologist and enquirer, they 'scented out the slaughter from afar,' and were to be seen, as it were expectant, long before mortal summons could have reached them; if, as it almost seems yet in this nineteenth century, they could, so to speak, scent death in the air when death was only coming, not come; why, what more inevitable than that the raven and the magpie—as being birds that were familiars and confidants of him who ruled the fight and its issues of victory or death, of him who called his own by death when he wanted them—should be always looked on as birds of omen, birds of doom, bringing with them the first intimation of the will and purposes of their dread master.

Yes: but the principle involved in all these explanations is valid to a certain extent, and no further. A raven sitting on the rigging-tree and croaking, sits there and croaks, Odin-taught if not Odin-sent. But the dove, how comes it to be the bearer of death-omens? 'If a pigeon is seen sitting in a tree, or comes into the house, or from being wild suddenly becomes tame, it is a sign of death.'* That is a piece of North Lincolnshire folk-lore, and I have known of the entrance of a dove, and especially a white one, through the window of a bed-chamber, and more especially still, if alighting on the bed, held as a most infallible token of the coming death of the usual occupant of that bed-chamber, and alike in the South and in the North of England. But the dove is not an Odin's bird. It has no connection with any conception the least like that which couples the magpie with the practical orderer of human destiny.

Again: 'If a swarm of bees alight on a dead tree, or on the dead bough of a living tree, there will be a death in the family of the owner during the year;' which is an extract from the same page as the last. And to it I add, that the swarming of bees on any dead wood, a hedge-

* Choice Notes. Folk-lore, p. 51.

Digitized by Google

stake for instance, or a rail between posts,* is quite as ominous as on the dead tree, or the dead branch of a tree; while swarming on the ground foreshows impending separation in the family; swarming in the grounds of another house, or on other premises than those of the owner of the bees, betokens the advent of luck to the favoured family—an omen, however, which requires to be handseled by the continued residence of the swarm in its adopted quarters. But the bees are not Freya's insects by prescriptive right, or by any other right or claim. They are connected in no manner with any being or with any force, assumed Divine or natural, that even admits, much less calls for, the application of the principle specified above. As the Smith fought, so they act in all such cases, 'for their own hand.'

Or yet again: 'If a dog howls under a window at night, a death will shortly happen in that house,' is a notion specified in 'Choice Notes,' as prevalent in Lancashire, Derbyshire, Cornwall, and Northamptonshire; and it is, as I believe, as certainly current in most, if not all, the counties not mentioned, as in those that are. Why—in virtue of what connection or association—is the dog constituted an omen-bearer of approaching death? Or a cow breaking into a garden, why should it become an omen of death, as imminent over one, or perhaps three,† of the inmates of the house to which the garden belongs?

Or, to pass from the omens of death, as borne by the actions of this animal or the other, how comes the cuckoo to be the bird of presage it is in all quarters of the world where it is known? 'If, on the first hearing the cuckoo, the sounds proceed from the right, it signifies that you will be prosperous; if from the left, ill-luck is before you.' That is the Cornish notion, as specified in 'Choice Notes,' though it is not uncommon in other parts of the kingdom also. But we may hear more about the cuckoo in the recorded Folk-lore of other lands, than in that of our own, perhaps. Thus: 'If two cuckoos chance to sit and "cuckoo" on the same tree, and anyone succeeds in creeping unseen, or at least without frightening the birds away, to the foot of the tree, and clasps it round with his arms, he becomes possessed of the power of loosing the pain and peril of child-birth. If the hearer, the first time the cuckoo cries within sound of him, be fasting, he becomes infatuated *(daras)* by the cuckoo, and will dree unluck. The quarter or direction in which the cuckoo is first heard, has a strong influence as well as significance, variously expressed in different places, as in the following popular rhymes:—

---

* Within a week of the date at which this is written, a case was mentioned to me in which a swarm of bees was seen attached to a rail in the garden fence of a house in South Lincolnshire, well known to me, and orders were given by the master to the people engaged with hiving it, not to mention the position in which it had been found, lest it should occasion uneasiness in the household. It is further to be recorded, that the youngest child in the house died before the year (1867) was out.

† See Choice Notes, p. 20.

Digitized by Google

The gowk in the west is the gowk of gladness;
In the east he foretells of death and of sadness;
From the north he predicts of hunger and need;
But his song in the south tells of multiplied seed.

Or this:—

From the north, it is need;
From the east, look for deid (death);
From the south, swells the seed;
From the west, glad's the deed.

Or this:—

A cuckoo at north is sorrow and moan;
A cuckoo at south of death is the groan;
A cuckoo at east, it comforts the breast;
A cuckoo at west is of cuckoos the best.

And yet further, if the cuckoo sings on the bare bough—that is, before the foliage has expanded—it speaks ill of some girl in the neighbourhood; if while the hay-harvest is proceeding, it bodes dear times coming.'

These are all Swedish notions, or rather notions from one (comparatively small) district of Sweden. Grimm mentions another Swedish idea, and common to many another land together with Sweden, connected with the cuckoo. He is invoked thus by the maiden who desires to know how long she is to wait before somebody comes to woo and to wed:—

'Cuckoo! cuckoo! sit on the tree,
And truly, truly tell to me,
Years how many
(Should there be any)
Before some one comes to marry me.'

If the cuckoo cries more than ten times, she says he is sitting on 'a fond bough' (silly, or bewitched), and pays no heed to the divination. Elsewhere, and manywhere, the question is—

'Cuckoo! cuckoo! tell true to me,
How many years my life's must be.'

Moreover, the Servians, like the Wirds, hold it for unluck when the cuckoo appears early, and sings first from the 'black' wood, but for an omen of luck or felicity when the first song comes from the green-wood tree.

In a few words, and translating from Grimm: 'It (the cuckoo) is able to foreshow luck and unluck. It must be approached (as in the case of other birds of vaticination, (the magpie, for instance, and the owl,) with guarded words and questions, lest one should ensnare oneself. To put it to death wantonly is dangerous, as exposing one to the vengeance of its fellows. And it has the power of befooling or infatuating mankind, which the Swedes express by the word *dara*, the Danes by *gante*. Its appearance is often a sign of evil significance, and the settling of a cuckoo upon the sceptre of a newly inaugurated

Digitized by Google

Longobard king, was held to foretoken the fickleness of his reign.' (D. M. p. 644.)

We repeat our question, 'How comes the cuckoo to be the bird of presage it is in all quarters of the world where it is known?' Why are, or how come, the swallow and the stork, the spider and the death-watch, the shrew-mouse and the mole, the wood-pecker and the goat-sucker, nay the very sparrow, household-bird as it is, and many another 'animal' or living creature, to be creatures whose actions are significant, are prophetic, animals whose ordinary or daily doings are omens? Possibly, nay certainly, we have asked a question, or a series of questions, which cannot be all answered with one answer; perhaps, even, hardly with two or three, or more.

There are two or three authorities, whose books lie near me as I write, which may be consulted in the hope of obtaining part, be it more or less, of the answers we are seeking for.

First, Grimm, to whom belongs the distinguished honour of originally indicating the direction in which the answers to such questions as ours ought to be looked for: and what he says with respect to the observance rendered to divers kinds of creatures, in connection with what we have called Animal Omens, is, that it depends upon two or three main principles, the first of which is that which we glanced at in our last paper; the second rests upon the assumption by divine beings of animal forms, in consequence of which, the entire race of such animals is looked up to and treated with regard or reverence; and a third upon the enforced or penal transformation of human beings into this or the other animal form, and the old myth of soul-migration.

Contenting ourselves for the present with only so far noticing these suggestions, we go on to our second authority, Mr. Kelly, who in his Indo-European Folk-lore, draws attention to the fact, that in the old Aryan belief, a dog, sent by Yama, accompanies and protects the soul on its journey from the body to the next world, and that in accordance with this notion, 'it is the custom of the Parsees of Bombay to place a dog before the dying, so that their eyes may rest upon the animal at the last moment,' and that in 'the office thus assigned to the dog of the Aryans, as a messenger from the world of the dead, we see the origin of that very wide-spread superstition which recognizes a death-omen in the howling of a dog.' 'Yama's canine messengers,' adds Mr. Kelly, 'were called Sârameyas; and that very name, put into a Greek form, was borne, as Dr. Kahn has demonstrated, by Hermeias or Hermes, the messenger of the Grecian gods, who led the shades to Hades.'

But again, 'The soul was not left to make the dread journey (to the other world) alone or unprotected; for, as the Vedas tell, it was taken up by a cow from the divine world, which conveyed it across the heavenly waters and over the Milky Way to Yama's dwelling. For this reason it was made a religious ordinance of the Hindus, that the dying person

Digitized by Google

should lay hold of the tail of a cow in his last moments. Cows drew the corpse to the funeral pile, and a black cow was led after it to the same spot, slaughtered and flayed there. The flesh of the animal was heaped upon the corpse as it lay on the pile, and its hide was spread over all. Fire was then applied; and when the flames rose high, a hymn was sung, in which the cow was invoked to ascend with the deceased to the land of the departed fathers.' Nay, 'it was of yore a funeral custom in Sweden, Denmark, England, Upper and Lower Germany, that a cow should follow the coffin to the churchyard.' Thus then 'the other Aryan psychopomp, the cow, is sometimes a foretokener of death.'

So, too, with respect to the death-omens from the actions of the dove. Birds of divers kinds, in divers of the mythologies of the Indo-European world, were regarded as bringers of souls for the newly born babes; and departing or departed souls flitted away or about in the form of birds. Yes, and these birds are held in different parts of Europe, (some of them in Poland, in the form of doves,) to be heralds of coming death to other persons. One does not know how widely spread, and how strong, the belief in the notion herein involved is. Much folk-lore in this direction might yet be collected.

Our third authority is Mr. Hylten Cavallius, to whose most admirable book on the South Swedish district, called Wärend, its People and its Folk-lore, frequent reference has already been made in this series of papers. But before specially citing him, let us call to mind the remarkable and very widely spread—at least, throughout Northern Europe—notion, that, on Christmas Eve at midnight, the cattle in their stalls may always be found on their knees; or else, as in some districts of Denmark, that, as the hour specified becomes imminent, they rise from their recumbent posture and remain standing.

If the notion stopped here, it would be very curious—very curious, if for nothing else, yet because of its significance. For when did the cattle begin this use and custom? Or, to put the question in another form: Was the notion quite a new one, which—let us suppose when Christianity was very young in North Europe—attributed to the oxen and cows the power of perception and understanding which is presupposed in this Christmas-Eve piece of folk-lore? If so, it would be the one exception in which, among a host of analogous notions, beliefs, superstitions, Christianity invented a superstition, instead of being enforced to lend what actually became (if it were not meant to be) a mere disguise of an old heathen fancy or usage.

But the notion does not stop at the point at which we left it. In Denmark, every Christmas Eve the cattle may be heard talking to each other, and the substance of their talk is prophetic. Once, a man, knowing the fact was so, and desirous to become preternaturally wise, went to listen to his beasts. But he was caught up, and flung—though not by the cattle—from wall to wall the night through. In Sweden, the

Digitized by Google

same notion prevails, and a like story is founded upon it. The cattle tell of things the farmer knew not of, though they concerned him nearly, and they prophesy too. In his greedy folly he slights the prophecy, in order to avail himself of the knowledge, and loses all his stock, just as the foreseeing animal had spaed. In Iceland too, and in Germany, the same, or a very like, belief is recorded as existing. And again, as in the homage-notion of the kneeling or rising cattle—homage to the Redeemer's birth-night—so here it was not a Christianity-sprung fallacy or superstition, but one already existing, (and existing beyond doubt from out of the hoariest antiquity,) with a flimsy veil of mock-Christian texture flung over it, to serve the present purpose.

But if so: if intelligence, if the power of seeing hidden things and foreseeing things future, if the gift of intelligible speech, as belonging to the mere animal creation, contained nothing new or startling in it, so that it could be coloured over, or dressed up, or disguised, whatever the 'present purpose' may have been, to what does that fact point? What is the significance? or to what does it amount?

And these are questions which are suggested by a multiplicity, a great host, of other shewings and tellings of our pregnant folk-lore. The entire beast-epic—the countless histories, common all over the world, amid every branch of each of the great families of man, of how beast tricked beast, or counseled beast, or aided beast, or fought against beast, or ruled beast, or plotted and schemed for the rule over beast—the whole, and every individual item of the whole, points to the universally-pervading, time-old idea, that once the distinction implied in the expression 'the dumb brutes,' was a distinction which did not exist. 'A dumb brute,' then, was a being, which by the idea in question was impossible. All creatures spoke as naturally, nay as necessarily and as intelligently, as man himself.

But we must be guarded in our expressions, or else we shall get entangled in the subject of human omens, a subject by no means to be commenced upon at the close of a paper. And so we will, in the way of caution, confine ourselves now to the statements of our third authority. 'So far,' he says, 'as we are enabled to judge by the existing traditions of our earliest (Gothic) ancestors, their religion must have been a pagan pantheism, or nature-worship, which in mythic wise pictured the powers of nature as living beings, and all natural accidents or circumstances as the special and peculiar manifestations by these beings of energy and influence, intended to be either beneficent or harmful towards man. . . . . The recollections preserved in such traditions of the earliest beginnings of things are all mythic. . . . . From the earliest times the very trees (as well as the mightier and more obtrusive objects of nature and their striking energies) were living, albeit mythic, beings, and were conceived of as female. In the infancy and childhood of the world, they lived a higher life. Even yet, the Folk tell of the time when not only the trees, but the very rocks themselves, could talk. . . . . No wonder then that the

Digitized by Google

animal world could commune with one another.* They too were mythic beings, like, or at least parallel in condition with, the equally mythic—as to the early conception—human being; and their language, which was mutually intelligible throughout the animal world, was of course equally intelligible also to man.'

But comparative mythology demonstrates that these notions, as in the case of the Dog and the Cow and the Dove notions already noticed, are strangely older than even 'our earliest Gothic ancestors,' and the common inheritance of many and many a family and sub-family of the human race besides them. But conceive of the rock, the tree, the creature—especially the wise or mighty creatures whose wisdom or whose might serves to give point to an admonition or an exhortation in even the Inspired page—conceive of either or all of them as mysterious existences, with mysterious inner powers, and more mysterious inner guidance, and not without a mysterious power of making the inner to become exterior, of manifesting or expressing the latent thought or knowledge: and what more natural, more necessary or inevitable, than that each of them should, in its own proper turn, or place, or connection, become an animal of omen? The cuckoo—who could tell where he had been, what he had seen, what his deep experience, his wide mysterious knowledge, must be—he who was not here yesterday, but is at home among us to-day, as one risen from the dead, or as one that has left another state of being or external manifestation, unknown and mysterious, to take on the one again in which we know him best? Or the bee—in whom there must be, as the Latin poet thought, at least 'some spark of the intelligence of God,' all whose actions are so intrinsically wonderful, whose movements so unerring, so little liable to the aberrations of confusion or mistake; who foresees the invisible, and traces its path, as the eye traces the source of light—how should not both the one and the other, (to specify none besides now,) not only foreknow, but, if dealt with reverently and observingly, being the creatures they were, and in such a creation, foreshew to the men of the older and simpler generations, things they themselves knew not, but could not but think were known to, and could be imparted by, other beings wiser or more favourably circumstanced than themselves?

And in this, we believe, lies the explanation of a mighty proportion of that class of animal-omens we proposed to deal with in this paper.

J. C. Atkinson.

---

* I append two references, from among the numbers to be met with everywhere, to the conception involved here.

'For at that time, as I have undirstonde,
Bestis and birdis coulden speke and sing.'
Chaucer—Nonne's Priest's Tale.

'Nay, fancy has attributed to animals a power of language in the Age of Gold—a power which under certain circumstances they are supposed to be still allowed to exercise.'—*Farrar's Origin of Language.*

Digitized by Google

NOTES OF A SHORT TOUR.

BY THE REV. W. BRIGHT.

THESE recollections of a month's tour abroad, between June 20 and July 18 of the present year, must be introduced by a confession which may not appear absolutely monstrous to all readers of The Monthly Packet—namely, that my main object, and that of one of my companions, was not so much to enjoy

'Some vague emotions of delight,
In gazing up an Alpine height,'

or to intensify the emotion by gazing from the summit, as to visit historic cities, and churches illustrious for their associations, or pre-eminent for their beauty. I wish I were not obliged to begin by recalling the tantalizing sight, from the railroad, of that famous Bruges, which in the fourteenth century was the commercial capital of Europe, and which tried its strength against Philip the Fair; and that other memorable city, of which Philip de Comines so naively says, 'that he cannot conceive why Heaven has preserved a city so useless and so mischievous as Ghent.' A few minutes at the stations was all the time that we could allow ourselves for attempting to form some faint idea of either of these two great towns. We were hurrying on to Brussels, with a view to reaching, by nightfall on that same Saturday, a city of far more venerable name. Brussels—Miss Brontë's 'Villette'—is so well known, that I need only record the admiration with which we gazed on the west front of Sainte Gudule, and on the splendid Hotel de Ville, with the statues of Egmont and Horn just opposite to it; and the disappointment, if one may so call it, of finding that the old palace where Charles V. went through the ceremony of his abdication, is now no more. About nine p.m. that night, we were crossing the Moselle by a great bridge, in the centre of which a colossal crucifix, dimly seen as the omnibus swept by it, seemed to witness for the ancient sanctities of Treves, and the imperishable majesty of the faith which had created them.

Treves, as is well known, is the oldest city of Germany. It was a great place in the time of Julius Cæsar: one need not ask for how long before him, although if one did, the proud inscription on the front of the Rothe Haus, (now a comfortable hotel, where we were soon established,) would answer confidently, that 'Treveris' was standing thirteen hundred years before the foundation of Rome. Legends apart, there was certainly a Roman colony here under Claudius, and the city became the seat of a Prætorian præfect, who maintained over the Gallic provinces the authority of the Imperial name. Emperors, beginning with Gallienus, kept their court in this 'second metropolis of the Empire,' which has

Digitized by Google

been so vividly described in a page or two of Mr. Kingsley's 'Hermits.' He records Constantine's barbarous exhibition, in its amphitheatre, of 'Frankish sports,' involving the death of 'thousands of Frank prisoners;' he mentions the gentle and unfortunate Gratian, as one of the princes who made it his abode: he dwells on the discovery in a cottage outside the walls, by two young officers of the Imperial staff, of 'a book (as St. Augustine tells the anecdote) in which was written the life of Antony:' and he does full justice to the spirit which impelled them, after studying it, to give up their prospects in a society full of splendour and of rottenness, for the service of God in a monastic cell. But he does not mention that event in the history of Treves, which is of all others most interesting to a Catholic Christian, and which is historically connected with other facts that he relates. It was because Treves was, in a sense, an Imperial city, that the author of the Life of Antony and the greatest of all confessors of the Faith, was sent thither in his first exile, A. D. 336. One forgets, by comparison, every other name that Treves can boast of, even those of such visitors as SS. Martin and Ambrose, when one treads the ground that was then trodden by St. Athanasius. The austere and solemn majesty of the Romanesque cathedral seemed to harmonize exactly with associations so august. Part of its walls must have belonged to that original church of the Empress Helena, where Maximin, then bishop, may be supposed to have officiated in the presence of the great Alexandrian: nor need one doubt, as one passes under what Mr. Kingsley well describes as 'the awful arches' of the Porta Nigra, on the north side of the city, that Athanasius looked up at them in their fresh magnificence, and received from them a new impression of the far-reaching might of Rome. The service in the Cathedral, on Sunday morning, June 21, was solemn and reverential, with but little of ceremonial splendour. To hear the Nicene Creed in that place, was 'to feel,' in Mr. Liddon's heart-stirring words, (Bampton Lectures for 1866, ed. 2, p. 438,) 'somewhat of that fresh glow of thankfulness which is due to God after a great deliverance, although wrought out in a distant age.' Very impressive and edifying, also, was the sight of so many *men*, with grave earnest German faces—men of all classes, soldiers, middle-aged citizens, youths in blue blouses—engaged, as obviously as the women who were among them, in a real act of devout worship. Later on in the day, after an energetic sermon by a canon, and some prayers in the vernacular, an old priest, having first exposed the Blessed Sacrament, went to a sort of faldstool in the midst of the congregation, and said in German the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus. The grand church absolutely rang with the responses, 'Erlose uns, Jesu!' We visited, of course, the 'exquisite Liebfrauenkirche,' (Kingsley,) close to the Cathedral: a lovely First-pointed church, with twelve pillars for the images of the Apostles, and with a superb porch, in which, among other sculptures, one sees the contrasted figures of Judaism and Christianity, the former with bandaged eyes and falling crown. St.

Digitized by Google

Maximin's abbey, in some meadows towards the north, is now a barrack: the other great monastic houses of Treves are also secularized; but the memories of the ecclesiastical past are preserved by many religious paintings on walls and at street corners, and by such records as a Labarum, with A Ω let into the wall near a suburban church, and a beautiful old cross in the market-place, commemorating a supposed appearance in the sky. We saw the Thermæ, but not the more distant Amphitheatre; and many diverse associations are strangely combined in the space which contains the old Cæsarean Basilica, now appropriated to Lutheran worship, and the Electoral Palace, now occupied by Prussian soldiery. Here, probably, was centred the interest and excitement of Charles the Bold's visit to Treves, when he hoped to receive a royal crown from Frederick III.: here an Archbishop Elector saved some wretched Jews from popular fury, *on condition of their accepting Baptism:* here another planned successful resistance to what his epitaph in the Cathedral calls the 'insane attacks' of the lawless Franz von Sickingen: and a third, Van Eltz, well known to the readers of Ranke's 'Popes,' meditated his schemes, not less successful, for the reorganization of Catholicism in his Electorate.

We quitted Treves with a regret which perhaps has made me, even now, linger too long over the remembrances of a too brief visit. The next halting place was Metz, a city of which the fame goes back as far as the days of Attila. As one looks over its fortifications, one sees that the old capital of the Austrasian kings, the scene of the terrible Brunehaut's struggle with her nobility, must always have been an important border town: but one is glad also to recall its more peaceful memories—the school that flourished there under Charles the Great, and the formation of the 'Canonical Institute' by St. Chrodegang. The Cathedral reminded us somewhat, as so many foreign churches do, of Westminster Abbey; but the Abbey has no such store of gorgeous glass. A frightful Grecian front at the west end expresses, as its inscription tells us, the gratitude of the Chapter, a hundred years ago, for the recovery of Louis XV., after what Carlyle alludes to as the 'fever scene at Metz:' and it was difficult to look at it without the thought that it had been better for him to have died while he retained his people's love, and while he had not yet become a by-word of moral degradation.

Many of your readers will know Strasburg. I shall say but little of the wondrous church, the outward aspect of which is so familiar, even to many who have never visited it. To my thinking, the lofty solemn choir and the gorgeous line of southern windows, (I say nothing of the clock, that specimen of grotesque ingenuity, which attracts a staring crowd every day at noon,) are, in their way, nearly as worthy of remembrance as the stupendous spire, (crowned, as is well known, in the days of revolutionary madness, with a monstrous cap of liberty.) But let those who visit the Cathedral pay some attention to the curious representations, in the windows, of certain Scriptural scenes, with additions apocryphal

Digitized by Google

and legendary; the two thieves being called Dismas and Jessmas, and St. Luke being named as Cleophas' companion. And then the sculptures at the west end—Louis XIV.'s statue placed next to the noble Kaiser Rodolph's, because his faithless seizure of Strasburg restored the cathedral to Catholic hands: Adam's coffin and skeleton represented at the feet of our Lord: and most note-worthy of all, the foolish virgins confronting the wise, and attended by a youth who seems to represent the pleasure of this world, while loathsome reptiles are sculptured on his back. Here is a 'sermon in stone,' as impressive as any which the Strasburghers of the fourteenth century could have heard from the lips of Tauler.

From Strasburg to Freiburg in the Breisgau, is in several ways a delightful transition. The old capital of Alsace—or, as Mr. E. Freeman would insist on saying, Elsass—is anything but attractive to *all* the senses; whereas Freiburg is one of the cleanest and brightest towns to be seen anywhere out of England. Its situation, in a rich valley on the borders of the Black Forest, is simply enchanting: and the Cathedral, with its delicate pierced spire of rich red stone, glowing, as we saw it for the first time, in the midsummer sunset, deserves to have been called 'lovely' by Dr. Neale, and endears itself to one, almost at a first visit, by a something for which *sweetness* appears to me the only intelligible expression. The Romanesque transepts contrast very happily with the richer portions of the edifice; the great porch has a superb profusion of sculptures; the interior has several altars, splendidly decorated in the old mediæval style, an exquisite archiepiscopal throne, with carving as fine as lace; a magnificent reredos, and a crucifixion, with four Latin verses, having for their purport, 'No Cross, no crown.' The services, as far as we heard them, were genuinely reverent. Too often are English Churchmen, travelling abroad, impressed, in foreign churches, with the idea of perfunctory irreverence; but the Mass which we heard at a side-altar in this cathedral, was celebrated with an awe and tenderness that left nothing, on that point, to be desired. We also heard the same priest say two Litanies in German, at seven p. m., a fair congregation responding heartily, 'Erbarme Dich unser,' 'Wir bitten Dich, erhöre, uns.' One of these Litanies was to our Lord, the other to the Holy Spirit. Parts of the Rosary were said afterwards. Everything in Freiburg points to a quiet, serious, long established Roman Catholicism. I had the great advantage of an introduction to the leading publisher of Freiburg, an earnest and well-read Catholic, from whom I received the kindest hospitality. Conversation turned on the unhappy prevalence of unbelief among the Protestants of Germany; and I was reminded of the conclusion of Mr. Liddon's great work, by the observation, 'Where there is faith in the Divinity of Jesus, there is common ground.' The Archbishopric of Freiburg is now vacant; and the Protestant government, I was told, will do its utmost to prevent the appointment of a successor in whom the Church would have confidence. Freiburg abounds, of course, in visible memorials of Christianity; over different street foun-

Digitized by Google

tains, crosses and saintly figures preside; St. Martin and the poor man are painted over one of the city gates, and at the junction of two streets is the Virgin, with a lily in her hand. The 'Kaiserstrasse,' and the statues on the 'Kaufhaus,' recall the visit of Maximilian I. in 1499, when he astonished the Diet assembled at Freiburg by a passionate outbreak about his resolution to 'have a slap' at Louis XII., even if it should cost him his crown. One very curious statue records Bernhold Schwartz's amazement at his discovery of the explosive properties of gunpowder.

If Freiburg may seem to exhibit the best side of foreign Catholicism, a visit to Einsiedeln is in one sense a painful experience, as demonstrating that genuine mediæval superstition has still its strongholds, and that thoughtful and spiritual minds are unable to control a popular system. It is something, indeed, to visit a living Benedictine Abbey, which has completed 1007 years of existence; but when one sees its palladium, the great object of pilgrim devotion for centuries, in the form of a black image of Mary and our Lord, (compare the *Vierge Noire* of Chartres,) it is impossible not to remember the significance of the fact that Zwingli was once parish priest of Einsiedeln.

If Brussels is too well known to be dwelt upon in these reminiscences, what is to be said of Milan? The Duomo, first seen by us on Sunday morning, July 5th, has been the theme of numberless descriptions. Marvellous as the exterior is, even at first sight, and before one has ascended the spire, one feels what Wordsworth seems to have recognized, the architectural want of a steeple proportionate to so vast a fabric; and there is more of real satisfaction (in spite of the sham roof) to be derived from the interior, especially if visited at times when the light streams full upon the great gilded Rood, in its lofty position near the lantern itself. St. Charles's tomb has some right to be called the great treasure of the Cathedral; and there is another pathetic memorial of his saintly heroism, in the wooden crucifix which he carried round the city in the year of the great plague, 1576. The simple grave-stone of his nephew, Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, reminded one of Manzoni's famous tale. The peculiarities of the Ambrosian Liturgy are very interesting. We saw the two assistants leaning, at certain parts of the service, on the north and south *ends* of the altar; the ancient 'oblation by the people' was represented by two men and two women in religious dresses, who, at the gates respectively of the sanctuary and the choir, presented wafers and wine to the celebrant; and he, having washed his hands, not as in the Roman rite, before the Canon, but just before the Consecration, extended them in the form of a cross at the prayer of oblation, 'Unde et memores.' But to visit the Duomo is in a way less interesting than to visit San Ambrogio. The old Basilica Ambrosia has disappeared, but the present most venerable church, with its Romanesque architecture and its remarkable frescos, may help one to imagine something of its character. Its gates are said to contain part of those which, at the Portian Basilica, were closed against Theodosius. And you see, behind the high

Digitized by Google

altar, *the* spot in all Milan which is most worthy of a pilgrimage; a dimly lighted recess, where little is to be discerned save the rough earth, over which a rude inscription announces that St. Ambrose interred there St. Gervase and St. Protase; (the two martyrs whose remains he discovered, and was carrying in procession, when after touching them, as St. Augustine testifies, a blind man received his sight;) that St. Ambrose himself was interred there, and that his body was placed along with theirs by an archbishop of the ninth century. Gold and precious stones have been lavished, to an amount well-nigh incredible, over the tomb of Carlo Borromeo; but *this* most sacred grave of Ambrose is unaccountably left in a bareness and poverty, which the poverty of this one despoiled church, in such a city as Milan, can neither account for nor excuse. The pulpit of San Ambrogio rises over a sarcophagus which has an extraordinary variety of sculptured scenes; the Fall—two birds drinking from one cup—a Bacchanal procession—and our Lord, with a face like a Roman Cæsar's, and Apostles on each side of Him. Near the church is a little chapel in a melancholy condition of neglect, but proclaimed by an inscription to be the 'illustrious church' in which Ambrose, after having baptized Augustine, began 'Te Deum laudamus,' and Augustine answered with 'Te Dominum confitemur.' San Lorenzo's, although much modernized, is called the oldest church in Milan; in one of its chapels is a great sarcophagus of one of the Lombard kings. San Eustorgio's, just by the Ticinese gate, is being 'restored,' and has inscriptions commemorating the Dominican Peter Martyr, who in the immediate vicinity 'confuted the Manicheans;' in one of its side-chapels, moreover, is a sarcophagus called 'Sepulcrum trium Magorum,' and you are told that the 'Three Kings' reposed here until Frederick I. (who, certainly, was not likely to leave any kind of treasure on the site of the city which his vengeance had destroyed,) removed them to Cologne. I must not say more of Milan, and therefore I pass over our visits to the 'Cena' in the refectory of a desecrated convent, and to the Bibliotheca Ambrosiana, which is Frederick Borromeo's real monument.

Sion, or Sitten, (the French form of the name must have been prevalent long ago, and suggested the bold inscription on the town hall, 'Dominus diligit portas *Sion*,' &c.,) is very well worth a visit, if only for the sake of its two hills, the 'Tourbillon' and the 'Valerie.' The latter is crowned by an ancient church, once the cathedral, but now the chapel of the seminary; (the present cathedral is in the town below.) On this eminence, which one can hardly look at without mentally repeating, 'And there He built His temple on high,' the prelates of Sion lived for ages as prelates; on the higher hill, in the castle, now ruinous, bearing the name of 'the whirlwind,' they lived as princes, holding temporal dominion over the Valais. These two hills represent most vividly the dualism of the prince-bishop's condition—a condition which often obliged the Nuncios to remind them of the paramount claims of their spiritual character, and which perhaps suggested the story of the

Digitized by Google

Elector of Mayence, who found a man dying, and bade his servants hasten for a priest.

Lausanne is an absolute contrast to Sion. It is some relief, no doubt, to exchange the unhealthy atmosphere of the Rhone valley, and the melancholy aspect of a decaying city, for the views of the Lake of Geneva, and the radiant cheeriness of the capital of the canton de Vaud. But—not to dwell on the thoughts suggested by the name of Gibbon—the interior of the beautiful cathedral seems to chill one to the heart. 'The coldest and barest of our churches,' said my companion, as we looked at the two bare tables in what had once been the sanctuary, 'is Paradise to this.' After taking in the full impressiveness of this representation of Swiss Protestantism, we looked at the Service-book used in the Sunday worship, and found, to our satisfaction, that a prayer of very Catholic tone was prescribed for the Annunciation; and also, (not without amusement,) that the minister was directed to warn off from the 'Sainte Cène' 'tous ceux qui font des sectes à part pour rompre l'union de l'Eglise.' It should be added that some rich old wooden stalls remain, with figures of the Apostles in connection with the Creed; and that the southern porch retains some noble sculptures, as of angels swinging thuribles on either side of the enthroned Christ.

I have little to say of Dijon. The Cathedral of St. Benignus (his name, one remembers, was borne by one great native of Dijon, Bossuet) is chiefly interesting for the recollections of Charles the Bold assuming the ducal ring before its altar, and of Louis XI. kissing the local relics, and promising good government to the Burgundians. Another building in Dijon, the Chateau, represents the wily king's resolve to keep his new subjects in strict order. The Palais des Etats, once inhabited by Jean Sans Peur, by Philippe le Bon, and by Charles, has been disappointingly modernized.

One last word of a place associated with Bernard's struggle against Abelard, and with Thomas of Canterbury's exile. Sens has a noble Cathedral, chiefly Norman and First-pointed; the old sacristan was eager to show us 'les vêtements de St. Thomas,' and they give one a clear notion of his majestic stature. Another very interesting memorial in the Cathedral is the tomb of Louis XVI.'s pious father, taken away in 1763 from evil to come, and buried here by his own express wish. The epitaph is guiltless of flattery when it calls on France to mourn for a Prince, 'nomine et operibus Christianum.' At the end of a long faubourg we found the very ancient church of St. Savinian, who planted the Church at Sens in the third century; in the crypt is shown a marble slab, on which, according to local tradition, his blood was collected after his martyrdom. 'This basilica,' says an inscription, 'was devastated by the Vandals of this age, in 1793—plangite fideles! and restored in 1797—plaudite fideles!' Oh that the French Church would more wisely redeem the time of respite, ere a fresh anti-Christian outbreak shall give new cause for 'plangite!'

Digitized by Google

ADVENT SUNDAY IN A COPTIC CHURCH.

One of the most ancient Churches in Christendom is that of Alexandria, founded by St. Mark, the Evangelist, whom tradition tells us was also its first Bishop. Of that once famous Church but a remnant is left at this day, for Islamism reigns supreme through the length and breadth of Egypt, and but a handful of native Christians now exist in the land where the great St. Athanasius fought so bold a fight for the Catholic Faith. These Egyptian Christians, now called Copts, from Coptos, a city in the Delta to which many of the early Christians fled to escape the persecutions of the Roman Emperors, are a poor degraded set of people, ignorant and superstitious; still one cannot but regard them with great interest. They are the only living representatives of the ancient Egyptians; the Coptic language still used in their Church services is the only remains of the language of the Pharaohs, and many early Christian customs, long since disused in other Churches both Eastern and Western, are retained by them. One must also respect and revere them for having kept firm to the faith of their forefathers, in spite of the contempt and ill-treatment which has been heaped upon them by their Mahometan rulers and fellow-countrymen. They are not even allowed to wear the dress of the true believer, but are marked out as they walk along the street by a round black turban and black garment; white or coloured ones, which are worn by everyone else, being prohibited to them.

In Cairo, the Copts live in a quarter to themselves, separated from the rest of the town by a large heavy wooden door which is locked at night. Through narrow streets only just wide enough to allow of a donkey to pass, we made our way very early one Sunday morning, in order to be present at their service. The church, a fine large one, is not yet finished, all the windows being still unglazed; but this matters little in the soft balmy climate of Cairo, where few of the natives even sleep in houses with glazed windows. When we arrived we found the nave of the church crowded with worshippers, all men, who were squatting on their heels on the floor, there being no seats of any kind; the women were by themselves in little galleries or chambers, partitioned off by latticed wooden screens, somewhat after the fashion of the ladies' gallery in the House of Commons. To one of these places we were escorted, and were heartily welcomed by all the veiled females within, who evidently rejoiced much at the unexpected pleasure of some Europeans among them. They made numerous salaams, and placed us on the floor by their sides, while they felt our gloves and our dresses with great curiosity, asking many questions, to none of which, however, could we give any answer, as at that time we had not acquired even the few words of Arabic we afterwards picked up. Their curiosity exceeded their devotion, and as their

Digitized by Google

shrill voices were at times louder than those of the priests below, we were anxious to escape from them, and guided by a turbaned sacristan, at last made our way to the flat roof of the church, from which, through a window in the dome, we were able to look down upon the whole building, and watch every part of the service. The nave was spread with handsome Turkey carpets, on which the men squatted, their heads covered with their turbans, but their feet bare, as everyone took off his loose morocco slippers at the door of the church and placed them by his side. The command, 'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground,' is still literally obeyed in the East, both by Christians and Mahometans; and on entering the presence of a superior, an Eastern as naturally removes his shoes as a Western does his hat.

Having taken his own place on the carpet, each Copt made several profound salaams, with his face towards the altar, prostrated himself on the ground—touching it with his forehead, and then stood up with folded arms, standing, not kneeling, being the position required by their Church for prayer.

The body of the church was separated from the sanctuary by a high screen, behind which was the altar, where were several priests dressed in the ugliest vestments I ever saw—white, with a huge cross of variegated colours embroidered on the back and continued over the hood, which was so much drawn over the head as almost to hide the face. The stone altar was very simple; it stood out from the wall, and had nothing on it but a candle at each of the four corners, and the sacred vessels, which were of course covered up.

On a throne outside the screen sat the Patriarch of Alexandria, the head of the Copt Church, and the successor of St. Athanasius, a venerable-looking man, in gorgeous robes, with a high mitre on his head, and in his hand a small gold cross, which he held up at times to the people, who reverently kissed it. Before him was a lectern, lighted by little wax tapers; and here stood a little boy, who, acting the part of deacon, in a loud shrill voice read the Gospel, first in Coptic; and then, this being a dead language, and unintelligible to both priest and people, he repeated it in Arabic.

In the early Christian Church, a kiss of peace was given throughout the congregation at a certain part of the service, the remains of which custom we still see in the bow given by one priest to the other in the Roman Church; but among the Copts, the actual custom itself is still retained. The Patriarch first embraced one of the priests, who did the same by another; and when this kiss of peace had passed from priest to priest and deacon, one of them stepped forward to the door of the screen, put up his fingers to his mouth, kissed them, and then touched the fingers of the foremost man of the congregation, who repeated the action, till the kiss passed round throughout the whole of the congregation. When the Mass itself began, the Patriarch left his throne; and going within the screen,

Digitized by Google

acted as celebrant, being assisted by several priests and the two little deacons.

From our high position we were enabled to see every act of the priests, though they were hidden from the sight of the people by the high screen between them. They walked round the altar several times in succession, and at the act of the Consecration every man in the church removed his turban, and bowed lowly to the ground.

In the Coptic Church the Holy Communion is administered to children; and the little boys who assisted the Patriarch at the altar received the Blessed Sacrament immediately after the priests.

There were a few Communicants among the congregation, who went up in turn to the door of the screen; and as they stood there, the priests placed the Bread in their mouths, and administered the Wine with a golden spoon, which he dipped into the chalice. The Patriarch alone put the cup to his mouth.

The service was very long, from so much of it being read in the two languages, Copt and Arabic; but, in spite of its great length, we were much interested, and were greatly edified by the devotion of the people, who joined heartily in the Creed and the responses, without book. We waited till all was over, and then saw the departure of the Patriarch, which was more like a scene from the Bible than one of modern days. He rode away on a fine large Egyptian ass, enveloped in a black satin cloak, with a high black turban on his head; and as he passed through the narrow streets, narrower than the worst 'viccola' in Naples, crowds of men and women clung to him, asking for his blessing, kissing his hand, and even his very dress itself. As we watched their enthusiastic greeting, and beheld them pressing impetuously around him on all sides, even so as to impede his progress, it made one so thoroughly realize the accounts we read of the crowds that thronged around our blessed Lord and touched His garments as He went on His way through the streets of Jerusalem.

Before quitting this most amusing and interesting city, we paid a visit to the Copt quarter in Fostat, or old Cairo, where are two most curious old churches. The Copts here seem to be of a lower grade, and poorer than their brethren in Cairo itself; the priests especially were a wretched set of people, quite of the lowest order, and were sitting in the cafés, smoking and drinking their coffee with the common people. As we passed through the narrow alleys, the women sometimes came up to us and asked if we were not Christians, and made us the usual Eastern salaam, which consists of touching the forehead, the lips, and the breast with the tips of the fingers, saying at the same time, in Arabic, 'The Lord be with you.'

At the end of a long stone passage we found one of the churches we were in search of—a curious old place, supposed to be of the third or fourth century. Here, as in all Greek or Copt churches, there was a screen dividing the nave from the sanctuary, so as to conceal the altar.

Digitized by Google

It was made of cedar wood, carved and inlaid with ivory—very handsome work, peculiar, I believe, to Egypt. At the time of our visit Vespers were being said, or at least what we believed to be Vespers. There was no one present but the two officiating priests and a very dirty little boy, who were chanting in a most monotonous tone from a large book placed on the lectern, a lighted taper by its side. The arrival of a party of strangers was too important an event to be neglected, in spite of the service; and, reading as hard as he could all the time, one of the priests lighted a candle from the burning taper, and put it into the hands of the other priest, signing to him to show us over the church, which is adorned with some curious old Byzantine pictures. The sweet smell of the incense took one by surprise, in this dilapidated out-of-the-way place: the floor was covered with the dirtiest matting; a look of decay and poverty was on everything; the priests were in wretched-looking vestments, and the boy as dirty as only an Eastern boy can be.

The church was supported by columns, evidently of a very early period, against which were hung pictures, either of the Blessed Virgin or of St. George, the patron saint of the Copts. Our attendant priest was not inclined to be communicative, for in the first place all he told us of themselves or their services had to be interpreted to us by a Mahometan dragoman, and also, as he owned after having shewn us a picture with a miraculous legend attached to it, it was of no use telling anything to English people, for *they believed nothing!*

I need not describe the other old Coptic church we went to see, as it was so similar it needs no description. Its great interest consists in its crypt, which is said to be the oldest church in Christendom, and tradition adds, is built on the site of the house occupied by the Holy Family during their stay in Egypt. A flight of stone steps leads from the church above, and down these we descended with lighted tapers, but unfortunately we could not get far, for the waters of the Nile, which had risen to an unusual height that autumn, had inundated the little crypt, and were still too high to allow us the power of seeing more than the vaulted roof, and the tops of the stone columns which supported the roof. It was but little to see, but the thoughts and feelings to which it gave rise were not the less interesting; for here we could picture to ourselves the Holy Family in the same oriental garb, with the same appearance of poverty as that by which we were surrounded, bowing down in reverence and love before the Holy Child, the Christ—that Christ of whom these poor Copts have been for centuries past the firm and faithful worshippers.

F. M.

Digitized by Google

MISSION WORK AT HOME.

No. X.

OVER THE WATER—ST. LUKE'S MISSION, DEPTFORD.

FROM the time when King Henry VIII. established a dock-yard at Deptford, in the county of Kent and the hundred of Blackheath, that town has had its share in events connected with the history of England, or rather perhaps we ought to say, of England's navy.

Here have been built and launched some of the noblest of those 'wooden walls of old England,' which are gradually becoming things of the past, and giving way to the 'iron-clad,' but ugly substitute of modern times.

Here are docks for the building and repair of ships; stores for the use of the fleet; and the Trinity House, for regulating all matters relating to the lighting of vessels, the placing of buoys, and the duties of pilots.

Here for a time resided at Sayes Court the illustrious founder of St. Petersburg, Peter the Great, while studying the building and equipping of ships, and taking his part as a workman in the dockyard and the rope-walk, &c. It was during this residence that John Evelyn's servant wrote to him, 'There is a house-full of people, and right nasty. The Czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at ten o'clock and six at night, is very seldom at home a whole day, very often in the King's yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The King' (William III.) 'is expected here this day; the best parlour is pretty clean for him to be entertained in. The King pays for all he has.'

But another memory far dearer to Churchmen is connected with Deptford and Sayes Court. Here resided the good John Evelyn, who dared to be faithful to the Church in her days of trouble and persecution, and to adhere to the Services of the Prayer-book when those Services had been abolished by law. When imprisonment and exile were the punishment of the Church of England clergy who dared 'either to preach or administer Sacraments,' and fines and other penalties were inflicted upon those who took part in such services, the proscribed Offices were held in the library of Sayes Court, conducted by Mr. Owen, the sequestered minister of Eltham. Here John Evelyn's children were admitted into the Church in Holy Baptism; and here the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to the little household. Here, when the order of Parliament was issued, (still preserved in the British Museum,) directing that 'No observation shall be had of the five-and-twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas Day, nor any solemnity exercised in churches in respect thereof,' John Evelyn and his household were 'constrained to observe it at home.' Here, too, when the good custom of the afternoon catechizing, for which King Edward

Digitized by Google

VI. and Archbishop Cranmer had been so careful to make provision, had ceased, John Evelyn says, 'On Sunday afternoon I frequently staid at home to catechize and instruct my family, these exercises universally ceasing in the parish churches, so as people had no principles, and grew very ignorant of even the common points of Christianity.'

Perhaps had there been more John Evelyns in those dark days to maintain the offices of the Church and carry out her instruction, the afternoon catechizing, which never seems thoroughly to have regained its place after the Restoration, but to which, in earlier times, such minds as George Herbert and Richard Hooker had gladly devoted themselves, might have been maintained, and it would not have been left to succeeding generations to lament that in our large towns the masses of the people were 'very ignorant of even the common points of Christianity.'

The dwelling-house of Sayes Court is still in existence. It is now, with its adjacent ground, within the enclosure of the Royal dock-yard; but the oval garden, the mount walk, and the 'hither holly hedge,' (through which the Czar so ruthlessly trundled his wheelbarrow every morning,) which John Evelyn speaks of as a 'glorious and refreshing object, an impregnable hedge, about four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five in diameter, glittering with its armed and variegated leaves, the taller standards, at orderly distances, blushing with their natural coral,' have all disappeared.

A descendant of John Evelyn's still owns a portion of the neighbouring property, and it is the present representative of that family, William John Evelyn, Esq., the Lord of the Manor, who has given the site for the Church and Parsonage of St. Luke's, Deptford, the Mission District on behalf of which we would now seek to enlist the interest and sympathy of our readers; for it is of the present we would speak rather than of the past, and before that 'living present' all historical associations fade away. What, indeed, are all the memories of the past, compared with the souls that have to be sought for and won and watched over now in this nineteenth century? For here, where the enclosures, the gardens, and the orchards, occupying in all one hundred acres, were once laid out, thousands of souls are now gathered together, labouring, some of them, at the humblest of occupations, and alas! too often in danger of neglecting, in the daily struggle for the meat that perisheth, that which endureth unto everlasting life.

First let us give the statistics of the Mission itself. The large and rapidly increasing parish of St. Paul, Deptford, of which, in 1699, Evelyn wrote, 'At Deptford they have been building a pretty new church,' contains now a population of 20,300 souls; and in the north-western portion of this parish a mission has been established for a district comprising a population of about 5,000, a Missionary Clergyman being sent by the Bishop of London's Fund.

The population of this district are not crowded together in the space of comparatively a few acres, as is the case in some parts of London.

Digitized by Google

On the contrary, the mission district is 'outspread to some distance by intervening market-gardens and wharves, extending for some length along each side of the Lower Road, Deptford, to the junction of the parish with Rotherhithe, and in some parts is quite a mile from any existing church. Its people are chiefly of the humbler labouring class; many are engaged in cutting the wood which is used so extensively in the lighting of fires in the Metropolis, the largest establishments of the kind in London being here; others are workers on the market-gardens, the produce of which is sent to the Borough and Covent Garden markets; others again are employed in tar distilleries and chemical works, and as bargemen and labourers in connection with the Commercial Timber Docks and the Grand Surrey Canal; whilst the remainder are either mechanics, small shop-keepers, or employés of Government in the Royal Dock and Victoria Victualling Yards, alongside of which a portion of the proposed district runs.

'A small Baptist chapel which had fallen into disuse, in the Black Horse Fields, not far from the site of the proposed permanent Church, was transferred by its trustees to the Bishop of London's Fund. The Fund liberally provided for its repair, and it was opened in March, 1867, as St. Luke's Temporary Church.'

It was soon attended by a numerous congregation, averaging in the morning 156 adults, and in the evening 218. 'The children attending the services have been intentionally omitted from this enumeration, but they form a large addition to the congregation.'

'The temporary Church is now filled on the Sunday mornings, and crowded to excess on Sunday evenings; and so limited is the accommodation for the fast increasing population, that the tradespeople and working-men in the district have taken up the cause very earnestly, and notwithstanding the depression of trade here, in the last six months nobly contributed about £400 towards raising the permanent Church. At their preliminary meeting in the Mission Church, about £70 was subscribed.

'Sites for Church and Parsonage-house have been given by William John Evelyn, Esq., the Lord of the Manor; and should a church be erected, it would, we feel persuaded, be a worthy "MEMORIAL" to the good and unflinching Churchman of the seventeenth century, the venerated ancestor and namesake of the generous donor of the sites, whose ancient manorial residence of Sayes Court was not far from the present mission district.

'As the expiry lease of the temporary Church in which the work has been so happily begun is very limited, and as the spiritual exigencies of the population is so great and urgent, we confidently appeal for aid, in order that we may soon see a plain yet substantial structure reared, in which "the everlasting Gospel" may be preached in all its simplicity and power, and in which the ministrations of the Church of England may prove to the present and future generations living around a stream of vital and continuous blessing.'

Such is the appeal on behalf of a permanent Church, now being circu-

Digitized by Google

lated by the Rev. James Malcolmson,* the missionary clergyman in St. Luke's mission district.

Where the future Church of St. Luke is to stand, the ground is at present laid out as garden-ground, a bed of moss-roses literally covering the site of the proposed church, and giving rise to the remark from a friend to the missionary clergyman, 'I hope it may prove a bed of roses.' 'We may be thankful indeed if it is our privilege to plant the Rose of Sharon there,' was the grave reply.

At the annual meeting of the 'London Diocesan Home Mission,' held at Willis's Rooms on the 9th of June, 1868, the mission district of St. Luke's, Deptford, was brought forward, both by the Bishop of London and the Rev. J. Bardsley, superintendent of that society, as a specimen of the manner in which its mission-work is carried on.

The Bishop of London said:—

'You all know the town of Deptford. Certainly it is not a very promising place to look at. I do not know any town which, in outside appearances at least, exhibits greater symptoms of neglect of ordinances, and of people left to do exactly as they please. . . . The report points out what is doing in the mission station established in that place—how the poor themselves come forward to assist, how there is now a regular parochial clergyman and others who are conducting the Mission, and how thankful the clergyman of the parish is for the services bestowed willingly by the Missionary whom we send; and the Missionary and his temporary place of worship is the second of those Missions which we have sent to Deptford.

'You have been told in former reports of what was doing at Deptford, and how a small place in the saw-mills gradually developed itself into a church.† That is not the place alluded to in the report of this year, but the successor of the place first spoken of. The place in the saw-mills having done a good work, has been developed into a well-built and, thank God, a well-filled church, and there, for years, one of the first specimens of the way in which work can be carried on has been existing.

'This is a great encouragement for us. . . . . It prepared the ground for work which succeeded it. That work has been well done for a number of years, and has assumed a practical form, and a successor has come again in new missionary efforts, to be developed into a new parochial organization.'

The missionary clergyman of St. Luke's thus writes in his last report to the Council of the London Diocesan Home Mission:—

'The *real* work of this mission has now been going on about a year, and during that time there has been steady and, we trust, solid progress. The temporary church, always well attended from the time it was opened, is now crowded on Sunday evenings—sometimes inconveniently so. There is great and urgent need for more accommodation, as two evils have already manifested themselves. Scarcely a Sunday passes

* 47, Florence Road, New Cross, S. E.

† Christ Church, Deptford; also in St. Paul's parish.

Digitized by Google

without someone in the congregation being taken ill on account of the church being so crowded; and what is more trying still, the people of the fast growing conventional district, on coming to church and not finding comfortable accommodation, go away disheartened, and do not present themselves again.

'The church was licensed for the administration of the Lord's Supper just before last Whit-Sunday, and we have now upwards of fifty regular communicants. Our church is quite self-supporting as to current expenses.

'My visits to working-men in their homes in the evenings have been well received, and I find little difficulty in making those visits ministerial by having the family brought together for reading the Scriptures and prayer.

'A chief feature of the mission has been the true spontaneity of feeling evoked amongst *the working men* with regard to aiding and helping on the work. When our temporary church became regularly filled, without saying anything either to myself or acting warden, it was resolved by some of them to *give timber and labour;* and in the course of a few evenings, after their own work-hours, they provided seats to accommodate forty more people in church!

'In October last a meeting was called to consider what preliminary steps should be taken to secure a permanent church. A working man got up in the meeting, and said he thought the best preliminary step would be to open a subscription list; and such was the earnestness with which the suggestion was taken up, that about £70 was subscribed that evening.

'At the same meeting another person arose and said, "I'm a poor working-man. Work is scarce, bread's dear, children's many, but put me down five shillings; and when you've got a church, I hope you'll soon get a school for the children too!" Several at the meeting promised to give quarterly or half-yearly subscriptions until the church was completed. Soon after this, the Rev. George Blisset, of Wells, who has been so liberal in his benefactions to this and other portions of the metropolis, gave great encouragement to the work by a promised donation of £200.'

'We have now,' writes Mr. Malcolmson in August, 'upwards of sixty communicants connected with our temporary church, several of whom never went near the Lord's Table before our church was opened.... We shall need all the helps and aids and influences we can possibly muster,' for (and here perhaps is the strongest plea we can urge on behalf of St. Luke's Mission District) the entire deanery of Greenwich, in which the parish of St. Paul, Deptford, and consequently the mission district of St. Luke, is situated, has been transferred to the diocese of Rochester; therefore their connection with the Bishop of London's Fund is partially severed. In consideration of the difficulties which this change might involve, the committee of the Bishop's Fund have resolved to maintain all existing annual grants in full up to Midsummer, 1869, then to reduce them to half up to Midsummer, 1870.

With regard to special grants for the erection of churches, &c., the committee resolved that no old engagements should be extended, nor any

Digitized by Google

new engagements entered into. The effect of this resolution being that the grants made would lapse at the end of two years from the date of the original vote, unless previously taken up. The Mission District of St. Luke will under these circumstances only receive a grant of £500 from the Bishop of London's Fund towards the erection of the permanent church, instead of the £1,200 at first anticipated; and it is necessary that this should be taken up with as little delay as possible; in fact, from now till 1870 should witness the entire organization of the parish, and the commencement, if not the completion, of the permanent church of St. Luke. As no similar system for taking up the work thus commenced has yet been organized in the diocese of Rochester, the missionary clergy necessarily look forward with some anxiety to the completion of the work they have in hand.

'How I began the work of the Mission' is thus described by Mr. Malcolmson in one of the occasional papers issued by the Bishop of London's Fund. He says,

'My work, so far, has been of a somewhat tentative character, consisting of house-to-house visitations, speaking to idlers at the street corners, a mission to the wood-cutter boys on the Sunday mornings, and the organization of a circle of cottage Bible-classes, which I regard as of essential service in leavening the outskirts of a district like mine, where the population is somewhat scattered. The classes in operation have been well attended. The most interesting feature in my work here has been the mission to the wood-cutter boys on Sunday mornings. On my first Sunday here I met with seven lads, of ages varying from fourteen to eighteen, behind a brick-kiln, playing at "pitch and toss," and smoking tobacco. As soon as they saw me coming up to them, they pocketed their pence, but continued smoking. Dirty and in rags, I asked them if they wished to ruin their health? The answer was "No." "But you are doing so by smoking away at this rate," I observed. "Yes," exclaimed one boy, "that chap (pointing to one of his fellows) smokes an ounce a day." "He may well be in rags, then," I continued; and this was readily assented to by most of the boys. I then inquired, "Did you ever go to any school?" "Yes," answered most. "Then why did you give it up?" "Because the others in school laughed at us on account of our ragged clothes," they replied. "Would you like to go to a school now, if I could get one of boys like yourselves?" To this they said, "Yes." On this, I asked, "Do you know of any room near here where we could meet?" "Yes, there is our wood-shed, in Penny Bundle Lane," said one of the smartest of the lads; "I dare say you can have that, only Mother uses it to wash in sometimes." I was shown the place, and secured the use of it for the following Sunday morning.

'The next Sunday I found eight boys assembled in the wood-shed, which is *twelve feet by six* in area. At first they seemed to regard my coming amongst them to teach them with derision; but I proposed to read to them the account of St. Paul's voyage. When we came down to the part about "the south wind blowing softly," and the tempest immediately succeeding, picturing it out as a representation of life, one lad exclaimed, "That is just like what has been at our house; for we were

Digitized by Google

better off, but two of us were sick, and one died." From that moment the boys were softened, and I had thenceforth no difficulty with them.'

And thus, in this promising place, 'the wood-shed where Mother sometimes washes,' in the inaristocratic-sounding locality of 'Penny Bundle Lane,' the Missionary began his work. And no wonder that the boys were the first who 'took to' the mission. More than once it has been our pleasure to hear the Missionary address a large school, with that peculiar aptitude for speaking to children which can scarcely fail to win the young; and what a happy thing for those poor wood-cutter boys to receive in their own little wood-shed those lessons of life and truth which alone can guide them on the troubled pathway of life.

Poor lads! we could ill light our fires every day in London without their services; what can we do for them in return?

It always strikes one as very sad that so many of those who minister to the comforts and the necessities of the upper classes are to be found congregated together, just where their work or their poverty keeps them, almost lost sight of amidst the masses, and, but for missions such as these, with none to care for or to watch over them.

Feeling a great interest in the progress of this Mission, and knowing the Missionary clergyman as a personal friend, we gladly availed ourselves of an invitation to go down to Deptford, one summer's afternoon, and see all that we could of the Mission district.

To pay a visit to Deptford and not see all that we could of its great sights, would have been out of the question; so, starting from 47, Florence Road, we went through a considerable portion of the town, first visiting the old Church of St. Nicholas, Deptford, to see the monuments of the Evelyn family. In this church is a full-length portrait of Queen Anne, intended originally for St. Paul's Church, but brought, so said the old sexton, to St. Nicholas's Church by mistake, where the authorities refused to give it up. St. Paul's Church had a far more serious loss than this in the bells which were cast for it, but never hung, owing to an error in the erection of the campanile, and which are now at Greenwich parish church.

One street was pointed out to us, in which, some few years ago, every family kept their carriage, but which is now inhabited entirely by working people, generally two or more families occupying each house. Evelyn Street, Czar Street, Peter Street—names in themselves recalling the past—were all shown to us. At length we entered the dock-yard enclosure. Some of the officials connected with the dock-yard are attendants at the Mission Services at St. Luke's, and a ready welcome was given to the Missionary clergyman and his visitors. From one place to another we went, up this staircase and down that passage, and along yonder gallery, till, without a guide, we might easily have been lost among the marine stores. Here was the pattern-room, with specimens of everything required in the equipping and working of the ships, from

Digitized by Google

the enormous shots used for the Palliser guns, down to the ingeniously-contrived lamps which are to throw the light wherever it is most required, this one being for the engine-room, and that one illuminating the letters which indicate the course by which the vessel is to be steered. Then there was a long gallery filled with stores of sail-cloth, that marvellously strong manufacture, a strip an inch wide (and that not the strongest) being placed in the tester to show us that it would bear a pressure of more than five hundred pounds to the square inch before the threads gave way; and yet such is the power of wind and weather, that we were told it would only last, in constant use, *about a year!* Here was the room where the women whose husbands had been killed or incapacitated by accident in the service, found employment by making up the colours and signals used in the navy; but all this is at an end now, for contractors and sewing-machines have done away with the poor women's work, and now that everything must be done so cheaply, it would be quite impossible to compete with contractors. And there was the store filled with tons of copper; long round pieces of various thicknesses, to be cut by a machine into the lengths required for 'bolts,' as they are called, that is, the pieces that are used instead of nails in joining the planks of wood together in ship-building. This was pointed out, with the remark that the value of one compartment would go a long way towards building the church, for there were tons of copper there, all valued at one shilling the pound. Outside, in the docks, one vessel in an incomplete state of building was shown to us as 'our youngest, and our last;' for the ship-building at Deptford is all to be done away with, and the extensive ground used as a place for stores, and perhaps work-rooms for making up the various articles of naval clothing. Thus one class of working-men and their families will drift away from Deptford, to be replaced probably by another and a different class.

Then we were conducted to the Seaman's Library, filled with stores of books both instructive and entertaining, all bound in the usual regulation cover. A good library is supplied to every vessel, and upwards of twenty thousand books are thus sent out every year, including to every vessel a copy of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' so that all seamen may be reminded, when far away on the wide ocean, of the familiar words and tunes of their home-life.

A considerable portion of what is now the 'Store' was formerly a monastery, or a nunnery, upon which King Henry the Eighth had laid violent hands, and thus taken the first step towards appropriating it to its present uses. One small window remains exactly in its original size and shape, but all the others in the same wall (the original wall of the old building) have been greatly altered in size, if not in position. There seemed to be hardly any traditions about the ancient building or its inhabitants, but there was one very low arched doorway in the side wall, with an ornamental coping, which bore the date of King Henry's time. By stooping very low, we crept through this doorway into some

Digitized by Google

of the outer, and later, portions of the building. Originally this door was in the outside wall, and supposed to have been used for purposes of communication by the river, as it is on what is called the river side of the building; but it is a considerable distance from the river, and it would have required a great stretch of imagination to believe that the water ever came near it at all.

After we had seen all that time would permit us to see, we went to Sayes Court. Looking at the long two-storied brick building, with its red roof, its even row of windows, and its central hall-door, it seemed very difficult to realize all that had happened there so long ago. Alas for the transient glory of all earthly things! Perhaps had John Evelyn's servant seen Sayes Court in after years, when it became the parish workhouse, and afterward the Emigrant Depôt, he might not have thought the old dwelling any better off than when it was in the hands of the 'right nasty' Russians. The spot was pointed out where once grew the mulberry tree said to have been planted by Peter the Great.

Then we must see what we could of St. Luke's Mission District, which seemed to skirt the dockyard for some distance, and to extend a considerable length. Standing on the bridge which crosses the Grand Surrey Canal, we could look right and left upon the rows of cottages and buildings which are included in the boundary line of St. Luke's. On our way to the little temporary church we passed a small black wooden shed. 'There,' said the Missionary, 'I had my *first congregation* in St. Luke's.' 'Is it possible!' we exclaimed; 'is that the shed?' For it seemed, looking at it there, as if we three might have filled it, and not had too much room to stand upright in it. Yes, that was the shed which had been, but was now no longer, at the Missionary's disposal. On the high-road we passed the garden-ground which a large board indicated as the 'Site for St. Luke's Church and Parsonage.'

Presently we reached the neat little building over the entrance to which is written, 'St. Luke's Temporary Church.' The front entrance is in the high-road; the back, by which we entered, is approached through a gravel path extending for some distance along the line of one of the gardens, with which the neighbourhood abounds. The owner of the garden, who attends St. Luke's, had made that path for the convenience of himself and family, and 'We are able to take advantage of it,' said the Missionary, 'and now I will get the key and let you in.' And he left us for a few moments to sit down and rest on the little wooden bench outside the Church.

Deptford and its surroundings all looked very bright on that summer's afternoon, with the river sparkling in the sunshine, and the blue sky overhead; but it might look very different, we felt, on a winter's night, when the road would be all mud, and the gravel path unlit save by a lamp hung at the corner.

The interior of the little Mission Church was far smaller than anything we had expected to see, and yet it holds between two hundred and three

Digitized by Google

hundred persons. This is partly due to the very deep gallery, which extends a long way into the body of the church. Certainly space had been economized to the utmost; a red curtain stretched between the posts which support the pulpit forms an enclosure which does duty as a vestry! The tiny communion table, neatly railed in, is placed against the wall beside the pulpit. Close to the desk stands the harmonium; and then there were the neatly made wooden seats to be looked at, which the workmen themselves had added, and which with their folding flaps, were placed in every available space which could possibly afford additional accommodation. Having been a Baptist chapel previously, the building is pewed throughout with small high pews, which render it quite unavailable for use during the week for schools or classes. As it is, the Bishop of London's Fund have paid £244 for the chapel, with repairs and fencing, and guarantee for four years the annual ground rent of £5.

'I think,' said the Missionary as we left the church, 'I feel as much as anything else, the want of a room in which I could hold classes and meet my people, and perhaps have some attempt at a school. I have been endeavouring to organize an association of Church helpers. When I had been here about six months, I spoke to the people about it, and said I should be glad to receive the names of any who would volunteer their help. Only two offered themselves; so I resolved to try again, for I thought if I could get together about a dozen we might really do something in the district. I spoke to them again about it this spring, after Whitsuntide, and this time twenty volunteers came forward.'

'And in what way do they help you?'

'They visit in the district, distribute tracts, invite others to the services, and make known to me at once any cases of sickness. I feel that to be of great importance, for it gives me an entrance at once into any house where there is illness.'

'And how are all the expenses of the Services maintained?'

'The amount contributed in the boxes at the church door is sufficient for all our expenses, and to leave a small balance over towards the Church Building Fund.'

'And how much is usually contributed this way?'

'Taking one Sunday with another, it is generally about a pound each week. I have never had occasion to say very much to the people about it. When the Church was first opened, I told them that the boxes were placed there to receive their weekly offerings towards the expenses of the Church, and that I should look to them, and trust that they would do their duty in assisting to maintain the services. I have had every reason to be satisfied with the result, and have seldom spoken of it since. They are willing to do all in their power, not only in supporting the little mission church, but, as far as they can, in contributing towards the erection of the permanent Church.'

'But here are the wood-cutting establishments, would you like to look in?'

We were now opposite a long low building, very few feet in width,

Digitized by Google

but which echoed with the sounds of industry. We paused for a few moments by the open window of the long shed in which the work was going on.

The wood is all sent to Deptford in pieces three feet long, so that no duty has to be paid for it. At one end of the shed a man was sawing these blocks of wood across into the short lengths which are used for fire-wood. These pieces were chopped into the required thickness by a young woman, who gave the downward strokes with a small hatchet, with a rapidity which seemed to threaten instant destruction to her fingers. The pieces thus scattered upon the ground were picked up by a little girl, whose duty seemed to be to lay them straight, or rather to *shake* them straight, and thus gathered up in her hands, to throw them to another girl, who tied them up into the bundles with which we, or more properly our housemaids, are so familiar.

The timber comes chiefly from the river Dramman and the neighbourhood of Christiana in Norway.

At the establishment of the Messrs. Wells in the Black Horse Fields, which is the centre of the Mission district, there are upwards of three hundred persons regularly employed. This includes men, women, and children.

The establishment sends out on an average 300,000 bundles of fire-wood each week.

After seeing the wood-cutting establishment, we went back again to 47, Florence Road, to enjoy the comfortable tea which the Missionary's wife had so kindly provided for us before returning home by train. And then we bade them good night, with many thanks for the time which had been so freely given up to us on that long pleasant afternoon, and wishing, oh so earnestly, that it might be in our power to say anything that would awaken in the readers of The Monthly Packet an interest in this St. Luke's over the water, and that they would, of their own free will, send their gifts both great and small, which, however insufficient they may be to build a church, are not insufficient to give a lift towards it, and if they fail to accomplish the work, are none the less able to cheer and encourage the worker.

One thing was plainly evident from all that we saw during that day's visit to Deptford; namely, that however willing they may be, the people of St. Luke's cannot do very much towards building their own church. They may, and we trust they will, continue to give their regular subscriptions yearly, half-yearly, quarterly, or whatever way it may be; but, with very few exceptions, the gifts given by the parishioners of St. Luke's will always be small gifts; the little offerings of working people, precious, indeed, in His sight Who will not let a cup of cold water lose its reward, but small when compared with the work to be done.

Can we not, in His Name, and for His sake, Whose work it is, raise a hand to help them!

IVANOVNA.

Digitized by Google

CONVALESCENT HOME FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

In the March number of The Monthly Packet was this query:—

'Among the many Convalescent Homes now established in England is there one *in the north* where ladies of limited means might be admitted?'

I hope the time is very near when an affirmative answer may be given to that question. Some ladies are earnestly endeavouring to establish such a Home at Scarborough, and would gratefully receive any donations, however small, towards furthering their object. Perhaps some readers of this page who may this year themselves have derived much pleasure and benefit from a few weeks sojourn by the sea side, will give a helping hand; so that some of those who, from the narrowness of their means, were unable to afford the change of air and scene they so greatly required, may next year be able also to enjoy it. Let those who have whilst there been surrounded by relations and friends all sharing the same pleasures, imagine to themselves the lot of some friendless governess whose health is her only capital, and who can with difficulty afford the *smallest* sum which will take her to the sea side; think of the solitary arrival, the uncomfortable lodging necessarily of the cheapest description, the dreary look out, probably into a small street, the horse-hair sofa, the bad cooking, the constant struggle to make the little hoard last out. And there are those who cannot come at all, who long in vain for the fresh sea-breezes which, their doctor tells them, might do so much to bring back their failing strength. A comfortably airy house with a good sea-view, presided over by a lady, whose labour of love it would be to make the Home a happy one, and to give a warm welcome to all new comers; pleasant sitting-rooms to be shared in common; cozy little bed-rooms, each with its arm-chair, so that quiet and solitude can be had when wished for. Such is the ideal which my friends are trying to turn into a reality. The gratuitous medical services of an eminent resident practitioner have been kindly promised. Each inmate would be called upon to contribute a *small* weekly payment during her stay, and this would prevent the feeling of entire dependence on the charity of others, which to many is so irksome. Any contributions, small or great, will be thankfully received by

Miss Frances Legard,
Marton,
Bridlington;

or by

Miss Gertrude Nevile,
Gordon Place,
South Cliff,
Scarborough.

Digitized by Google

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHOREDITCH.

Dear S. W.,

Can you help us? You know something of our work, and the sort of life we lead in our present small and miserable abode. The room in which we have our meals is immediately over a monster ash-pit, and we have the fullest experience of all the evils connected with bad drainage on a ground floor.

Doctors and all sorts of people have told us we ought to move away, but we have determined to live among the poor and close to the church, and so far God has mercifully protected and blessed us. *Now* He has suddenly given us a hope both of extending our own borders and enlarging our sphere of work.

About £1000 has come unasked and simultaneously from four different donors, for the erection of a new Home for ourselves, and an infirmary for our sick poor. We have secured a long lease of a piece of land adjoining the site of our new schools; and as our building will be of the plainest kind, we shall begin to build as soon as we have raised £2000; the whole building will cost £4000, and will contain all that is necessary for at least twelve sisters, with an infirmary for sick poor under the same roof. Gifts for the poor to the value of about £1000 a year pass through our hands, and we are so cramped for space that we are in one sense often like to the rich man who had not where to stow his goods. In the new house we shall have room for all our operations—kitchens, dinner-rooms for convalescents, shop for books, &c., lavatories, work-rooms, &c., as well as something like peace and quietness for ourselves. The house will adjoin the new schools, which will be under our care. While other Sisterhoods are asking for such great things, All Saints' for £50,000, St. Margaret's for £25,000, we feel that we may hope soon to raise our little £4000, if you and other kind friends who know something of us will kindly help us. We want to raise our simple house without leaving our sick and poor to go begging ourselves.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

MONICA.

ST. LUKE'S, MILE END.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I send you the account of an East London Cottagers' Flower Show, which was printed for the district, and I believe its insertion in The Monthly Packet will interest many of your readers.

Tenders have been sent in for St. Luke's Church, £5,320 for whole, of this £3,050 for nave. This is the tender of Messrs. Carter, of Holloway.

We have more money paid and promised than £3,050, but it is not all applicable to part of the church. So we want £500 still for the nave. In October we shall have a meeting, and I have good hopes some arrangement may be come to.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM WALLACE.

The Third Annual Exhibition of the Bow Common Cottagers' Flower Show was held in St. Paul's Schools on Friday, August 28th; and if the excessive drought and forwardness of the season told upon the more aspiring exhibitions of the neighbourhood, it was felt in an increased degree by the cottagers in the cultivation of their

Digitized by Google

plants. 'I cannot send one flower,' said an amateur on Bow Common, 'to our own show. I am sure my neighbours must find it hard to send to yours.' And indeed it has been a hard year. See this fuchsia, kept looped with strings in a window in St. Thomas's Road; it has gradually lost bloom, buds, and leaves, 'yet it will,' said the owner, a true window gardener, 'grow again.' 'I have tried to make this plant grow,' said the owner of last year's first-prize fuchsia, opposite Bancroft's, 'but it beats me this year.' So on, from street to street. And perhaps the worst is that the circumstances of the people are signified by the poorness of their plants. So much the more consideration is therefore to be given to any signs of an encouraging nature, and so much the more thanks are due to the great and unstinted kindness of the friends who made the show an interesting and agreeable spectacle to the many visitors, rich and poor, who attended.

The history of some of the plants tells a tale, and a few instances will illustrate the preceding remarks. 'I fear my sickness,' said a gas-man's wife, lying in fever, 'will make my flower not worth showing.' It became a consolation as well as a pleasure to convey the intelligence that both her musk and geranium were awarded prizes. 'This is the plant for which the judge gave me a reprimand last year. Then I was very much hurt, but perhaps it has made me attend to it now.' When that plant, a musk, and another from it, received the first and second prizes, a lesson was conveyed not likely to be forgotten. The moral is—that we may be the same thing intrinsically, but we are all the better for being well set up. 'I think I have a fuchsia may get a prize,' said a lad, and few know the difficulties of such a home as his; yet in the judgment he went away unrewarded, and learned, without offence, that even he must be asked to try again. 'He put a Spanish nut, two years ago, at the bottom of this pot, and now it has grown a tree;'—so said one brother about the plant of another. 'It is curious,' said the judge, 'but curious things must not get prizes;' and this was a lesson for all who were told the remark. 'I have come off well this time,' said the owner of the first two prizes for fuchsias and the first for geraniums; but it is to be pointed out to him whether he should not go higher, and be among the amateur shows next year; and thus these humbler attempts benefit larger schemes. 'Will you pay the money for the asters' prize to my little boy?' said a pleased and considerate father, 'for he has watched them all along.' Again it was repeatedly remarked, 'How beautifully this nettle geranium is covered with flowers; but this other one, how beautifully close and thick-leaved it has grown! Now, which is best? See, the judge has given them both an equal and first prize!' 'How very well this nettle is set up by its stakes!'—so the judge said of the third prize. It is the fact that last year that very plant had been the cause of many a smile, because of its wretched-looking supports. 'We brought these creeping-jennies last year,' said two young girls, 'but we got nothing.' This year they carried off the first and second prizes. 'This is the first time I have come,' said the owner of numerous plants and ferns, who has exhibited every year. 'Well, then, will you look at the other plants, and see if the quality of what you show may not be improved? It never rises above the lower prizes, though it has not lost a place altogether.' It is unnecessary to go on with similar remarks, but perhaps the tragedies and comedies of each plant are more marked and remarkable in a veritable Window Garden Show than in the shows of a higher class. Nothing could exceed the interest with which was watched the growth of a vegetable marrow upon the stony neglected corner of the school yard of St. Paul's; and when this prize fruit of ten pounds, grown in seventeen days, received the approbation of Mr. Morris, who again kindly acted as judge, perseverance seemed to be rewarded, and virtue rightly crowned. What is a show like this, but another chapter in the simple but affecting 'Annals of the Poor!'

Last year the local papers stated at large various particulars which gave information on the subject of parochial shows, and these need not now be repeated in detail. 'I came to service on Friday evening,' said one of the women at St. Luke's mothers' meeting, 'but I had no halfpence to go to the show.' Here is a touch of nature that makes us all akin; for the prices of admission were still kept low—twopence to five o'clock, a penny afterwards to ten o'clock, the closing hour. The money taken at the doors was £2 9s. 8d.; last year it was £2 9s. 10d. The prizes and all expenses were defrayed by these receipts, along with 10s. donations. Last year the balance due was paid by the Rev. A. B. Cotton and the Rev. W. Wallace, the promoters of the show. The balance due after the first year's show amounted to £1 10s. So the finance of the show improves, and the system of volunteer assistance is encouraged. The help of Mr. Ives, of St. John's Schools, must again be noticed. The arrangement of the show was due to him, and was the subject of general approval. This is a point left almost neglected in many shows which have come within our experience. The

Digitized by Google

number of plants exhibited for competition, and as additions to the show, was very large—486 in all; and the harmony, order, and satisfaction of the visitors, above six hundred in number, most gratifying. Several members of the East London Amateur Show lent their collections, and thanks are due to them for their encouragement of this humbler satellite of their own society. It was noticed by the gardeners who removed the plants on Saturday morning that the care taken of all the plants had improved their appearance. Former friends, too, assisted—sending collections of caladiums, asters, geraniums, lobelias, grasses, and ferns. Under these circumstances, the visitors of the show, though they regretted the diminution in the number and quality of the competitors' plants, yet enjoyed, at a cost within their means, a very great treat; and repeated resolutions were expressed of growing plants for competition and for show next year.

The list of prizes has been purposely made larger than last year's list, in order to recognize the difficulty of growing a plant this season at all:—

Prizes.—Fuchsias: First prize, Catley; second, Catley; third, Daniell; fourth, Atkinson; fifth, Hindley; sixth, Windle.

Geraniums: First prize, Catley. Tricolour—Hindley. Rose-scented—Hopkins, Constable, (equal.)

Annuals, &c.—Musks: First prize, Francis; second, Francis; third, Constable; fourth, Imms. Moneyworts (creeping jenny): First prize, Driver; second, Driver; third, Jeffry. Window balsams (nettle geranium): First prize, Hopkins, Jones (equal); third, Wright. Extra prizes.—Aster: Harris. Lantana (most excellent): Hindley. Cactus (unusually fine): Varty. Ferns: Chalmers. Bigonia: Perkins. Vegetable Marrow: Smith.

Notices to Correspondents.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Mr. Allnutt acknowledges with thanks the following donations to the funds of the Portsea Nursery. *From* D. A., 5*s.*; E. W. Clapham, £5; A. A., 2*s.*

Ella *asks for a History of England for a child of seven years old.—Would not the* Kings of England, *by the Author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe,' suit her purpose?—We do not know of any such rule among Sisterhoods.*—Ed.

Declined with thanks.—M. A. B.; R. E., *on* Village Choirs.

A Constant Reader.—*We believe the Corinthian Bazaar makes no stipulation as to charitable purposes.*

F. A. C.—*Hebrews*, xi. 4.

A Godmother *will feel obliged if the Editor of* The Monthly Packet *will tell her of a good selection of Hymns for Children, particularly having reference to the Church Seasons; also, a simple explanation of* The Church Catechism.—The Child's Christian Year; (*Parker.*) *Rev. Isaac Williams's* Hymns on the Catechism. *There is also a sort of simplified* Christian Year, *by Mrs. Alexander, the title of which we cannot recollect.*

A Constant Reader.—*The* Hymns for Little Children *on the S. P. C. K.'s Supplemental Catalogue are much easier than Mrs. Alexander's. We should think that a child who could not understand Mrs. Alexander's hymns could not be advanced enough for points of doctrine. Why not read the Gospel narrative* itself *to him for the history?*

Digitized by Google

The Processional Hymn, While the Cross is gleaming, *was written by* M. B. X. *for the E. C. U. Festival,* 1867, *when Tune No.* 140 *in the St. Alban's Tune-Book was used. This suits the words admirably, and has since been used on several occasions.*

E. M. G.—*The lines,* Ye voiceless lips, O flowers, *form the eighth stanza of Horace Smith's hymn to the flowers.*—A. E. B. W.

Prosperina.—*Accepted.*

W. E. H. *would be glad if any of your Correspondents could inform him where the original tune for* The strain upraise of joy and praise *is to be found. Dr. Neale speaks of one used by the Eastern Church.*

Frances *wishes some of our Correspondents would tell her of some Christmas Trees for the Poor in London, to which she could contribute. Also, of some Hospital or Home for invalid children of poor parents.*—The Shoreditch Sisterhood *and* The Portsea Nursery *are sure to be glad of Christmas Tree articles. Miss Freeman, Montpelier Road, Brighton, has a Home for convalescent children of the poor. The payment is* 5*s. per week.*

D. H. *would feel greatly obliged for information as to any work or papers consisting of Questions on English History, which would serve to test a pupil's progress, arranged, of course,* out *of chronological order. Examination Questions such as are used for the Army or Navy might do. Are such to be got? Also, for mention of* Memoria Technicas, *(especially in doggrel rhymes,) and their different systems, for the aid of parrot memories. These also historical.— Valpy's* Chronology *is a capital* Memoria Technica.

The Sisters of the Poor, Shoreditch, *acknowledge thankfully Two Boxes of Clothing from* A. C., *and a Parcel from* M. H., *and would be obliged if each of these friends would send her private address.*

L.—*The* Editor *will always thankfully receive contributions in money for Missions mentioned in* The Monthly Packet. *Small sums can be sent in Postage-stamps, larger ones by Post-office Orders, in the name of* Messrs. Mozley, *on the Ludgate Hill Office. In general, however, it is best to send to the Institution itself.*

G. A. H.—*A letter addressed to you has just been returned from the Post-office uncalled for. It was a rejection.*

Would any reader who takes the Illustrated London News, *be so very kind as to send it weekly, when done with, to cheer the family of a good Missionary in a most solitary station on the shores of Lake Huron? He would also be very grateful for the gift of a Terrestrial Globe, as a help in instructing the Indians. His address and any further particulars would gladly be given by* S. D., 23, Meridian Place, Clifton, Bristol.

ERRATA.

In the last Number, for '*Mulhause,*' *read* Mulhouse; *for* '*Dolpes,*'—Dollfus.

In the present, for '*Middleham Castle,*'—Wark Castle.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

Digitized by Google

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 36. DECEMBER, 1868. PRICE 1s.

MEDIEVAL SEQUENCES AND HYMNS.

No. XII.—FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

(Ecce jam votiva)

BEHOLD, the waning year hath brought
The Birth-day of our Lord and King;
Now let our voice again be taught
The strains which hosts angelic sing.

Forth from His chamber Christ at length,
The expected Bridegroom, comes to-day,
Rejoicing with a giant's strength
To run His life's appointed way.

All glory be to God on high,
Sing forth the heavenly armies still;
Peace upon earth, let us reply,
Peace upon earth, to men good-will.

For lo, the centuries of Time
Are borne in mighty course along—
The last great age of every clime
Predicted in the Sibyl's song.

The Virgin leads the age of gold;
The iron race is on the wane;
The world renews its youth—behold,
The golden years return again.

The sun hereafter sheds his light
And warmth from day to day increas'd,
The Star of Balaam crowns the night,
And calls the children of the East.

Digitized by Google

Fulfill'd is all that either race
  Spake of the Christ that was to be,
The Hebrew prophets, first in place,
  The Gentiles' feebler augury.

For now the ancient stains of sin
  Are purged from the sons of earth,
A living stock is grafted in
  By this most new and wondrous Birth.

Obedient to the Archangel's word
  The Virgin beareth sinlessly;
The closed portal is unbarr'd,
  That Israel's God may pass thereby.

O Christ, Who clothedst, for our sake,
  Godhead in mortal nature thus,
Grant that we may in Thee partake
  The gifts which Thou hast won for us.
Amen.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY THE REV. W. BRIGHT.

Once again, O blessed time,
  Thankful hearts embrace thee;
If we lost thy festal chime,
  What could e'er replace thee?
Change may darken many a day,
  Many a bond dissever;
Many a joy will pass away,—
  But the 'great joy' never!

Once again the Holy Night
  Breathes its blessing tender;
Once again the Manger Light
  Sheds its gentle splendour;
O could tongues, by Angels taught,
  Speak our exultation
In the Virgin's Child that brought
  All mankind salvation!

Welcome Thou to souls athirst,
  Fount of endless pleasure:

Digitized by Google

Gates of hell may do their worst,
While we clasp our Treasure;
Welcome, though an age like this
Puts Thy Name on trial,
And the Truth that makes our bliss
Pleads against denial!

Yea, if others stand apart,
We will press the nearer;
Yea, O best fraternal Heart,
We will hold thee dearer;
Faithful lips shall answer thus
To all faithless scorning—
'Jesus Christ is GOD WITH US,
Born on Christmas morning!'

Teach, O teach us all to find
At Thy Manger lowly
All that's high and strong combined
With whate'er is holy: *
There's no might can e'er prevail,
Save what Thou containest;
Earthly guides in turn must fail,—
Thou, the Word, remainest.

So we yield Thee all we can—
Worship, thanks, and blessing;
Thee true God, and Thee true Man,
On our knees confessing:
While Thy Birthday thus we greet
With our best devotion,
Bathe us, O most true and sweet!
In Thy mercy's ocean.

Thou that once 'mid stable cold
Wast in babe-clothes lying,
Thou whose Altar-veils enfold
Power and Life undying,
Thou whose love bestows a worth
On each poor endeavour,—
Have Thou joy of this Thy Birth,
In our praise for ever!

* See Mr. Liddon's University Sermons, p. 210.

Digitized by Google

MANZONI'S ODE ON THE NATIVITY.

As plunging down a mountain steep,
The loosen'd crag will headlong leap,
  Left to its own wild will,—
But, having reached the mountain base,
And ended all that rocky race,
  Lies helpless there, and still;

Nor through the ages as they run,
Shall see again the morning sun
  Upon that mountain's crest—
Unless some strange and friendly strength
Should lift and bear it up at length,
  Back to its ancient rest.

So grovell'd helpless, fallen man,
Who down the steep of error ran,
  And reached the fated woe;
Beneath a wrath he could not bear,
And weighted down with his despair,
  His broken pride lay low.

And who among the fallen race
Could ever rise and sue for grace,
  Or for redemption plead
Before that King who cannot dwell
Save in light inaccessible,
  The Holy One indeed?

Behold, to us a Child is born,
A Son is given to us who mourn;
  Before His infant eye
The powers of darkness quail and flee;
He stoops to our humanity,
  And lifts it to the sky.

From out the hills and homes of God
A wondrous river rises broad,
  And in its downward flow,
Rude cliffs, with thorns and briars o'erspread,
Soft balm and liquid honey shed,
  Sweet blossoms bud and blow.

O Son Divine, Eternal Guest,
In the Eternal Father's breast,
  What world, however old,

Digitized by Google

In all the circling heaven's embrace,
Can lift its wrinkle-written face
To Thine, in challenge bold?

THOU ART! no star with Thee can share
That majesty beyond compare,
For Thou hast made them all;
Yet hast Thou deigned to take on Thee
The clay of our humanity,
All sullied with its fall.

O pity, wondrous as Thy love!
Immense, all human thought above!
What merit in our race
Thy deep and secret counsels moved,
That we so lost should be so loved,
And wrested from disgrace?

The Child is born: to Bethlehem—
Foretold by prophets, sung by them—
Went up a maiden mild;
The Hope of Israel in her breast,
Thither she journeyed like the rest,
Great with the Promised Child.

There, when the natal hour was come,
In that poor hostel, far from home,
Her first-born Son she laid;
In swaddling clothes she wrapped Him soft,
And kneeling by the manger, oft
Adored Him—blessed maid!

Before His Godhood worshipped she,
And to His hungering infancy
Her mother breast she gave;
While angels in the midnight sky,
Sung, 'Glory be to God on high,
For Christ has come to save.'

But not before the guarded gate
Of power, the herald angels wait
On worldly pride or wrong;
Where shepherds watch their sleeping fold,
That story of surprise is told,
In sudden light and song.

And round Him, through the breathing night,
Ten thousand angels, clothed in light,
And winged with love and flame,

Digitized by Google

In troops about His cradle press,
And in their songs celestial, bless
The glory of His name.

Then, following still their own sweet hymn,
Together light and song grow dim,
The distant clouds between;
Together fading as they go,
More musically soft and low,
Till neither heard nor seen.

So vanish they; and doubtless then,
Without delay, those happy men
To that poor stable sped;
And there the King of Heaven they knew,
Weeping as little children do,
Upon His manger-bed.

But sleep, O holy Infant, sleep!
No blasts that o'er Thy cradle sweep,
Would touch that tender form.
What winds would round Thee roughly blow,
Before Thy chariot used to go,
The coursers of the storm?

Sleep on, O Heavenly Babe! as yet
The nations round Thee rage and fret,
And know not of Thy birth.
Sleep on! they all shall know one day,
That Child who in the manger lay
Was King of Heaven and earth.

M. C.

HERODION.

A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

O'ER the golden summer palace* comes the winter stern and wild,
Where they spread the silken awnings, rest the ice-drops undefiled.

Through the rifted clouds the moonlight gleams on lorn deserted floors,
And the wintry wind moans sadly through the silver-columned doors.

---

* Herod's summer palace of Herodion stood on an eminence overlooking Bethlehem.

Digitized by Google

In the throne-room builds the spider, birds of night come flitting by,
Where the loveliest and the bravest met so oft for revelry.

Mingles nought with gusty snow-storm and the sough of wintry wind,
Save the tramp of those lone warders whom the King has left behind.

Slow the marble pavement pace they—now and then they gaze adown,
Where the household lights come glinting from the peaceful country town.

One by one the lonely townsmen seek repose and peaceful dreams,
One by one each light extinguish, that from each low lattice gleams;

Save within yon cavern-stable, in yon hostel far below,
Where beside the rock-hewn manger, one pale flickering lamp doth glow.

Yet what recked King Herod's warders, in their armour bright arrayed,
How beside her new-born infant sank to rest a peasant maid?

All *they* thought, these courtier soldiers, was when some few months were o'er,
How that pomp and joy voluptuous through these halls would ring once more.

Kingly pomp and mirth of courtiers—yet oh, Heaven! and what are they
To the sun-bright gleam that shimmers through the clouds of midnight grey?

Is it moonlight? Is it morning? Is it some swift meteor's glow?
Or some mighty conflagration, plunging half a land in woe!

Nay—the tranquil soft resplendence, with its argent lustre mild,
Cannot spring from glaring meteor or from conflagration wild.

With the dappled splendour mingle snowy plumes of angel-wings,
Of their shining hair the radiance, and of golden harps the strings.

Yet as paled the heavenly vision 'neath the garish light of day,
So from thought of Herod's soldiers passed the glorious sight away.

Simple swains had heard the anthem, 'Peace on earth, and mercy mild,'
Shepherds meek obeyed the summons, sought and found the Heaven-born Child.

Herod's soldiers had not heard it. Filled with dreams of worldly mirth,
What to them were all the glories of the night of Jesus' birth?

Unsubstantial dreams they thought them—was it only thus to *them*?
No, till time shall end Herodion looks with scorn on Bethlehem.

JANET.

Digitized by Google

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

THESE two hymns are on the same Gospel—how different they are in substance, yet how the one illustrates the other! The first is all awe and gravity, the second all blitheness and joy. The first is the young man's admonition to himself, the second is the old man's song for little children, unconsciously fulfilling the precept of its predecessor.

Winter is pictured in the first verse of the Christian Year—winter as it is in December, ere the promise of spring dare shew itself; and then the question is put, why in times of danger and despondency should the Church look up and lift up her head? And when more than twenty years later the Lyra Innocentium was composed, assuredly times were darker still, dangers more threatening, unbelief smouldering more evidently, supporters falling away—yet what is the subject? 'Vernal Mirth!' The four stanzas have no mournful line;

'What is the joy that young lambs know?'

they begin, and after twelve sunshiny lines comes the moral,

'Be thou through life a little child,
By manhood undefiled;
So shall no Angel grudge thy dreams
Of fragrance pure, and ever brightening beams.'

The man who had written from his heart and acted on the grave exhortation of the Christian Year, had been 'through life a little child,' had been carried on with the spirit of the Church, and thus even in the sadder and later times, he himself was aiding her to lift her head, and singing her rejoicing notes, inspired by her 'word of fire, her pledge of love that cannot tire.'

To such as with St. John can say, 'Even so, come, LORD JESUS,' the dread signs of the times are as precious a promise, as the buds or gems (*gemma* in Latin,) that lie in the bark of the tree are to those who hope for summer charms. But how comes the grave warning to those who heed no tokens, and keep out of sight that to them at least the end can be no further off than their own death, and forget that 'Behold the Judge standeth at the door?'

Then, awfully and practically, that Presence is set before us.

'Hush, idle words and thoughts of ill,
Your Lord is listening, peace, be still;
Christ watches by a Christian's hearth,
Be silent, vain deluding mirth,
Till in thine altered voice be known
Somewhat of Resignation's tone.'

Digitized by Google

Mirth is not to be silent altogether, but her tone is to be qualified by Resignation, and by the sense that Christ is listening. It is like a paraphrase of the Epistle of two Sundays later, the preparation for the Christmas festivity. 'Rejoice evermore, and again I say unto you, Rejoice. Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.' At hand—whether in the sense of being close to us, and attentive to our words, or as being soon to come to judgement. If in that temper—rejoicing *because* the Lord is benignly taking part in our joy, and because we shall soon see His face for ever; but rejoicing with moderation because He hears us, and because the end of all things is at hand—we spend our youth, assuredly we shall sing with Vernal Mirth in our latter days—for 'the bright fields beyond the sky' will then have become all the nearer and the clearer from the 'world's uncertain haze.'

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

We believe that Mr. Keble only once was on the Continent, and that later in life than the writing of either of these two works; but he had a wonderful power of realizing scenery, and might have been taken as an illustration of Lord Lytton's curious assertion in the preface to his 'Strange Story,' that it is in the power of imagination to call up before it places unseen but described, so as to picture them vividly in words to other auditors. Whether he would not have shrunk, if the opportunity had been set before him, from 'tearing away the veil,' and actually visiting the holy places, we cannot tell; but he certainly dwelt upon such descriptions and illustrations as fell in his way, with ardent love and a wonderful power of distinct mental vision, to which Dean Stanley has borne witness in his Palestine.

This poem, and that for the Seventh Sunday after Trinity, stand out as the most descriptive of all, and this one remarkably embodies his yearning towards the sacred East, and we fully believe has done much for the spirit in which travellers go through that great test and trial, a visit to Jerusalem in her present fallen state. Mr. Trollope himself, in his novel of The Bertrams, has drawn a deep and painful picture of the effect of such a pilgrimage—of the elevation and lofty aims that were produced by the gazing from the Mount of Olives, but dimmed to the degradation of the whole after life, by the frivolous worldly response of a woman of shallow heart and irreverent mind! And the Crusaders of old were great saints—or else grievous sinners.

A case has come to our knowledge, of an English clergyman, who when staying at Jerusalem, was grieved and pained by the scoffing tone of unbelief with which an American was discussing the scenes of Palestine. After a remonstrance, he lent the traveller his Christian Year. It was retained during the remainder of his sojourn there, read at the appropriate spots, and returned to its owner at last with warm

Digitized by Google

thanks, and a hint that there was a complete change in the borrower's tone of thought. And no doubt this pilgrim dream has told upon many another traveller, whether in reality or in spirit. It was evidently prompted by some book of Eastern travel—Sir R. K. Porter's, probably; and it is of his own imagination following the traveller, that the poet asks,

'What went ye out to see,
O'er the rude sandy lea?'

echoing the demand of our Lord, 'What went ye out for to see?' Was it for mere excitement or amusement that the mind went along with the description, and beheld stately Jordan in his ravine, or the blue lake of Gennesaret, with the mountains above, and the bordering of rosy blossoms? *

These scenes recall the Presence that consecrated them, and these hallowed thoughts next lead to a reflection on the worthlessness of other objects—the purposelessness of all pursuit that has not the glory of God for its object. The ring of 'What went ye out for to see?' is still in his ears. The 'reeds that tremble in the wind' are made to represent the charms of scenery when viewed 'in listless dalliance' for mere amusement, or excitement, or compliance with fashion, instead of with devout contemplation and adoration of their Maker. And again, the purple and fine linen of those in kings' palaces, stand for wealth, power, and honour. From all these the pilgrim heart turns to trace the Saviour's footsteps around the Holy City; while in such contemplation the actual traveller is ever 'drawing daily nearer home,' his heavenly home; and the dweller at home is day by day in spirit journeying to the truly glorious land. The veritable pilgrim heeds neither the fickle reeds of fancy, nor honour's purple meed, nor any valued prize of earth, but presses on until he shall be face to face with the greater than John the Baptist, the verily 'more than Prophet, more than Angels can adore.'

Still the same text heads the Lyra, but here a very different note is touched. A vivid picture is drawn of the rugged old oak, in his firmness and strength; and the likeness is traced to the true Priest and preacher of repentance carrying on the mission of the Baptist in grave strength and gentleness.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

THE strains of to-day have much of the calm, peaceful, waiting joy that pervades the Lessons and the Epistle of the Sunday. This was one of the earliest composed of the whole work, and was one of those, that had the poet been left to himself, he would have kept by him for years

* Here was the error marked by Dean Stanley: the rhododendrons, now corrected into oleanders.

Digitized by Google

longer, till something nearer his own standard should be reached. It bears his own especial marks, and has that strong air of spontaneousness and individual feeling which belongs to those poems which came fresh as outpourings of his own soul, and were afterwards applied to the day that best suited them, instead of being as it were reflections upon the services of the day.

'Dimness' is the title given to it in the index, and it is the expression of that strong sense, which was with him through life, of inability to appreciate the full beauty even of those things on earth which have most of Heaven. It is this sense of imperfection, this straining beyond, which is above all the mark of true genius, and the secret of its natural humility. Dullness and conceit think they know the whole; it is only those who 'know in part,' that feel that it is but a part that they do know.

So it is that the Christian poet expresses his feeling that our eye falls short of unraveling the secrets of nature's beauty, our memory will not recall that which is most precious to it, our ear fails to enter into all that music conveys—all is only grasped in part, and not held fast, not fully tasted.

But the consolation is first in the future hope, when the ear instead of missing the fulness of earthly music shall

> 'scan aright
> Sounds that outring earth's drowsy chime,
> As heaven outshines the taper's light;'

the eyes shall

> 'see the King's full glory break,
> Nor from the blissful vision shrink;'

the memory shall be no longer needed when we dwell

> 'Ever in sight of all our bliss';

while for the present he likewise finds consolation. The imperfection of our faculties, if it prevents much enjoyment, also saves us from much suffering in the consciousness of the saddening sights which we lose. And on one side our perceptions do become clearer. Our bodily faculties cannot indeed go beyond their appointed limits, but the soul that looks upwards *does* increase in power of enjoyment and comprehension of the things of heaven; while the ear, if incapable of 'threading the maze of harmony,' can attune itself to the secret of the harmony above—'Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven;' and thus may be trained to 'for ever rise and sing and shine.'

The Lyra gives us for to-day one of the very sharpest and most polished of all its shafts, in the striking meditation on the 'Danger of Praise,' deduced from the humble replies of St. John the Baptist. It is almost a cry of pain, and an appeal against the peril of 'being spoken well of by all men,' as well as the soundest counsel against taking home mortal commendation, 'yet more in heart than tongue.'

Digitized by Google

The last verse is one that surely can never be forgotten.

'Pray we our Lord one pang to send,
Of deep remorseful fear;
For every smile of partial friend,
Praise be our penance here.'

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

HEZEKIAH furnishes the subject of both the poems of to-day. That for the Lyra has no special connection with the season, and seems to have been allotted to the day because it is one when the Lessons chiefly relate to that good king. 'Hezekiah's Display' is a poem which all whose love and exultation rests on their little ones, whether their children or their pupils,

'Shut fast the door, nor let the world discern
And offer thee fond praise when God is nigh.
* * * * * *
Close thou the garden-gate and keep the key,
There chiefly where the tender seedlings fold
Their dainty leaves, a treasure even to thee
Unknown till airs celestial make them bold.'
* * * * * *

Assuredly shewing off is fatal to the little ones, whose only protection against its evils lies in that shyness which coaxing and flattery endeavours to destroy. Never perhaps did the true welfare of children more need that their friends should take home the admonition:

'Think of the babes of Judah's royal line;
Display but touched them with her parching glare,
Once, and for ages four they bare the sign,
The fifth beheld them chained in Babel's lair.'

'The sun-dial of Ahaz' in the elder work is adapted not only to the Lesson on Hezekiah's sickness, but to the last Sunday in the year. It brings before us how Hezekiah might have felt that sun and moon might indeed stand still to prolong the day of victory of the wars of the Lord when Canaan was won for His chosen; but how could it be that their course should be checked for the sake of *one* sick man?

Turning to ourselves, as the year passes away, the thought is suggested how gladly we too would recall the waves of time that have borne us on unfelt far into our lives, so that we might live our days over again. Then comes the retrospect, speaking to each one of us, the 'bright hopes,' the resolutions 'too pure to be performed,' the 'prayers blown wide by gales of care;' well if no more positive sins weigh upon our conscience. What can make up for them? Can the most bitter remorse ever atone for sin, even though it were the misery of a whole future life? Can the wildest demonstrations win us back 'one little day' to redeem the past?

Digitized by Google

Nay, it is not our grief but God the Saviour's love that wins our pardon. It is love—rejoicing grateful love—rejoicing and grateful amid her very tears—tears, not dim and stained, but glowing with rainbow hues of light as the wings of Seraphim.

'Time's waters will not ebb or stay,
Power cannot change them, but love may;
What cannot be love counts it done.'

Love—one moment of sincere love, outweighs in God's balance all that world of folly and sin behind. Such love as *she* brought to whom 'much was forgiven because she loved much,' is the love here meant, and prayed for in the earnest words—

'O Thou Who keep'st the key of Love,
Open Thy fount, Eternal Dove.'

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'COURAGE AND COWARDS;' 'IVON,' &c.

VIII.

ISTVAN III.

A.D. 1161 TO A.D. 1173.

THE history of the next few years is one of perpetual intrigue and revolution, which we shall pass over without much detail. István III., eldest son of Géza, was but fifteen years old; and the Palatine had not so much power in the kingdom as was afterwards granted him; Queen Fruzsinka, as years had passed on, had acquired a taste for intrigue, and the Archbishop of Grán was fully occupied with plans for increasing the power of the Church. Under these circumstances, Duke Bélus, seeing how much his great-nephew needed a wise counsellor, gave up the Servian principality and the service of the Greek Emperor, and returning to Hungary, offered his services. But, unfortunately, he no longer enjoyed the confidence of the nation, partly because he had been a vassal of Manuel, and partly because he had not been regularly appointed Regent, and could not enforce obedience. Without any real head, or determined leader, the nation was so split up into factions, that, when suddenly attacked from without, it had not even time to assemble an army; and thus, after so gallantly maintaining its independence under Géza, six weeks had scarcely elapsed since his death, before a usurper was seated on his throne, while his wife and children were obliged to fly

Digitized by Google

to Presburg for safety. The law of succession had not, hitherto, been expressly settled by any act of the Diet, and though usually the eldest son succeeded his father, it was not long since the son had been passed over and a brother of the late monarch chosen to succeed him. Seizing upon this pretext, therefore, no sooner had Manuel heard of Géza's death, than he sought to place his favourite István on the throne, and thus make Hungary a fief of his empire. To lend force to his persuasions he marched his army to Nissa, and thence sent a message reminding the Hungarians that it was their rule to choose the brother of the deceased king to succeed him, and requiring them therefore to place Prince István on the throne. Their refusal was followed by the advance of the army across the Danube. The nation was in no condition to make any stout resistance; the flight of the Queen with her children had disheartened many, and István had the less difficulty, by presents, threats, and promises, in gaining a few adherents. But still the general dislike to him was strong, as was also the fear that he would make himself and country utterly subservient to the Emperor. His elder brother László, though he too had placed himself under the protection of Manuel, was less suspected and hated; and at length a compromise was effected whereby he was made king, and his brother István his successor. László II. did not long enjoy the crown he had obtained by violence, for he died at the end of six months, and, in accordance with the treaty, his brother succeeded him as István IV.; but, the Bishop of Grán refusing to have any hand in his coronation, he was crowned by the Bishop of Kalócsa, a circumstance which, in the eyes of the people, deprived the ceremony of much of its sanctity and validity. The new king, hoping to make up by arrogance for what he lacked in prestige, surrounded himself with all the pomp of the Byzantine court, persecuted the adherents of his nephew the fugitive king, and thereby only made himself more hated and despised by the people. Feeling himself insecure, he entreated help from Manuel, who sent him a Greek army, which did indeed repress all outward signs of disaffection, but did not make him more popular. Deceived, however, by the apparent calm, István allowed himself to be persuaded that he could dispense with the services of the foreigners; and at the same time, so great was his blindness, he actually consented to yield Semlin and Sirmia to his patron, as compensation for the help he had received from him. Now, however, the people, feeling that he was quite unfit to be trusted with the national honour, rose against him, drove him from the throne, after a reign of five months, and joyfully recalled young István III. The usurper fled at once to his protector, and Manuel was at first bent upon restoring him to his throne; but being at last convinced that nothing but force would ever maintain him in his authority over a people who hated him, he at last sent a message of peace to the Hungarian court. Not that he had renounced his cherished idea of winning power over Hungary; but, ever fertile in new expedients, he had now conceived a new scheme. His only heir at present was his daughter Maria, and he now offered her

Digitized by Google

hand in marriage to the King's brother Béla, whom he invited to return at once to Constantinople with the ambassadors, there to be brought up and recognized as his son-in-law and successor. The Hungarians had not the wit to see the crafty policy of this proposal, and readily consented to give up the young Prince, whom Manuel received with all honour, changing his name to Alexius, and conferring on him the title of Despot, which was usually borne by the Prince Imperial of Greece. There can be no doubt Manuel was quite sincere in his intention of making Béla his heir; but his other intentions were equally sincere, and soon became unmistakably evident, when he presently laid claim, in Béla's name, to Dalmatia, which belonged to the Prince by his father's will. This was of course refused, as the provinces granted to the royal princes as their apanage, could never be alienated from the crown. On receiving this answer, Manuel supplied István the Pretender with money and troops to attack Hungary, and make good his claim to the throne if he could. Hungary was not prepared for war, and in her distress sent an embassy to Barbarossa with rich presents, entreating his assistance. The Emperor accepted the gifts, but gave no help; and in despair, the Hungarians turned to Wladislaus II. of Bohemia, whose sons were betrothed to the sisters of their king. The Bohemians gladly came, plundering on their march, after their usual manner, both friend and foe. However, there was no time to spend in quarreling with them just then. István was glad to welcome them, and lead them, with his own troops, across the Danube to attack the Greeks, who had been joined by Manuel himself. The Emperor was most anxious to avoid a battle; and, if possible, to deprive the Hungarian King of his Bohemian ally. For this purpose he employed the services of a Moravian, named Bogota, who had come to Constantinople with some Crusader many years before, and instead of proceeding to the Holy Land, had remained in Greece. This man he charged to see Wladislaus, and induce him to break his league with the Hungarians. In spite, however, of these negociations, the two kings advanced so close to his camp, that an engagement would have been unavoidable, had not Manuel withdrawn part of his troops across the Danube, leaving the rest as a garrison commanded by the Pretender, who also fled in the course of the night. The Bohemians, noticing the movement in the enemy's camp, and unwilling to be baulked of their expected spoils, attacked it as soon as day broke, and had the satisfaction of capturing the splendid tents and other booty left behind by the Greeks. Still Manuel would not be drawn into a battle, and pursued his negociations with unremitting energy, striving to convince the Bohemian King that his only reason for coming to Hungary was that he might get justice done to his son-in-law, and at the same time artfully proposing to Wladislaus an alliance between his nephew and a Bohemian Princess, niece of the King. Wladislaus could no longer withstand these allurements, and, to please his new friend the Emperor, employed all his influence with István III. to bring about a peace. It was concluded at

Digitized by Google

last, its chief provisions being that Béla should receive Sirmia as his inheritance, and that Manuel should henceforth abstain from helping the Pretender, István IV. Wladislaus returned home well pleased with the presents he had received for his services; and Manuel also retired, after publicly warning the Pretender to leave Hungary alone for the future, since, after seeing how much the people hated him, he should not think of affording him further assistance. These were his words; but, inasmuch as he left some of his troops behind, István thought his real meaning must be somewhat different, and acting on this idea, asked the Greek general for his assistance, and attacked the southern provinces of Hungary. Shortly after this the Pretender suddenly died, (1164.) not, however, before he had again involved his country in a Greek war, in the course of which Dalmatia and part of Croatia were lost to Hungary for a time. The war took a more favourable turn for Hungary in 1166, for Manuel, in his ambitious desire to see Italy again united to Greece, had been stirring up the Italian towns against Friedrich, and had been entering into negociations with the Pope for the reunion of the Greek and Roman Churches. All these plans, however, excited nothing but discontent in his own land, and involved him in hostilities with Friedrich. The Archbishop of Spalatro came to Hungary to entreat the King to send an army to drive away the Greeks; and when this was done, the town of Zara (Jadra) also embraced the opportunity of driving away her Venetian Podestà, and once again receiving a Hungarian garrison. Still the war continued, with varying success; and unhappily, the Doge besieged Jadra (1167) with so strong a force that it was forced to yield; and the other towns, as well as the coast, fell again into Manuel's hands.

Apparently both parties were weary of fighting, for, without any treaty, a cessation of hostilities ensued, and Manuel had time to consider his home affairs, the aspect of which had been considerably altered by the birth of his son Alexis, (1170.) for whom he was now anxious to secure the throne. He at once released his ministers from the oaths he had caused them to take to Béla as their future Emperor; and, conveniently remembering that his daughter, Béla's promised bride, was also a distant cousin, he made this relationship a reason for solemnly annulling the betrothal, though he at the same time incorporated Sirmia and Dalmatia, Béla's inheritance, with the Byzantine Empire. Not to leave the Hungarian Prince quite destitute, however, he gave him in marriage Agnes, the daughter of Raymond of Poictiers, Prince of Antioch, and his own sister-in-law.

In 1173, after a short and troubled reign, István III. died in his twenty-seventh year, at Grán, where he was just preparing to entertain Heinrich the Lion of Saxony, and the Duke of Austria, on their way to the Holy Land. As he left no son, his brother Béla was his rightful heir, but there was a great prejudice against him among several classes of the nation. The clergy, with the Archbishop of Grán at their head,

Digitized by Google

opposed his succession on the ground that, having been brought up in the Greek, he would never be a faithful member of the Latin Church; whereas the nobles expected to find in him a foreigner, who, after living so long at the court of Hungary's great enemy, would return home imbued with no kindly feelings towards his father-land, would try to introduce Greek laws, and if he had learnt the lessons of his patron Manuel, would assuredly endeavour to circumscribe the liberties of the people, and establish an absolute monarchy. Moreover, of course, he would allow himself to be influenced by the Greek Emperor, very probably would even think of paying him tribute, and might end by making Hungary dependent upon Constantinople. Even the idea of such a disgraceful state of things was not to be endured for a moment; and the prophets of evil, rallying round the younger brother Géza, endeavoured to raise him to the throne—a project in which they were supported by the Queen mother Fruzsinka, who cared little for the son who had been taken from her in childhood, in comparison with the one who had been brought up under her own eye.

However, all who were not blinded by prejudice, declared for Béla, not only because he had the next right to the throne, but also because they hoped that his accession would restore the alienated provinces of Sirmia and Dalmatia, and were wise enough to see that Manuel would never suffer his protégé to be set aside with impunity, and that therefore the election of Géza must entail a war with Greece, more easily begun than concluded.

These prudent reasoners at length gained the day, and an embassy was despatched, to bring the exile home to the land he had never ceased to love and long for. But Manuel was beforehand with them. So soon as the news of István's death had reached Constantinople, the zealous and indefatigable Emperor had started with a large army to conduct Béla to Hungary and place him on the throne, by force if necessary. The embassy encountered him at Sardika, where, finding that his services were not needed, and would indeed probably only tend to make the Hungarians view their king with distrust, the Emperor took leave of Béla, after having caused him to take a solemn oath that he would never assert any claim to the throne of Greece, and would further the interests of the Empire by all means in his power. This oath did not tend to procure Béla a more favourable reception in Hungary, for of course it prevented him, at least during the life of Manuel, from taking any steps to recover Dalmatia and Croatia. The Archbishop of Grán stoutly refused to crown him, and persisted in his refusal, notwithstanding the representations of Pope Alexander III., who, at length finding all remonstrance vain, yielded to the earnest wish of the people, and granted permission for the Archbishop of Kalócsa to perform the ceremony. If Béla's promise to the Emperor had at first increased the numbers of the party against him, personal acquaintance with the young King soon produced the contrary effect. His winning manners, cultivated mind, energy, and penetration, won him the affection and support of the greater

Digitized by Google

part of the people; and as soon as the coronation (1174) was accomplished all open opposition ceased, and peace once more returned to the long distracted land. Still, however, Géza and his party carried on intrigues, which might in the end cause some trouble; and Béla, to prevent this, placed Géza under some restraint. With the aid of the Queen, however, Géza escaped into Austria, and thence into Bohemia; but, instead of meeting with any support in his rebellion against his brother, he was given up to Béla and imprisoned more closely than before. At the same time the Queen-mother was banished to Greece.

In 1180, Manuel, for so many years the determined foe of Hungary, died; and Béla, feeling himself absolved from his oath, re-annexed Sirmia, Dalmatia, and Croatia, without a battle. Jadra, embracing the opportunity of once more putting herself under Hungarian protection, involved him however in a war with Venice, which lasted, with varying fortune, for eight years.

Béla, having lost his Greek wife in 1184, soon after became a suitor for the hand of Marguérite, daughter of Louis VII. and widow of Prince Henry Plantagenet. The negotiations lasted so long, that Marguérite did not reach Hungary till 1186; and in the meanwhile, to provide against any possible difficulties arising from his second marriage, Béla, having caused his eldest son Imre to be crowned as his successor, made him, for the present, regent of Dalmatia and Croatia; at the same time conferring the dignity of Prince of Galicia (Halics) upon his second son András.

It must be confessed that Béla had not come by his authority over Galicia in a very honourable manner. Boleslaus IV. of Poland having married the heiress of Galicia, gave the province to their daughter Judith, on her marriage with László, son of Béla the Blind of Hungary. László died, leaving her with one son; and she then married a Russian noble, by whom she had two sons, Wladimir and Roman. Galicia of right belonged to the son of László, but he was poisoned, as was supposed, by his step-brothers, and Wladimir seized on the crown, only to be, in his turn, deprived of it by Roman. Wladimir fled to Béla, asking his assistance; but the Hungarian King, knowing the share he had had in the murder of Instislaus, gave him a prison instead of a crown, and settled the dispute by placing Prince András on the throne, where, however, he did not long remain, as Wladimir contrived to escape from prison, and, with the help of Poland, again obtained possession of Galicia. Henceforward, though governed by independent princes, Galicia acknowledged the sovereignty of Hungary, and Béla and his successors added 'King of Galicia' to their other titles. This was the beginning of those claims upon Galicia, which, from time to time advanced by the Kings of Hungary, were finally made to serve as a pretext for Austria's share in the partition of Poland—a shadowy and baseless pretext enough, yet more substantial than any that could be alleged by either Russia or Prussia.

The war with Venice had lasted nearly eight years, when, in 1187, all Europe was disturbed by news of the terrible defeat sustained by the

Digitized by Google

Crusaders near Tiberias, at the hands of Saladin. Admonished by Gregory VIII., the Princes of Europe made peace with one another, and resolved to unite in one grand effort to recover the Holy Places. Hungary and Venice followed their example, and concluded a truce for two years, that the latter might be free to devote all her strength to the Crusade.

Barbarossa, who had taken the cross, in spite of his now advancing years, sent messengers to Béla's court to arrange for the passage of his army through Hungary, the construction of roads and bridges, and the price of provisions. Béla had the success of the Crusade deeply at heart, and did all in his power to promote it. Storehouses were erected on the road by which the army was to pass; and the price* of 'four well-fed oxen' was fixed at one silver mark, which was also to be the cost of feed for a hundred horses.

The Emperor reached Presburg at Whitsuntide, with an army consisting of fifty thousand paid soldiers and many more volunteers. Here he halted and reviewed his men, weeding out the bad, and punishing with severity all who had sinned against military discipline. He then proceeded to Grán, (the ecclesiastical metropolis of Hungary,) where he was received by the King and an escort of a thousand knights, who conducted him to the palace. His stay here was celebrated by brilliant festivities, and by the betrothal of his son Friedrich, Duke of Suabia, to Béla's daughter Constantia. One person, at least, had reason to rejoice at his coming, and this was Prince Géza, who, at the intercession of Barbarossa and Marguérite of France, was released from the prison in which he had languished for fifteen years, and permitted to join the Crusade, whence neither he nor his few followers ever returned. After four more days spent at Buda in hunting in the well-stocked woods, the Emperor and his train went on their way, accompanied to the frontiers by the King; who, on parting with his guest, presented him with wagons full of provisions, and four camels laden with costly gifts, receiving from him, in return, all the transport ships which had conveyed the crusaders from Regensburg to Presburg. Queen Marguérite also presented the Emperor with a tent of purple or crimson fitted up in gorgeous and costly style. A small force of Hungarian knights accompanied the Emperor into Servia as guides, but they were recalled by the King before they had crossed the Greek frontier, either because the latter foresaw the war which shortly ensued between the Greeks and Crusaders, and did not wish to be mixed up in it,† or because the truce with Venice was drawing to a close, and hostilities seemed likely to be renewed. In truth, Venice did make another attack upon Jadra in the spring of 1190, but her fleet found the garrison so strong and determined that it was obliged to sail away without having accomplished anything. Meanwhile the

* Fessler.

† The Emperor, Isaac Angelus, was betrothed to Béla's daughter Margaret.

Digitized by Google

Bulgarians, Wallachians, and Kumans, seeing the distracted state of the Byzantine Empire, and the impotence of the poor feeble Emperor Isaac, threw off their allegiance. He appealed for assistance to Béla; but, before the promised Hungarian force had started, news came that he had been deposed, blinded, and confined in a convent. (1195.) The great Emperor of the West had died four years before him; his son, Friedrich of Suabia, whose betrothal had been celebrated with such splendour at Grán, had died of pestilence before Ptolemais; bitter quarrels had arisen between the other princes; Leopold of Austria, and Philippe Auguste of France, had returned home; and a three years truce, concluded with Saladin by Richard Cœur de Lion, was the only fruit of the great Crusade for which half Europe had made such enormous sacrifices and exertions. Yet all this failure did not hinder Béla from determining to embark in the same cause; on the contrary, the call seemed to him only the more urgent, and he began making preparations; but, as if there were a fate against any Hungarian king's taking part in a crusade, before they were completed Béla died. On his death-bed, he enjoined his younger son András to fulfil his vow, and bequeathed to him all the arms and treasure he had collected for the prosecution of the Holy War.

Béla had made wise use of the knowledge he had acquired in Constantinople, though Hungarian chronicles tell us little more than that he cleared the land of thieves and robbers, made the laws against them more stringent, and introduced some very salutary legal reforms. He established a court of Chancery, caused law-suits to be committed to writing, appointed persons to write the chronicles of the country, and for these reasons is sometimes called the Hungarian Justinian. But besides this, he greatly increased the material prosperity of the country, reconciled the various parties in the state, re-established the order which during the long wars had been so often in abeyance; recovered the provinces which had been torn from Hungary, and moreover, left a well filled treasury behind him. In this reign László I. was canonized.

A glance at the history of the last fifty years, shows us that Hungary at this time laboured under two great drawbacks to her advancement; one, and perhaps the most important, being that the order of succession was not clearly established. Any prince of the royal house of Arpád might ascend the throne, whether he were brother, eldest son, or youngest son of the late king, though a feeling seems to have prevailed and gained ground, that the eldest son was the rightful heir. What yet further increased the perplexity was the habit of bestowing provinces on the younger princes, who thus became formidable vassals, bound to the king by no strong ties, (that of blood clearly went for nothing,) but on the contrary, excited by their very relationship to aspire to the throne itself, and possessing revenue and troops sufficient to make success not altogether improbable.

To these two circumstances may be ascribed half the troubles endured by the country at this period. The ambitious schemes of the Eastern

Digitized by Google

and Western Empires were indeed alarming; but, had all been united within, they would hardly have obtained even their temporary successes. Want of union has indeed been the bane of Hungary, even in later and more enlightened times.

Yet it is worth notice, that, throughout the disturbances which followed the death of Géza, the fidelity of the people to his son István III. remained unshaken. István IV. and László II. were crowned, indeed, but never recognized by the nation at large. There is considerable interest in the remarks chronicled by Bishop Otto von Freisingen, who gained some personal experience of Hungary and her people on his way to the Holy Land. If we bear in mind that he saw everything from a German point of view, and that he was thoroughly penetrated with the Emperor's idea of subjecting it to Germany, his remarks are doubly interesting, as whatever of approval mingles with them can certainly not be attributed to any desire to flatter. He appears to be particularly struck by the general interest taken in public affairs, saying, 'The Hungarians begin no serious undertaking without long and frequent deliberation. When the nobles come to court they bring their chairs with them, and earnestly discuss the affairs of the state, which they also do in their own homes. He then goes on to speak of the prompt obedience paid to the king, and the readiness with which an army is assembled at his summons.' One strange remark the Bishop makes, namely, that 'the Magyars knew little of the art of war, and what little they knew, they had borrowed from foreign nations.' In answer to this Fessler observes that 'their military tactics did indeed differ from those of Germany, which he held to be the only right ones; but they stood them in good stead in many a hard-fought battle, and were adopted by other nations.' But Otto was still smarting under the remembrance of the defeat of Leerfelde, and apparently could not afford to be either just or generous; witness his remarks upon the habits of the Magyars, whom he evidently greatly despises for living chiefly in tents throughout the summer and autumn. 'The houses in towns and villages are miserable,' says he, 'mostly made of reeds, seldom even of wood, still more seldom of stone. One cannot help wondering why divine Providence should have given such a beautiful land as Pannonia to such men—no, not men, but human monsters.'

That last little remark betrays a lurking conviction, that Providence would have done far better to bestow the coveted land on sensible Germans; and therefore, seeing the undoubted bias of his mind, we can but believe the Bishop rather blackened the Magyar character, to render more plausible the scheme of annexation.

However, it is doubtless true, the people still had a lingering love for the nomad life. The country was but thinly populated; and the hardy Magyar peasant, in the warm months of the year, much preferred living in a tent near his fields and cattle, to returning home to his distant house. As for the huts, the poor peasant who lives, at this day, in the districts not

Digitized by Google

abounding in either wood or stone, is still obliged to be contented to make his dwelling of reeds and lime.

Béla III. had not lived so long in Constantinople, without imbibing something of the ideas there prevailing, touching the absolute nature of the royal prerogative. He disliked summoning the Diet to meet, for the discussions were often stormy, and preferred settling the affairs of the nation in a select council of the bishops and great barons. Theoretically, every free man might attend the Diet, or national assembly, which ought to have been summoned at stated times; but practically, only those came who liked, who lived near the place of meeting, who were anxious about their own rights or the affairs of the nation. Béla I. had caused the people to send representatives to the memorable Diet at Stuhlweissenburg; and László I. seems to have held one which was largely attended by the people; but the latter had not yet the privilege of regularly sending chosen deputies; and if the king chose only to summon the select *regale concilium*, or Council of State, the people, as a body, had no means of making their wishes known. For the present they bore this curtailment of their privileges with patience; but a time was coming when, as their position became more unbearable, their courage would rise proportionately, and urge them to successful resistance.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CAGED LION.

CHAPTER VI.

MALCOLM'S SUIT.

'THAT is a gentle and gracious slip of the Stewart. What shall you do with him?' asked King Henry of James, as they stood together at one end of the tilt yard at Westminster, watching Malcolm Stewart and Ralf Percy, who were playing at closhey, the early form of nine-pins.

'I know what I should like to do,' said James.

'What may that be?'

'To marry him to the Lady Esclairmonde de Luxemburg.'

Henry gave a long whistle. 'Have you other views for her?'

'Not I! Am I to have designs on every poor dove who flies into my tent from the hawk? Besides, are not both of them vowed to a religious life?'

'Neither vow is valid,' replied James.

'To meddle with such things is what I should not *dare*,' said Henry.

'Monks and friars are no such holy beings that I should greatly concern me about keeping an innocent lad out of their company,' said James.

Digitized by Google

'Nor do I say they are,' said Henry; 'but it is ill to cross a vow of devotion, and to bring a man back to the world is apt to render him not worth the having. You may perchance get him down lower than you intended.'

'This boy never had any real vocation at all,' said James; 'it was only the timidity born of ill-health, and the longing for food for the mind.'

'Maybe so,' replied the English King, 'and you may be in the right; but why fix on that grand Luxemburg wench, who ought to be a Lady Abbess of Fontainebleau at least, or a very St. Hilda, to rule monks and nuns alike?'

'Because they have fixed on each other. Malcolm needs a woman like her to make a man of him; and with her spirit and fervent charity, we should have them working a mighty change in Scotland.'

'If you get her there!'

'Have I your consent, Harry?'

'Mine? It's no affair of mine! You must settle it with Madame of Hainault; but you had best take care. You are more like to make your tame lambkin into a ravening wolf, than to get that Deborah the prophetess to herd him.'

James in sooth viewed this warning as another touch of Lancastrian superstition, and only considered how to broach the question. Malcolm, meantime, was balancing between the now approaching decision between Oxford and France. He certainly felt something of his old horror of warlike scenes; but even this was lessening, he was aware that battles were not every-day occurrences, and that often there was no danger at all. He would not willingly be separated from his king; and if the female part of the court were to accompany the campaign, it would be losing sight of all he cared for, if he were left among a set of stranger shavelings at Oxford. Yet he was reluctant to break with the old habits that had hitherto been part of his nature; he felt, after every word of Esclairmonde—nay, after every glance towards her—as though it were a blessed thing to have like her chosen the better part; he knew she would approve his resort to the home of piety and learning; he was aware that when, with Ralf Percy and the other youths of the court, he was ashamed of his own scrupulousness, and tempted to neglect observances that they might call monkish and unmanly; and he was not at all sure that in face of the enemy a panic might not seize him and disgrace him for ever! In effect he did not know what he wished, even when he found that the Queen had decided against going across the sea, and that therefore all the ladies would remain with her at Shene or Windsor.

He should probably never again see Esclairmonde, the guiding star of his recent life, the embodiment of all that he had imagined when conning the quaint old English poems that told the Legend of Seynct Katharine; and as he leant musingly against a lattice, feeling as if the brightness of his life was going out, King James merrily addressed him.

Digitized by Google

'Eh! the fit is on you too, boy!'

'What fit, Sir?' Malcolm opened his eyes.

'The pleasing madness.'

Malcolm uttered a cry like horror, and reddened crimson. 'Sir! Sir! Sir!' he stammered.

'A well-known token of the disease is raving.'

'Sir, Sir! I implore you to speak of nothing so profane.'

'I am not given to profanity,' said James, endeavouring to look severe, but with laughter in his voice. 'Methought you were not yet so sacred a personage.'

'Myself! No; but that I—I should dare to have such thoughts of—O Sir!' and Malcolm covered his face with his hands. 'Oh! that you should have so mistaken me!'

'I have *not* mistaken you,' said James, fixing his keen eyes on him.

'O Sir!' cried Malcolm, like one freshly stung, 'you have! Never, never dreamt I of aught but worshipping as a living saint, as I would entreat St. Margaret or—'

There was still the King's steady look and the suppressed smile. Malcolm broke off, and with a sudden agony wrung his hands together. The King still smiled. 'Ay, Malcolm, it will not do; you are man, not monk.'

'But why be so cruel as to make me vile in my own eyes?' almost sobbed Malcolm.

'Because,' said the King, 'she is not a saint in heaven, nor a nun in a convent, but a free woman, to be won by the youth she has marked out.'

'Marked! O Sir! she only condescended because she knew my destination.'

'That is well,' said King James. 'Thus sparks kindle at unawares.'

Malcolm's groan and murmur of 'Never' made James almost laugh at the evidence that on one side at least the touch-wood was ready.

'O Sir,' he sighed; 'why put the thought before me to make me wretched! Even were she for the world, she would never be for me. I —doited—hirpling—'

'Peace, silly lad; all that is past and gone. You are quite another now, and a year or two of Harry's school of chivalry will send you home a gallant knight and minstrel, such as no maiden will despise.'

The King went, and Malcolm fell into a silent state of musing. He was entirely overpowered, both by the consciousness awakened within himself, by the doubt whether it were not a great sin, and by the strangeness that the King, hitherto his oracle, should infuse such a hope. What King James deemed possible could never be so incredible or even sacrilegious as he deemed it. Restless, ashamed, rent by a thousand conflicting feelings, Malcolm roamed up and down his chamber, writhed, tried to sit and think, then finding his thoughts in a whirl, renewed his frantic pacings. And when dire necessity brought him again into the

Digitized by Google

ladies' chamber, he was silent, blushing, ungainly, abstracted, and retreated into the farthest possible corner from the unconscious Esclairmonde.

Then when again alone with the King, he began with the assertion, 'It is utterly impossible, Sir,' and James smiled to see his poison working. Not that he viewed it as poison. Monasticism was at a discount, and the ranks of the religious orders were chiefly filled, the old Benedictine and Augustinian foundations by gentlemen of good family who wanted the easy life of a sort of bachelor squire, and the friaries were recruited by the sort of men who would in modern times be dissenting teachers of the lower stamp. James was persuaded that Malcolm was fit for better things than were usually to be seen in a convent, and that it was a real kindness not to let him merely retire thither out of faintness of heart, mistaken for devotion; and he also felt as if he should be doing good service, not only to Malcolm, but to Scotland, if he could obtain for him a wife of the grand character of Esclairmonde de Luxemburg.

He even risked the mention of the project to the Countess of Hainault, without whose consent nothing could be effected. Jaqueline laughed long and loud at the notion of her stately Esclairmonde being the lady-love of King James's little white-visaged cousin; but if he could bring it about, she had no objection, she should be very glad that the demoiselle should come down from the height and be like other people; but she would wager the King of Scots her emerald carcanet against his heron's plume that Esclairmonde would never marry unless her hands were held for her. Was she not at that very moment visiting some foundation of bedeswomen that was all she heard of at yonder feast of cats!

In fact, under Dr. Bennet's escort, Esclairmonde and Alice were in a barge dropping down the Thames to the neighbourhood of the frowning fortress of the Tower—as yet unstained; and at the steps leading to the Hospitium of St. Katherine, the ladies were met not only by their friend Mrs. Bolt, but by Sir Richard Whittington, his kindly dame, and by 'Master William Kedbesby,' a grave and gentle looking old man, who had been master of St. Katharine's ever since the first year of King Richard II., and delighted to tell of the visits 'Good Queen Anne' of Bohemia had made to her hospital, and the kind words she had said to the old alms-folk and the children of the schools; and when he heard that the Lady Esclairmonde was of the same princely house of Luxemburg, he seemed to think no honour sufficient for her. They visited the two houses, one for old men, the other for old women, each with a common apartment, with a fire, and a dining-table in the midst, and sleeping cells screened off round it, and with a paved terrace walk, overhanging the river, where the old people could sit and sun themselves, and be amused by the gay barges and the swans that expatiated there. The bedeswomen, ten in number, had a house arranged like an ordinary nunnery, except that they were not in seclusion, had no grating, and shared the quadrangle with the alms-folk and children. They were gentle and well-nurtured women, chiefly belonging to the city and country families that furnished

Digitized by Google

servants to the Queens; and they applied themselves to various offices of charity, going forth into the city to tend the poor, and to teach the women and children. The appointments of alms-folk and admissions to the school were chiefly made at their recommendation; and though a master taught all the book learning in the busy hive of scholars—eighty in number—one or more of them instructed the little girls in spinning and in stitchery, to say nothing of gentle and modest demeanour. There was a great look of happiness and good order about all; and the church, fair and graceful, seemed well to complete and rule the institution. Esclairmonde could but sigh with a sort of regret as she left it, and let herself be conducted by Sir Richard Whittington to a refection at his beautiful house in Crutched Friars, built round a square, combining warehouse and manor house; richly carved shields, with the arms of the companies of London, supporting the tier of first-floor windows, and another row of brackets above, supporting another over-hanging story. A fountain was in the centre of a beautiful greensward, with beds of roses, pansies, pinks, stars of Bethlehem, and other good old flowers, among which a monkey was chained to a tree, and a cat kept at a safe distance from him.

Alice Montagu raised a laugh by asking if it were *the* cat; to which her city name-sake replied that 'her master' never could abide to be without a cat in memory of his first friend, and marshalled them into the beautiful hall, with wainscot lining below, surmounted by an arcade containing statues, and above a beautiful carved ceiling. Here a meal was served to them, and the lady talked with Whittington of the grand town halls and other buildings of the merchants of the Low Countries, with whom he was a trader for their rich stuffs; and the visit passed off with no small satisfaction to both parties.

Esclairmonde sat in the barge on her return, looking out on the grey clear water, and on the bright gardens that sloped down to it, gay with roses and fruitful with mulberries, apples, and strawberries, and the mansions and churches that were never quite out of sight, though there were some open fields and wild country ere coming to Westminster, all as if she did not see them, but was wrapped in deep contemplation.

Alice at last, weary of silence, stole her arm round her waist and peeped up into her face. 'May I guess thy thoughts, sweet Clairette! Thou wilt found such a hospice thyself?'

'Say not I *will*, child,' said Esclairmonde, with a crystal drop starting in each dark eye. 'I would strive and hope, but—'

'Ah! thou wilt, thou wilt,' cried Alice; 'and since there are Béguines enough for their own Netherlands, thou wilt come to England, and be our foundress here.'

'Nay, little one; here are the bedeswomen of St. Katharine's in London.'

'Ah! but we have other cities.—Good Father, have we not? Hull—Southampton—oh! so many, where poor strangers come that need ghostly

Digitized by Google

tendance as well as bodily. Esclairmonde—Light of the World—Oh! it was not for nothing they gave thee that goodly name. The hospice shall bear it!'

'Hush, hush! sweet pyet, mine own name is what they must not bear.'

'Ah! but the people will give it, and our Holy Father the Pope. He will put thee into the canon of saints. Only pity that I cannot live to hear of Ste. Esclairmonde—nay, but then I must overlive thee, and I should not love that.'

'Oh, silence, silence, child; these are no thoughts to begin a work with. Little flatterer, it may be well for me that our lives must needs lie so far apart that I shall not oft hear that fond silly tongue.'

'Nay,' said Alice, in the luxury not of castle building but of convent building; 'it may be that when that knight over there sees me so small and ill-favoured he will none of me, and then I'll thank him so, and pray my father to let him have all my lands and houses except just enough to dower me to follow thee with, dear Lady Prioress.'

But here Alice was summarily silenced. Such talk, both priest and votaress told her was not meet for dutiful daughter or betrothed maiden. Her lot was fixed, and she must do her duty therein as the good wife and lady of the castle, the noble English matron; and as she looked half disposed to pout, Esclairmonde drew such a picture of the beneficent influence of the good baronial dame, ruling her castle, bringing up her children and the daughters of her vassals in good and pious nurture, making 'the heart of her husband safely trust in her,' benefiting the poor, and fostering holy men, wayfarers, and pilgrims, that the girl's eyes filled with tears as she looked up and said, 'Ah! Lady, this is the life fitted for thee, who can paint it so well. Why have I not a brother, that you might be Countess of Salisbury, and I a poor little Sister in a nunnery.'

Esclairmonde shook her head. 'Silly child, petite nïaise, our lots were fixed by other hands than ours. We will strive each to serve our God in the coif or in the veil, in samite or in serge, and He will only ask which of us has been most faithful, not whether we have lived in castle or in cloister.

Little had Esclairmonde expected to hear the greeting with which her Countess received her, breaking out into peals of merriment as she told her of the choice destiny in store for her, to be wedded to the little lame Scot, pretending to read her a grave lecture on the consequences of the advances she had made to him.

Esclairmonde was not put out of countenance; in fact, she did not think the Countess in earnest, and merely replied with a smile that at least there was less harm in Lord Malcolm than in the suitors at home.

Jacqueline clapped her hands and cried, 'Good tidings, Clairette. I'll never forgive you if you make me lose my emerald carcanet! So the arrow was winged after all. She prefers him—her heart is touched by the dainty step.'

Digitized by Google

'Madame!' entreated Esclairmonde with agitation; 'at least, infirmity should be spared.'

'It touches her deeply!' exclaimed the Duchess. 'Ah! to see her in the mountains teaching the wild men to say their Ave, and to wear *culottes*, the little prince interpreting for her, as King James told us in his story of the saint his ancestor.'

Raillery about Malcolm had been attempted before, but never so pertinaciously; and Esclairmonde heeded it not at all, till James himself sought her out, and with all his own persuasive grace, told her that he was rejoiced to hear from Madame of Hainault that she had spoken kindly of his youthful kinsman, for whose improvement he was sure he had in great measure to thank her.

Esclairmonde replied composedly, but as one on her guard, that the Sieur de Glenuskie was a gentle and a holy youth, of a good and toward wit.

'As I saw from the first,' said James, 'when I brought him away from being crushed among our rude cousins; but, Lady, I knew not how the task of training the boy would be taken out of my hands by your kindness; and now, pardon me, Lady, only one thing is wanting to complete your work, and that is hope.'

'Hope is always before a holy man, Sir.'

'O Madame! but we poor earthly beings require an earthly hope, nearer home, to brace our hearts, and nerve our arms.'

'I thought the Sieur de Glenuskie was destined to a religious life.'

'Never by any save his enemies, Lady. The Regent Albany and his fierce sons have striven to scare Malcolm into a cloister, that his sister and his lands may be their prey; and they would have succeeded had not I come to Scotland in time. The lad never had any true vocation.'

'That may be,' said Esclairmonde, somewhat sorrowfully.

'Still,' added James, 'he is of a thoughtful and somewhat tender mould, and the rudeness of life will try him sorely unless he had some cheering star, some light of love to bear him up and guide him on his way.'

'If so, may he find a worthy one.'

'Lady, it is too late to talk of what he may find. The brightness that has done so much for him already will hinder him from turning his eyes elsewhere.'

'You are a minstrel, Sir King, and therefore these words of light romance fall from your lips.'

'Nay, Lady, hitherto my romance has been earnest. It rests with you to make Malcolm's the same.'

'Not so, Sir. That has long been out of my hands.'

'Madame, you might well shrink from what it was an insult to you to propose; but have you never thought of the blessings you might confer in the secular life, with one who would be no hindrance, but a help?'

'No, Sir, for no blessings, but curses, would follow a breach of dedication.'

Digitized by Google

'Lady, I will not press you with what divines have decided respecting such dedication. Any scruples could be removed by the Holy Father at Rome, and though I will speak no farther, I will trust to your considering the matter. You have never viewed it in any light save that of a refuge from wedlock with one to whom I trust you would prefer my gentle cousin.'

'It were a poor compliment to Lord Malcolm to name him in the same day with Sir Boëmond of Burgundy,' said Esclairmonde; 'but, as I said, it is not the person that withholds me, but the fact that I am not free.'

'I do not ask you to love or accept the poor boy as yet,' said James; 'I leave that for the time when I shall bring him back to you, with the qualities grown which you have awakened. At least, I can bear him the tidings that it is not your feelings, but your scruples that are against him.'

'Sir King,' said Esclairmonde gravely, 'I question not your judgement in turning your kinsman and subject to the secular life; but if you lead him by false hopes, of which I am the object, I tell you plainly that you are deluding him; and if any evil come thereof, be it on your own head.'

She moved away, with a bend of her graceful neck, and James stood with half a smile curving his lip. 'By my troth,' he said to himself, 'a lordly lady! She knows her own vocation. She is one to command scores of holy maids, and have all the Abbots and Priors round at her beck, instead of one poor man. Rather Malcolm than I! But he is the very stuff that loves to have such a woman to rule him; and if she wed at all, he is the very man for her! I'll not give it up! Love is the way to make a man of him, whether successful or not, and she may change her mind, since she is not yet on the roll of saints. If I could get a word with her father confessor, and shew him how much it would be for the interest of the Church in Scotland to get such a woman there; it would be the surest way of coming at her. Were she once in Scotland, my pretty one would have a stay and helper! But all must rest till after the campaign.'

James therefore told Malcolm so much as that he had spoken to his lady-love for him, and that she had avowed that it was not himself but her own vows that was the obstacle. Malcolm crimsoned with joy as well as confusion; and the King proceeded, 'For the vows'—he shrugged his shoulders—'we know there is a remedy! Meantime, Malcolm, be you a man, win your spurs, and shew yourself worth overcoming something for!'

Malcolm smiled and brightened, holding his head high and joyously, and handling his sword. Then came the misgiving—'But Lilias, Sir, and Patrick Drummond.'

'We will provide for them, boy. You know Drummond is bent on carving his own fortune rather than taking yours, and that your sister only longs to see you a gallant knight.'

Digitized by Google

It was true, but Malcolm sighed.

'You have not spoken to the lady yourself,' asked the King.

'No, Sir. Oh! how can I?' faltered Malcolm, shame-faced and frightened.

James laughed. 'Let that be as the mood takes you, or occasion serves,' he said, wondering whether the lad's almost abject awkwardness and shame would be likely to create the pity akin to love or to contempt, and deciding that it must be left to chance.

Nor did Malcolm find boldness enough to do more than haunt Esclairmonde's steps, trembling if she glanced towards him, and almost shrinking from her gaze. He had now no doubts about going on the campaign, and was in full course of being prepared with equipments, horses, armour, and attendants, as became a young prince attending on his sovereign as an adventurer in the camp. It was not even worth while to name such scruples to the English friar who shrived him on the last day before the departure, and who knew nothing of his past history. He knew all priests would say the same things, and as he had never made a binding vow, he saw no need of consulting anyone on the subject, it would only vex him again, and fill him with doubts. The suspicion that Dr. Bennet was aware of his previous intention made him shrink from him. So the last day had come, and all was farewell. King Henry had persuaded the Queen to seclude herself for one evening from Madame of Hainault for his sake. King James was pacing the gardens on the Thames banks, with Joan Beaufort's hand for once allowed to repose in his; many a noble gentleman was exchanging last words with his wife—many a young squire whispering what he had never ventured to say before—many a silver mark was cloven—many a bright tress was exchanged. Even Ralf Percy was in the midst of something very like a romp with the handsome Bessie Nevil for a knot of ribbon to carry to the wars.

Malcolm felt a certain exaltation in being enough like other people to have a lady-love, but there was not much comfort otherwise; indeed, he could so little have addressed Esclairmonde that it was almost a satisfaction that she was the centre of a group of maidens whose lovers or brothers either had been sent off beforehand, or who saw their attentions paid elsewhere, and who all alike gravitated towards the Demoiselle de Luxemburg for sympathy. He could but hover on the outskirts, conscious that he must cut a ridiculous figure, but unable to detach himself from the neighbourhood of the magnet. As he looked back on the happy weeks of unconstrained intercourse, when he came to her as freely as did these young girls with all his troubles, he felt as if the King had destroyed all his joy and peace, and yet that these flutterings of heart and agonies of shame and fits of despair were worth all that childish calm.

He durst say nothing, only now and then to gaze on her with his great brown wistful eyes, which he dropped whenever she looked towards him; until at last, when the summer evening was closing in, and the last signal

Digitized by Google

was given for the break-up of the party, Malcolm ventured on one faltering murmur, 'Lady, Lady, you are not offended with me?'

'Nay,' said Esclairmonde kindly, 'nothing has passed between us that should offend me.'

His eye lighted. 'May I still be remembered in your prayers, Lady?'

'As I shall remember all who have been my friends here,' she said.

'And O Lady, if I should—should win honour, may I lay it at your feet?'

'Whatever you achieve as a good man and true will gladden me,' said Esclairmonde, 'as it will all others that wish you well. Both you and your sister in her loneliness shall have my best prayers. Farewell, Lord Malcolm; may the Saints bless and guard you whether in the world or the Church.'

Malcolm knew why she spoke of his sister, and felt as if there were no hope for him. Esclairmonde's grave kindness was a far worse sign than would have been any attempt to evade him, but at any rate she had spoken with him, and his heart could not but be cheered. What might he not do in the glorious future? As the foremost champion of a crusading king, bearing St. Andrew's cross through the very gates of Jerusalem, what maiden, however saintly, could refuse him his guerdon?

And he knew that for the present, Esclairmonde was safe from retiring into any convent, since her high birth and great possessions would make any such establishment expect a large dower with her as a right, and few abbesses would have ventured to receive a runaway foreigner, especially as one of her guardians was the Bishop of Therouenne.

(To be continued.)

BERTRAM; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

CHAPTER XIII.

Pendyne Castle, the seat of the ancient family of the Treneers, was situated in one of the wildest and most romantic spots in all the wild and romantic county of Cornwall—wild, from the surrounding scenery, where you could imagine the old savage animals still prowling among the rocks—romantic, from its deeply stirring legends of the olden time, as well as from the perfect loveliness of its home views, its expanse of majestic rock and ocean far away.

The old, almost Cyclopean, architecture of the Castle would have fitted it for a home for the enchanter Merlin. The lovely bowers, radiant with the brightest ornaments of the garden, both in summer and in the greater part of what we call winter, would have suited it to the fancy of the highest born maiden at the court of the English kings.

The noble family of whom we are speaking did not 'come in' with 'the

Digitized by Google

Conquest.' No 'Trenyr of Pendene' appears in the Roll of Battle Abbey. With all their hearts, with every good broad-sword, did they strive to keep off that dire calamity; and on the fatal field near Hastings, the Lord of Pendene and his two young sons lay stiff and cold, by the side of their dead master.

Centuries before the Conquest had the Trenyrs lived and flourished in their ancient fortress. Centuries before, was it, that the renowned King Arthur had Sir Trenyr for his faithful and valiant knight, and had condescended to return his visits of attendance at Camelot, by a royal progress to Pendene.

And truly if Camelford *be* the modern rendering of the locality of that old palace, (as has been said,) the vassal had indeed the best of it—an almost perpetual summer for perpetual winter, the sweet soft winds of the south for the cutting baring storms of the northern frontier of the county.

But the frame of the hardy British prince may have been proof against a biting wind, and the lady of Sir Trenyr cared not, perhaps, to cultivate the floral tastes of her descendants. And so the contrast of position may not have appeared in such *alto relievo* as at present. Be this as it may, the good swords of Pendene were not softened in that gentle climate, and Sir Trenyr and his retainers, under the banner of the valiant prince, aided in trampling under foot the hated Saxon invaders. Ask for the vellum manuscript preserved with so much care in the library at Pendyne; that pale thoughtful countenance with the eye of fire is held to be the portrait of Sir Trenyr.

But the valour of the ancient race did not always insure the victory, though Saxons, Danes, and Normans, had felt the power of the Cornish arm. Now they fought the invaders like lions, now raged like tigers at bay; but the result, not always very favourable in their struggles with the Saxon invaders, was far more fatal in their opposition to the Normans.

We need not pursue their history. How it happened, in the general deprivation of the English nobility, that Trenyr of Pendene managed to keep his castle does not appear. It is not very probable that he did keep it. But we do read that the two slain sons before mentioned were cadets of the old house, and a century later revives the honoured name, a baron in the royal household, and still of his beloved Pendene.

Perhaps he had lived abroad and grown rich, and the Norman intruder had gambled and become poor, or had hated his masters present with a force equal to the Briton's love. We do not know; but we find a baron, in course of time, promoted for good service to be an earl, and what title could have a charm for him save the name of his honoured home? A change appears before long in the spelling, which we may suppose gave satisfaction at the time, and the Trenyrs of Pendene have become Treneers of Pendyne. They wish now to resume the old titles, but there is a difficulty in the way.

Digitized by Google

The Countess sat in one of the more modern mullioned windows of the Castle library. It was the morning succeeding her return, and she had been somewhat exhausted by the fatigues of the long journey. The railway was not in existence beyond Plymouth, and there was a day's posting after sleeping at the great hotel.

Lady Pendyne needed more care now than her daughter, to whom the prospect of return seemed to have imparted new strength. The Countess looked thoughtful and sad, as was usual to her when alone; but the sound of Adela's voice, as she addressed herself to one of her numerous pets in passing through the hall, summoned up one of her sweetest smiles; and as her little daughter came in, the shade had all vanished for a time.

'My darling, where have you and Papa been all this time? Into all the cottages in Pendyne?'

'Oh no, dear Mamma. But Papa is going to take a long round "everywhere," he said, so he told me I had better go home with James.'

'He let old James drive you alone?'

'Oh yes. He has done it before. He drives quite as well as Papa.'

'Yes, he does, I know. But you have lingered too, Adela.'

'Yes, Mamma. In the Church. I asked Papa to take me all over it, after the service. Into our part too, Mamma.'

The sadness came again over the face of the Countess, and for a few moments there was silence. Adela was the first to break it.

'Dearest Mamma, may I say something? Shall I pain you so very much? Something about the window.'

Lady Pendyne looked as though it would pain her very much, but she said, 'Yes, my love, you may. I know that it must come.'

'Mamma, I have had a dear little brother and sister, once.'

'And you have them now, Ada darling, in Heaven.'

'But must I never know anything more about them? it seems so sad.'

'It must feel very sad, love, always. It is a heavy grief both to your Papa and me.'

'But I did ask Papa if I might know more, and he said, yes, "if you approved." Do you approve, Mamma? sometimes I think I remember them.'

'Scarcely, love. But I will tell you myself, now.'

'Oh, not *you*, dearest Mamma. You will be so grieved.'

'Never mind, darling, I would rather. Better that it should be over. You know that Papa went on a special mission to Portugal. It was there that we lost our darlings.'

Overpowered by her recollections, the Countess hid her face for a moment. Then she proceeded.

'Your grandpapa lived in the neighbourhood, while we were at

Digitized by Google

Lisbon—my father, I mean. We received a message to say that he was dying, and wanted urgently to see me. You and I had both been delicate. The climate had not agreed with either of us. Your Papa accompanied us, and was to return; but I seemed so ill from the shock, that he feared to leave me. My darlings were in charge of the head nurse, a most trustworthy person, and I never thought of danger when I went away.'

Another pause; but the Countess soon continued—

'The cellar of the house in which we had lived must have contained a quantity of gunpowder, but we, of course, were not aware of it. There was certainly a slight shock of an earthquake, we felt it ourselves. Perhaps it threw down a lamp upon the barrel. We do not know how this was, but there was a fearful explosion, and, summoned one day to the bed-side of my dying father, I was recalled, on the next, to the heap of ruins which contained the ashes of my children.'

'And they were killed by the gunpowder! And you never saw them again! Oh, poor Mamma and Papa, what you must have suffered!'

'Ah! what we have suffered indeed! But not more, love, than was quite good for us. We have always remembered that. And that we shall meet them again, more beautiful, one day.'

'And then I shall see them too, my own sweet little brother and sister! Did anyone dig into the ruins?'

'Yes, love, they did. They found all there was to find. Some little children's remains. Nothing that could be recognized. Your Papa was there during the time, and all was gathered up.'

'And did you look, Mamma?'

'No, love, never. When first brought to the spot, I fell insensible, and so remained for hours. Then I asked, but was implored not to insist. Your Papa was very uneasy about me. When I got better, we came to England, and brought our darlings with us.'

'To Pendyne, Mamma?'

'No, Ada, not to Pendyne. I was so ill upon arriving at Southampton, that I could not proceed. Nor would your Papa leave me, so our sweet ones rest in a village church-yard, near to the place where we landed.'

'And then you had your text put up, Mamma!'

'Yes, love, Mr. Gordon brought it for me. He was very good to me, and a great help. I shall ever remember it. He shewed me how many prayers there were in the Psalms for help and comfort, and asked his sister to draw out this on purpose for me.'

'Thank you, dearest Mamma, for telling me so much, and I must not ask you now one question more.'

'No, love. Ask your Papa, and he will tell you what our precious ones were like, and you have seen the portraits. Little Emmeline was really too young to make a picture. Babies are supposed to be so much

Digitized by Google

alike, but we are so glad we had her taken. She lay in my lap so still and happy, little darling! Some day, Adela, I may be able to talk more freely, if I can get better, and more used to the trial; but every year I think what sweet ages my darlings would have been, and every child reminds me; even those little Gipsies did so in the road. But we must not dwell upon these trials too much as accidents, trusting that we are watched over and loved, and that this was permitted for our good, and for the safety of our dear ones. Only I have never felt quite sure that I did rightly, and this has been a great part of my trial.'

'Rightly about what, dearest Mamma?'

'About leaving your little brother and sister alone, without either your Papa or me.'

There was another pause.

'Mamma, if we had been there too, we might all have been killed; or poor Papa might have been left alone. And another thing, Mamma. You went to see your own dear papa. If you or Papa had been ill, and had asked for me, I am sure I should have left twenty babies, all by themselves, directly.'

'Ah! you don't know, love. And it may have been right, but I should like to feel quite sure of it.'

A loving embrace from the tender-hearted child followed, and the soft kisses, mingled with gentle tears, linked the two hearts closer and closer to each other.

It was well perhaps that the entrance of a servant, with some trifling message, should turn at last the current of their ideas; and by the time that a note had been written, the child's mind had reverted to her favourites in all parts of the estate.

'Darling Mamma, you will let me take you to see the pets, will you not, every one of them, after luncheon? Please let me have the pleasure of introducing them. There will be so much to see, it will take all the afternoon. You will not drive anywhere to-day, will you?'

'Papa will want me, darling. He said so; but not early, I dare say.'

'If Papa comes home in time, we will do him the favour to take him with us,' pursued Adela. 'But he seemed to have so much to do, that I do not think there is much hope of his company.'

And when luncheon was over, the two devoted companions set out together.

It may be supposed, from our allusions to the delicate health of the Countess, and her frequent sadness, that she was a depressing companion for her little girl; and that the society of other children should have been substituted for that of her mother. But this is a mistake. Adela was never so happy as in the society of the Countess, Lady Pendyne never so lively as with her daughter by her side. You will remember the circumstances under which you saw them together at Brastings. The child was ill, not so very ill, but anxiety had been called up in the

Digitized by Google

parent's mind, and it was not a time when cheerfulness could exist, or even if existing, could have been shown. But Lady Pendyne, too grave for her husband, especially low and depressed when in gay society, has smiles, nay laughter and merry games, ready for this darling of her heart; and Adela, after a day with the young companions whom it was thought so good for her to receive, would seek her mother's presence, as a refreshment from the fatigues of her entertainment. Possibly the consciousness of holding such a position in her mother's affections, might have had something to do with this. They did not analyse the feeling, but there it was, a joy to both parties, a soothing balm for the sorrows of the one wounded heart.

Mr. Gordon, the Rector of Pendyne, and chaplain at the Castle, was on the most intimate terms with its inhabitants. It was the happiest of friendships, founded, on either side, upon the firmest basis, each having at heart the same motives, or rather the same *one* motive, from which sprang every endeavour for the good of the surrounding population.

'My love,' said the Earl, 'you are going to have a visitor. I hope you do not feel especially disinclined?'

'For Uncle Bertram?' inquired the Countess, very mournfully.

'A very clever guess. What made you so clairvoyante with regard to the letter in my pocket?'

'My clever guess was in order that you might instantly relieve my mind by saying "*no*,"' replied the Countess, now smiling.

'Ah, but I cannot say it for your satisfaction. Shall I decline, then? He says he would *like* to see us before long, and perhaps you would receive him for a few days. He "would name Sunday, but for our prejudices."'

'Pray confirm him in his ideas of our prejudices. We have no wish to have his horses clattering through the town in the middle of the Church service, or our household hindered in the discharge of their Sunday duties.'

'Tell him yourself, Anna,' said the Earl in his most winning tones. 'The letter is all for you, take it and give him the reply. Do, love.'

The Countess took the letter, and retired into the library.

'Lady Pendyne looks all the better for her journey,' remarked Mr. Gordon. 'It is indeed a pleasure to see her so much more like herself.'

'Yes, I am most thankful. Though tired with traveling, the depression has not returned. She seems now as if she could enjoy the country. Even during a slight illness of Adela's, she was not so overwhelmed as she has been. I will, however, own that we were *both* anxious, for a time, upon that occasion.'

'Lady Adela looks well now, very well.'

'Yes; and we are all glad to return. I own, as regards myself, that I am never so well satisfied when away from old Cornwall. It is a

Digitized by Google

common feeling with those who are born in this county. Neither Eton nor Oxford, or town, have ever worked a cure in me; and I sometimes tell my wife I ought scarcely to have married what they here call a "foreigner."'

'Yet the English nobility have not usually any *great* predilection for their own county,' remarked Mr. Gordon, 'and feel themselves to be much more of London, always; though of course there they differ.'

'Yes, that is true; but a Cornishman is ever faithful to his country and his race. The motto, you know, is "One and all." We never forget it.'

'Mr. Treneer only visits you for a few days, I believe?'

'Ah! I must not forget, indeed, that *he* is *one* of *us*, and in a double sense. We shall make him welcome. He loves the old castle: you know he was born here.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes, he lived here until he grew up; then my grandfather died, and my father came into the title and estates. Then he left, of course. He has, however, a very good estate of his own in the county, though the younger son. But there will be changes, Mr. Gordon—*great* changes here some day,' continued the Earl, with a sigh, 'though I shall not be here to see them.'

The sigh was for the anticipated undoing of that good which it had been the labour of the Earl's life to effect.

'Mr. Treneer is your senior, I believe, by fully twenty years,' remarked Mr. Gordon.

'Yes. He may never himself inherit. But—'

After a pause, 'You do not know his sons, perhaps?'

'I saw one here, once,' replied the Rector.

'He paid us one visit. We should be better off with Uncle Bertram than with my cousin. My uncle has rather a better phase of character, I truly believe, than he thinks proper to shew us. We once hurt and offended him very much, as you will remember.'

'Yes, I remember it well; but you were right.'

'I felt that we were right. In so important a matter as the sponsors for our little son, we could but endeavour to choose such as were most suitable, and could not act from secondary motives. We felt very sorry indeed, for we appreciated his desire, and knew that his feelings would be hurt. But his proposal was a mistake.'

'Quite so,' observed the Rector, 'but very kindly intended, as you say.'

'It was especially kind, considering the position occupied by my son. But for Uncle Bertram, and his most unsatisfactory heir, to be the spiritual guardians of my boy—it could not be. Suppose I had died? But I know your opinion, having sought for your good advice at the time. We have, ever since, observed in my uncle a stronger opposition to what he calls "our ways,"—for instance, his even *naming* the Sunday arrival, though he did not actually intend to be ill-natured.'

Digitized by Google

'Oh, no. I quite understand the character, not a very uncommon one.'

'Possibly. But I do sometimes wish there were some subjects upon which we could agree, where I *could* take his advice on plans for the future, in which of course he must be so much interested. But it is not possible, and I sadly feel that there will be changes.'

'Perhaps the change will be in himself,' observed Mr. Gordon. 'Remember that such things have been.'

'And so may it be in this case,' returned the Earl, with great earnestness. But the Countess here re-entering, the conversation changed; and shortly afterwards the Rector took his leave.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE LANDGRAVINE'S CROSS.'

'LITTLE ANGELA, run to the window, and see if there are any foot-prints on the snow this Christmas morning,' said the good pastor, as he watched his wife and his eldest daughter preparing with the most scrupulous nicety to lay the long deal table with the spotless home-spun linen, which, alas! bore the marks of many a rent and tear, darned over again and again by the deft fingers which were so long and white, and looked as if they might well have graced a far different task.

The pastor and his wife had married young, and settled down here in the forest, surrounded by unbroken solitude, and two or three miles from the village whose little church the pastor was appointed to serve. They were very happy contented people, and one little head after another began to make its appearance in the family without causing any serious uneasiness; there was still enough meal in the chest, and there were a great many good blankets in the store-closet, and if one child did outgrow its clothes rather quickly, they came in very conveniently for the next.

So when Christmas Day came, they had good store of mince-pies, not to mention the turkey and sausages which came in the hamper the children's rich Aunt Theresa invariably sent to the parsonage on Christmas Eve. Accordingly when on their way home from church they fell in with a stranger who had been one of the most attentive of all the congregation, and the pastor asked him if he would not step in and partake of his Christmas fare; no one made the least objection, and the guest was made welcome to the warmest corner by the fire-side, and the largest slice off the turkey's breast.

Much pleased was he at the cordial hospitality with which he was received; and his heart opened so, that the pastor and his wife were quite delighted with their new acquaintance, while he assured them that he was

Digitized by Google

at that time homeless, and that had it not been for their kindness, he should have looked in vain for a Christmas dinner. At day-break the next morning he left them, promising in answer to their repeated solicitations, that he would come back again if he could.

Then the good wife put away the best china, which had been taken out for the charming stranger, and she said that no one should use it until the next Christmas came round; and when that arrived, the softest bed was spread with the finest sheets in the very best chamber, and the table was laid with an extra cup and plate, and the rich aunt's choicest delicacies were set down, in the hope that he might once more claim their hospitality. But he did not come.

Then the good pastor said, 'Still let the vacant seat at our board be filled. Look out, my children, and see if anyone is passing this way; if so, open the door and bid him welcome.'

So the children went to the window, but they saw no one. They sat down and cut the turkey, but the daintiest morsels were still put upon the plate which there was no one to empty.

The good pastor said, 'Come, this will never do; we are thinking more of the absent whom all our care cannot profit, than of those who are present with us and around us, seeking our sympathy;' and when they had all finished, and grace was said, he bade his two eldest children run with the plate of good things to the charcoal-burner's blind mother, who lived farther in the heart of the forest.

After this, Christmas never came that the pastor's family did not look about them to think what houseless and homeless wanderer they could invite to share their cheer; but few strangers came that way, and these were always in a hurry, and could not stay, or else they had made arrangements to dine elsewhere; but still the extra cup and plate, and the empty chair, were set at the pastor's board, and still the good wife heaved a sigh as she looked around her at the row of fresh and smiling faces, for her heart could have made room for yet one other guest; and still the pastor said,

'Little Angela, look out of the window, and see if there are any foot-prints on the snow.'

But the times grew harder; the little family increased mightily, but so did not the provision for them. The girls grew up beautiful and good; they were simple-minded, and had been also brought up to be industrious. There was no servant kept at the parsonage, for they could never have afforded her wages, so everything was done at home. A great deal was accomplished where there were so many pairs of willing hands to work. Yet the pastor grew poorer and poorer, and more and more sad, when he saw that his poverty was telling on the prospects of his lovely and pious daughters, for none of the village youths ever thought of straying into the forest for a wife; while Bertha, the rich miller's eldest child, who was flighty and ill-favoured, had enough lovers to have supplied every one of the pastor's daughters with husbands, and all because it was said that her

Digitized by Google

father had promised to give her three hundred pounds on the day of her marriage, and her old grandmother had been heard to say, that if Bertha made a sensible choice, she did not know that she might not be prevailed upon to make a present to the girl of a real set of sables which would keep her warm the whole winter through.

When the pastor's wife heard this, she called her eldest-born Theresa to her, and putting on her marriage finger the pearl ring which had been given her at her own wedding, she said, sighing,

'Here, my child, is the only betrothal ring that will ever be given to thee; but keep a good heart, and if anyone asks thee the lover's name who put it there, tell them 'tis thy mother has married thee to an honest and virtuous life, with the warmest blessing that ever a mother gave to a dutiful child!'

Of course the maiden laughed and blushed, and said she did not want a lover, that she had never seen a single young man in all the village that she could fancy. In good sooth she had something else to think of; and she ran off to milk the cow, and give the chickens their barley porridge.

It was now fourteen years since the Christmas Guest had crossed their threshold, and Christmas Eve dawned upon a cold hearth and an empty meal chest. Thirteen blooming children clustered around the pastor and his care-worn looking wife. They were speaking cheerfully of the better times they hoped would come for them with the new year, and how the eldest son, Francis, was now just turned twelve, and might perhaps be successful in procuring a situation, and so earning his own livelihood before long. 'And wasn't it lucky the good Aunt Theresa never neglected to send them a hamper of delicacies on Christmas Eve? otherwise there would be nothing but bread and cheese to set before the Christmas Guest, if he should come on the morrow.' And the younger ones laughed a little, for the guest who was always waited for, and never came, had become somewhat of a jest with those who had never seen him, and they did not dream what a serious matter it was to Theresa, who, though only a little child at the time of his appearance among them, had never forgotten the stranger's frank manners and bright sunny smile.

By-and-by the charcoal-burner came with a great load of peats, which he begged them to accept, in memory of his old dead mother, to whom they had been so kind; and the pastor accepted the simple gift with frank readiness, saying,

'These are indeed welcome, neighbour, for our fire-wood was all used out, and the children were cold. In truth, this winter has been most unusually severe.—Angela, my dear wife, is there not a drop of wine left, that our friend may drink to a merry Christmas?'

But the charcoal-burner disappeared in a great hurry to escape thanks, just as the pastor's wife had made up her mind to chide her husband most severely for his thoughtlessness in supposing that there could be any wine in the house, when she had seen none for a twelvemonth!

Digitized by Google

Very late that night, later indeed than had ever happened before, the anxiously-expected hamper arrived from the good aunt. All the money they had in the house went to pay for the carriage, and as soon as the porter was gone, the pastor, his wife, and the thirteen children, clustered around, their faces full of eager and joyous expectation. It was a large hamper, but it was also very light.

At length the cover was removed, and there appeared the usual layer of straw. According to the household custom, they then drew lots, which should first plunge a hand into the packing, for whatever was then brought up became the property of that person. The rest was considered to belong to the family.

The lot fell upon Theresa; she dived into the straw and felt about it in every direction, expecting to meet with many and various obstacles, in the shape of the customary fat turkey or monster jar of mincemeat, but nothing of the kind did she bring up.

'What, not even a box of sugar-plums? you are a bad caterer, Theresa; try again,' said the pastor; and Theresa did try, but she only brought up straw.

'This is some trick,' said the mother; and she looked at the label to see if it were in Aunt Theresa's handwriting, and so it was sure enough. Then all the hands were thrown at once into the straw, and it was pulled out and strewed on the floor, and they came to the bottom, and found—nothing—except a piece of paper enumerating in Aunt Theresa's business-like way, the various articles that there could be no doubt had been put in before the hamper left her house. The list stood thus: 'Turkey and sausages, Christmas pie, jar of mincemeat, sauer-kraut, three jars of preserved plums, raisins and brandy for the children's snap-dragon, a frosted cake, a bottle of wine, gingerbread, a warm shawl for the mother, a muff for Theresa, and a Christmas-tree covered all over with oranges and bon-bons for the little ones.'

It was plain that the hamper had been rifled on its way.

Who shall describe the lamentations of the whole party as they realized their loss? The pastor was the first to calm his feelings of indignation and disappointment, and to counsel his wife and children to do the same.

'It is worse for the poor man who has helped himself at our expense,' said he, 'for it is better to suffer wrong than to inflict it.'

'It is, however, a great pity that we have no Christmas dinner,' said his wife.

'Have we then nothing in the house?'

'A loaf of bread and a little cheese; but you cannot call that a Christmas dinner. Bertha at the mill is to have a haunch of venison, and a goose with sage, besides a pork-pie; but then they have invited six young men to dine with them. Their Will asked our Francis if he could not contrive to drop in at their dinner hour to-morrow, but I will not have it said that *my* children will go anywhere for a meal, so I have told him that he is to do no such thing.'

Digitized by Google

The good pastor sighed a little; his wife grew proud in proportion to her poverty. Yet in this decision (if the spirit in which it was made had but been different) she might in the main be right.

'It is thankless to say that good bread and cheese is not a dinner,' he said gently; and having removed the empty hamper with his own hands, he summoned them all to evening prayers, and then bade them go at once to bed, that they might be up early for the festival of the morrow.

'Must we go to bed supperless, Father?' asked Francis, a thin growing boy with an enormous appetite.

'My son, holy men of old fasted ever on the eve of a festival. Cannot we fast one night at His call Who for our sakes fasted forty?'

Francis, much abashed, retreated from the room, and crept into bed beside his brothers; but being too hungry to sleep, he thought of trying the efficacy of prayer, of which he had heard his father speak much in a late discourse. He said, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' a great many times over, and then much comforted he fell into an uneasy slumber, dreaming, as hungry people too frequently do, of nothing but eating and drinking, poor little boy.

Awakening with a start, he heard a gentle foot-fall, and the soft rustle of a woman's dress in the chamber. The moonlight shining full through the forest trees, which nodded and waved their long branches against the unblinded casement, lit up Theresa's face, as with slow quiet movements she busied herself in laying beside each of the four little beds the clean white collars and handkerchiefs her own hands had starched for the four young brothers who could do so little as yet to repay her anxious love. Francis watched his sister in silence, and a new light broke upon him as he fancied that her lovely face wore a subdued expression that made her more than ever like the painted angels in the church window, while her soft dark eyes were downcast, and the white hands shrank from their contact with the clean linen, as if it felt cold to the touch.

He waited until it was his turn to be visited, and then he said 'Theresa,' but the name died away in a sob.

She spoke cheerfully, but low, fearing to arouse the sleepers. 'What, awake, Francis?'

'Why should not I watch as well as you, Theresa?'

'Because you are little and weakly. Come, Francis, you must not sob in this way;' then bending low, and putting her arms around him, she whispered, 'Are you hungry, darling?' in a gentle pleading tone, as if she were trying to make the humiliating confession easy to him, by meeting it half way.

Francis had often refrained from saying he was hungry, when a clear statement of the truth might have obtained him some extra indulgence; but now that there was nothing to be gained by the acknowledgement, he did not think it worth while to keep it in. 'Yes; but it is not only that.'

'You are sorry that you may not go to the miller's to-morrow; but indeed I think our mother is right, because she always is, and because

Digitized by Google

you know the miller's people are too fine to have anything to do with us, and would not for the world that their city friends should see them stop to shake hands with us, and say it is a fine day.'

'But I do not care about that,' said Francis, still sobbing. 'And I did not mean to eat myself, but I would have hidden everything they gave me, and then I could have brought home a dinner for you and the mother.'

'Ah, Francis, that would not have been well bred; and although we are much poorer now than we were once, I should be sorry that our manners should grow less gentle, and less worthy of our good father, who has more learning than the lord of the Castle himself.'

'Who told you so?' asked Francis, rousing himself and checking his sobs under the soothing influence of his sister's presence.

'The Christmas Guest said it,' answered Theresa, lowering her voice still more; 'but that was fourteen years ago, and everything was different then. The miller's wife was living, and a great friend of our mother's. She invited us to dinner that Christmas, but our father declined. He said that he did not care to be separated from his children at Christmas of all seasons of the year, and though we were every one of us asked, he declared that still less could he think of letting us go to the miller's to get into everyone's way, for he knew that the prattle and merriment which seemed so pleasant to him, could not be anything but tiresome to others, so we ate our pudding at home out of silver spoons.'

'Silver spoons?' repeated Francis; 'I never saw them.'

'No, they were sold when little Victoire was born, to pay the doctor and nurse; but not until the mother had parted with her gold watch, which did not fetch much after all, they said it was old-fashioned. That was why we liked it; it had belonged to our grandmother, and ticked to us all in turn when we were babies. Sometimes I think that with all these fine things we must have been quite rich fourteen years ago, but our father says it was not so, we were only very comfortable.'

'Was that the last happy Christmas?' asked Francis.

'No; oh, no; I think every Christmas has been happy, Francis, that has found us all together in the enjoyment of unbroken health, for every Christmas has brought us anew the assurance that One Who bore greater privation and suffering than can ever be crowded into our lot, was born into the world for us, more than eighteen hundred years ago. But I suppose that was the happiest Christmas.'

'The only Christmas that we ever had a guest,' repeated Francis, musingly. 'It seems strange that we could have ventured to ask one within our doors. I fancy how the miller's Will would stare if I were to say, "Come and dine with us on such a day." He would ask me if I took him for a boar, that I could offer a dish of barbecued acorns, for they persist in saying that is all we can have to live on here in the forest.'

A red flush mounted to Theresa's cheek; even from the lips of her

Digitized by Google

little brother, the jest sounded insolent and cruel. 'The stranger was very gentle and courteous; I think he would have dined off cold water, and said nothing about it, if that was all we had had to set before him. But as I told you we were richer then, and Aunt Theresa's hamper had arrived full of good things. The table was spread with fine damask, and the china we never use except on Christmas Day. I suppose that will have to go next, it is very good, and every separate piece bears at the back the two blue swords crossed, which the miller's wife used to say was an infallible sign of Dresden china. My mother wore her purple silk, and we five were all decked out in clean starched white frocks, with red sashes and red shoes, and red ribbons in our hair. We sat on our high chairs around the table, and ate our sausages without picking out the fat, and the Christmas Guest said that it was a pretty sight to see us all, and that it had been a great pleasure to him to be admitted to a seat by our fire-side.'

'Would not Madam Bertha at the mill stare now at the idea of such a speech ever having been made to us?' said Francis, in a tone of satisfaction.

But Theresa shook her head reprovingly, and glided away to her own chamber.

On the return of the family from church the next day, the pastor's wife laid the table with her accustomed care, garnishing the cheese with holly, since there was no turkey to be decked, and sticking a sprig with scarlet berries into the loaf of bread. Also the whole family were dressed in their best; and the maidens had put on their two or three ornaments, and had hung the picture-frames and the mirror with devices and mottoes in holly. Over the door Theresa had fastened two little anchors in evergreen leaves, saying as she did so, 'I am afraid we want Hope very much.'

'It is of no use to set the cup and plate for the Christmas Guest,' said the good wife despondingly. 'It is fourteen years now since he was here, and most likely he is dead, or has forgotten us; besides, for my part, I hope he will not come to day, since there is nothing for him but bread and cheese.'

Theresa stole her soft eyes to her mother's face to see if she were in earnest, then hid them again under their long lashes.

The pastor spoke. 'Nay, Angela, my dear wife, poverty must not make us inhospitable. Though there are fifteen of us, I think we can still find room for a sixteenth, if the good God should be pleased to send him to us. Set the cup and plate as usual, and let little Angela go once more to the window to see if there are any foot-prints on the snow.'

'Father, there is—a stranger standing at the door. He looks cold, Father, and sad; and I think—yes, I feel certain—I saw him in church this morning.'

'Then run to the door, Angela, and let him in. It must be somebody very poor to have found his way alone to the forest, when there is so

Digitized by Google

much good cheer to be had for the paying for it at the village yonder. Perhaps he followed us here to ask for food and shelter; and he shall have them in the name of Christ, whose Birth-day Feast we are keeping.'

Angela had by this time introduced the stranger into the room.

'The Christmas Guest!' exclaimed the father and mother at once.

Theresa was silent. She stood shading her face with her hand, and colouring with pleasure.

He was changed. His eyes had sunk deeper in his head, those kindly eyes they remembered so well; and youth had faded, perhaps some of youth's high hopes too. Yet if he had need of hope, wherefore had he sought the forest on that bitter winter's day? Could it be possible that he looked to the pastor's family to supply it?

'My kind friends,' he said, lighting up with some of his old sunny warmth, as he extended his hand, 'you see I have not forgotten your welcome of me fourteen years ago. I am come once more to claim your hospitality, and share your Christmas cheer.'

'Our Christmas cheer!' echoed the good wife. 'But you are welcome, Sir. You would have been welcome any Christmas Day for these fourteen years. You see there has always been a place kept for you at our table.'

'And in our hearts,' murmured Theresa to herself.

'Kind and generous friends, I know not how to thank you.' And the stranger threw off his heavy cloak, and sat down by the fire-side; while the little children ran to him at once, as if he had been a dear companion. 'May I hope that during the fourteen years I have been wandering by sea and land the world has prospered with you? Do I not read my answer in the faces of this fair assemblage of sons and daughters? You had only five when I was last here, and now I count thirteen.'

'In the matter of my children I am indeed fortunate, Sir, said the pastor, smiling a somewhat amused smile, at the evident perplexity of his wife, who was casting alternate looks on the noble looking stranger and the scanty fare, which was yet so tastefully and daintily disposed on the table, that the guest had still to make the discovery of their poverty.

At length the good wife made up her mind, and approached the stranger. 'Sir,' she said, 'we have expected you for fourteen years, and during all that time there has never been a Christmas that we have not had something that was fit for you to eat. Last night, however, the hamper my good sister Theresa sent us was rifled on its way, and it was then too late to go to the village to get food. What we have we gladly offer, but we are afraid that it is not fit for such as you; and I could almost find it in my heart to ask you, if you set any value on a good dinner, (and who would not on such a day as this?) to seek the miller's house yonder. Francis would show you the way. And he is rich and hospitable.'

The stranger took her hand in his, and fixed his gentle eyes on her

Digitized by Google

care-worn anxious face. 'You will not deny me a welcome to the forest, will you?' he asked. 'I have dreamed of this meeting for so long.'

Then Theresa sprang up joyfully, for never in her life before had she known her father's house preferred to the miller's; and she looked at the anchors over the door, and wondered if Hope were coming to the forest after all.

The stranger's eyes, which had followed every movement of hers, met her glance; and when he saw the anchors, he smiled a contented smile, as if the sign had something familiar in it; and he was pleased to see that she cherished it.

He was then invited to seat himself, while the poor repast was shared with him, the thirteen children waiting upon the father and mother and the guest, because there was so very little, that they dared not attempt to partake of it; only the stranger, who seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of all that was going on, kept the hungry Francis by his side, supplying him with many morsels from his own plate.

In the evening, they all crowded around the blazing peat fire; and the Christmas Guest became merry for the children's sakes, and told stories, and played games, until it was time for them to go to bed, when strange to say, though supperless, they were all very happy, and did not once remember their hunger; they were so eager to repeat to each other all the kind things the stranger had said to them, and in particular how he remembered Theresa, a little tiny thing, in a white frock with red ribbons, and how he had thought of her so these fourteen years, and had never expected to see a staid grave maiden, with braided hair, and a long dark dress.

'And now tell me why your people have given you so little to bring up these fair children upon,' said the Christmas Guest, turning to the pastor, as he sat by the fire buried in deep thought.

'I suppose I am paid according to my deserts,' he answered gently.

'But the lord of the Castle might do something for you, surely,' said the stranger, with some indignation in his tone.

'He is old and incapable. Men say he is dying.'

'Then you will have the heir to look to.'

'He is a distant relation, sojourning much in foreign lands. We never saw him, and shall feel as if we had no claim upon him.'

The stranger mused, and while he mused he put his hand upon Theresa's. The pearl ring was there, and he felt it, and started back. 'Betrothed!' he whispered huskily, but more to himself than to Theresa.

'Nay, already wedded, but to a single life,' she answered, with a calm smile.

'For whose sake?'

'For no one's sake. My heart has never been sought.'

'Then you are free, Theresa?'

She made him no answer.

Digitized by Google

'Theresa, I am going on a dangerous enterprise.' Distant wars call me. Will you pray for me when I am gone?'

'I have prayed for you for fourteen years,' she said softly. 'And the good Christ has heard my prayers, and brought you safe to our home at last.'

'Then the stranger turned to the pastor, and said, 'If I live, I will come again to you on this day next year.'

The pastor sighed. And his wife said, 'Ah, where shall we all be next year?'

But Theresa glided off to help put the children to bed, rejoicing in her heart that not Bertha, the rich miller's daughter, but she, the poor maiden of the forest, had been asked for her prayers; and that while the people of the village passed her by, and cared not to enter her father's doors, the stranger, with the deep-set eyes and the gentle voice, had preferred sharing in the pastor's poor repast, to joining in all the rude cheer, and partaking of the abundance of the miller's table. He had even promised to come again.

The guest departed at day-break, leaving his purse behind; but although it was heavy with gold, and contained also jewels of value, it was not of any use to the pastor's family, who only put it by in a safe place, till he should come for it next year.

Still they did not prosper; and the winter rolled heavily by to all, except Theresa, who was conscious of a fresh spring of hope in her heart. Francis never obtained his situation; and he grew so fast, and ate so little to support his strength, that the expression of his face was quite pitiful to see. Bertha, the miller's daughter, was married in the spring to one of the chief tenants on the estate, whose lord now lay dying. Then summer came, but it did not last long. In the autumn the old lord died. Bertha was much at the Castle, for she was considered a good nurse; but the servants there complained dreadfully of her airs, and were very glad when her occupation ceased, and she and her silk dresses took themselves home again. The heir was expected to arrive in the winter; and December had now come.

On Christmas Eve two hampers came to the parsonage door; the one as usual was addressed in the Aunt Theresa's handwriting, and was found to contain double the customary amount of good things, to make up for the disappointment of last year. The other—I suppose no one ever saw such a hamper before, nor ever will again. Everything in it was multiplied by three. There were three turkeys, all ready stuffed; three strings of sausages of no mean size; three spiced cakes; three dozen mince pies; everything, in short, that heart could wish for, including wine and chocolate, besides a beautiful gift for every member of the family, labelled with their names. The mother's was an India shawl of surpassing richness; and Theresa's a diamond hoop ring, with her name engraved inside between two anchors. Francis received a Christmas pie all to himself. It was of colossal size, enriched on the

Digitized by Google

cover with the claws of birds, which served as a landmark to point the way to the rich and delicate fare lying beneath. At the bottom of the hamper they found a slip of paper containing these words: 'An offering of gratitude and affection from the Christmas Guest.' They were traced in a weak unsteady hand, as if the writer were ill and suffering. Would he not then come to them on the morrow? Theresa wept in the midst of her joy, to think that he who had remembered them so affectionately should be lying upon a sick-bed, perhaps far away.

All the village was astir, because the new lord of the Castle, and his brother, had just arrived; and great was the curiosity among the simple congregation at church, when, on Christmas Day, a stranger made his appearance in the crimson lined seat which belonged to the Castle. But the pastor and his family heeded none of the gossip, walking sadly homewards, because the Christmas Guest had not found his way there, and they believed that he must be too ill to come to them.

Nevertheless, the force of habit was too strong for the good wife; and she laid the extra cup and plate—the only little remnant they had managed to save out of the whole beautiful set of china, which had been sold to Bertha's rich husband months ago—although she did not believe it would be used that day.

Just, however, as they were all preparing to sit down to the table, whose plain delf services were literally brimming over with the turkeys and sausages set upon them, little Angela looked out of window, to count the foot-prints on the snow once more. 'One, two, three, four, five, six,' she went on counting, until she came to fifteen. There she paused, hesitated, began again. 'There are sixteen, Father,' said she; and beholding the occupant of the Castle seat standing on the door-step, she sprang to her father's side with the news.

'Run, Angela, and open the door,' said the pastor; 'we might well admit a dozen wayfarers, and yet have enough to spare.'

The stranger entered, but he refused with a courteous inclination the repeated invitations of the pastor and his wife to occupy the vacant seat. 'I am come,' he said very gravely, 'from my brother, the lord of the Castle, who has been severely wounded in foreign wars, and was brought home with great difficulty and danger, it being his own earnest desire and longing to die within reach of those who, he says, have been kinder to him than anyone has ever been in his life before; or if it may be the will of God,' continued the stranger, as he looked towards Theresa, and noted the death-like pallor which had succeeded the flush of joyful surprise on her face, 'it would please him much to recover under their care. He has sent me now to ask if you will come to him.'

The pastor's wife drew back a little proudly, saying, 'If the Christmas Guest had come to our doors never so sick or so poor, we would have taken him in, and ministered to his every want with the

Digitized by Google

best of our substance; but it is not for the like of us to be about the lord of the Castle. Let him send for the miller's Bertha at the lodge; she is reckoned a good nurse.'

'Tell me, Sir,' interrupted the pastor eagerly, 'did my lord say nothing of a purse of gold, with emeralds, that he left behind him last Christmas Day?'

'He spake naught of gold or jewels, Sir,' replied the stranger; 'but much of the kindness and hospitality you had exercised towards him; much also of a maiden, named Theresa, whose prayers he believes to have protected him in the battle. May I not see her, and thank her for her charity?' He fixed his eyes on Theresa, as if to ask if it were indeed she of whom his brother spoke; and the maiden was led forward, weeping for mingled joy and sorrow. Then he took her hand courteously, saying, 'Dear Sister, for so I hope I may one day call you, do not you agree with your mother in what she has just said, for in truth the miller's Bertha would not do in this case, since the grave physicians say that it is not the most skilful of hired attendants (and of these my brother has had no lack) that can now avail, their every resource having been already tried, and with small fruit; but if one for dear love's sake should undertake the cure, we may have hope.'

'Do you hear that, Mother? the Christmas Guest has sent to me to bring him hope. You will not keep me from him?' pleaded Theresa, trembling.

Then the mother sent her for her hood and mantle; and they all four set off for the Castle together.

The lord of the Castle was lying on crimson cushions, and surrounded by anxious attendants. They who have so long braved the winds and waters, may surely earn for themselves a little loving care in their time of need. He was changed, but his eyes had grown more large and tender than ever; and when he drew Theresa down beside him, and wept over and kissed her, she felt that the long years of slighted poverty were more than made up to her. But in stretching out his hand for hers, he encountered something hard.

'What is it, love?' he whispered, unable to tear his eyes from her face to look.

'Your purse of gold, my Lord,' she answered gently; and as she gave it into his keeping, heavy as when he had left it in the forest, strange to say, fresh tears fell from his eyes.

'O Theresa, you might have known that all I had was yours!'

Then a learned and grave physician approached, saying, 'I leave the sick warrior in your hands, Madam; and so great is the prize you will win, that I cannot doubt of your good will in the task. Recover the lord of the Castle from his dangerous wound, and you will then indeed deserve to be his wife.'

But at that sentence Theresa hid her face.

'Ah Theresa! gentle one! you will be my wife, will you not?' he

Digitized by Google

asked softly. 'Last Christmas Day, you thought nothing of denying yourself to minister to my necessities; and am I asking such a much greater sacrifice in praying you to become the wife of the Christmas Guest?'

After the departure of the father and mother and Theresa, a blank fell on the twelve children, who, but imperfectly comprehending what had passed, were gathered round the table, in considerable doubt whether to begin their Christmas dinner, or to await the return of the heads of the family. Hungry as they were, it was some time before the question could be solved. In the absence of the steady Theresa, not one of the sisters was considered of sufficient authority to sanction so glaring a defiance of existing rules; and not until a full hour had passed in fruitless longing, did Angela, little now no longer, although her father still called her so, and the eldest of the twelve, dare to end the suspense by plunging a knife in the breast of a turkey, excusing herself by saying, as she filled the plates of the tearful but perfectly patient children, 'The little ones will be hungry, and our father and mother would not, I am sure, that any should suffer on this day of all the year.'

Then Francis took courage, and making an incision in his pie, he shared it among his brothers and sisters with no sparing hand.

It was a long, and, in spite of the good cheer, a listless afternoon. Every moment they expected the return of the father and mother and Theresa, and we all know how wearisome it is to indulge in anticipations which are perpetually being disappointed. At last Francis sighed despondingly, 'I wish the charcoal-burner's mother were still alive.'

'Why?' asked the grave Angela, who had gathered the three youngest around her knee, and was telling them, for the hundredth time, the story of the Holy Night—of the gentle tender Mother, shut out from human sympathy, and denied fitting shelter, yet rejoiced over by angels and visited by wise men from the East, while she held in her arms the wondrous Babe, born to bear the burden of the whole world on His shoulders.

'Because we could have taken her the broken meat, and that would have been something for us to do.'

Angela said reprovingly, 'Nay, Francis, we must not wish her back, but rather rejoice that she is now beyond all human wants; and is there not a psalm, or a hymn, that our mother would like us to learn against the time when she comes back?'

So Angela set them all to learn the nineteenth Psalm, and this kept them well employed until the evening. Then indeed the children began to get anxious, lest, in attempting to return to them, the wayfarers might have missed their footing in the snow-wreaths. 'Let us seek them,' said Francis; 'or, if indeed they are still at the Castle, as it cannot be by their own free will that they are staying away so long from us, we will go there and demand them of the cruel lord.'

'Oh, hush!' said the elder sister; 'we are poor people, and may be quite

Digitized by Google

sure that he can mean us no harm. Still, as the snow is heavy, and the night dark and cloudy, it might be well that we should go to seek them.'

Angela then saw that the three youngest were laid in their warm beds. 'You are not afraid to stay here alone, till we bring back the Father and Mother, are you?' she asked.

'No, Sister, for who would touch us when the angels of the Holy Night are about our pillows?' was the confident reply.

Angela kissed them, and then drawing her mantle around her, she left the house with her seven sisters and Francis. They talked cheerfully all the way, partly to hide their fears from each other, and partly in the hope of attracting the attention of their father and mother, in case they happened to be passing near them. The village was very silent, the street deserted, for each happy family had gathered around its own hearth-fire. One or two pale stars were struggling through the clouds overhead.

They were now at the foot of the castle rock. 'O Angela, are we really going up there?' asked Francis, awe-stricken at this near approach to the magnificent abode, of whose wonders he had often heard, but which he had never expected to see.

'Why not?' said Angela, her voice slightly trembling, however. 'Remember, we seek the father and mother and Theresa.'

One or two old servitors were looking out into the night, preparatory to joining the steward in a cup of spiced ale within, when they suddenly became aware of a procession of nine persons slowly winding up the steep approach. Supposing that they had come to seek alms, and knowing well that, on such a night, the lord of the Castle would not permit any number of suppliants to be turned away, one ancient serving-man waited until they came near; but, to his surprise, it was not for food or money that the faltering request was urged.

'Sir, can you tell us if the Pastor and his wife are still here?' asked Angela meekly. 'We are their children, and have come to seek them.'

'They are with the lord of the Castle, and I know not whether they may be disturbed,' said the old man, doubtfully; 'nevertheless since you are their children I must bid you welcome.' He drew back for them to enter.

'Sir, indeed we are very anxious,' pleaded Angela; 'you will make it known to them that we are here, will you not?'

He led them into the hall, where a group of bright-faced maidens were chatting gaily. As soon as they saw the strangers they curtseyed, and sank into silence.

'Here, Priscilla, do you lead the way to the Lady's apartments; and you, Gretchen—' the last he detained to receive his orders. Priscilla moved on with a light bounding step, up a broad and richly carpeted staircase, through a splendid gallery, and so on through chambers hung

Digitized by Google

with tapestry and silk. Every now and then she paused, as if to give the guests an opportunity of examining and admiring the many beautiful pictures, the costly china, and rich foreign ornaments. To each question they asked, the girl invariably answered with a smile, that all they saw belonged to the Lady of the Castle; and, assuring them that these apartments, beautiful as they were, could not at all compare, in their adornments, with the innermost chamber, she led them on to a room which was hung with blue silk embroidered with golden palm-trees, where the couches were of velvet, and the chairs of satin. An alcove, curtained over with the purest white, held the bed, on which a mantle of rich sables had been flung by way of coverlid. This room was carpeted with furs, a bright fire blazed on the hearth, it seemed impossible that cold or darkness should ever penetrate there.

'Whose are these?' asked the little fair-haired Gertrude, encouraged by Priscilla's ready answers to point out the sparkling jewels on the table, and the Cashmire shawls and rich silken dresses that were lying on the couches.

'These also belong to the lady of the Castle.'

Angela and her sisters exchanged glances; they had not known there was a lady of the Castle. 'Where is she? may we not see her?' asked Angela; and then, blushing at her own haste, she added humbly, 'We do not mean to intrude—only we want our father and mother and Theresa.'

Again the maiden smiled. 'The lady of the Castle is with her lord; but Gretchen will come presently, and then we will see if an interview with her cannot be arranged, since you are really so anxious.'

'We have left the little ones at home,' explained Angela, 'that makes us impatient to return; and besides, we were never out so late before.'

Gretchen now appeared, and bade them follow her. 'The Pastor and his wife desire that I should explain to you,' she said. 'They had not forgotten you, and were even now thinking of returning; they are, however, well pleased that you have come to them.'

'And our sister, Theresa?' urged Gertrude, struck by a chill foreboding.

'I know nothing of Mistress Theresa now, but the lady of the Castle will be able to inform you concerning her.'

They were moving farther and farther away from the luxurious apartments with their blue and rosy hangings, and they now traversed a stone-flagged faintly lighted court, whence a flight of steps led through a dusky corridor to the simply furnished chamber, which had been hastily supplied with the comforts requisite to the condition of the sick man. He was lying exhausted upon the low bed, whose curtains were drawn back, and showed his head resting heavily on the slight shoulder of a lady by his side, a slender drooping figure whose plain dark dress clung in soft folds about her. Could this be the lady of the Castle?

Digitized by Google

No, it was not; it was Theresa, for she had lifted her head, and the silken hair was parted upon her brow in the way Theresa always wore it. Forgetting all, even their parents who were seated by the fire at the other end of the room, in the joy of recognizing their dear sister, they flew to her side.

'O Theresa, it has been such a long day without you. We are here to fetch you. Come back with us into the forest, and we will carry you through the snow. Oh, don't fear, we are strong enough for anything now we have found you!'

The lord of the Castle opened his large languid eyes, and fixed them upon the strong young sisters and the impetuous brother, who were twining eighteen arms in a passionate clasp about Theresa, and his lips parted in a faint smile, but he never moved, and Theresa drooped her head once more, and twisted the diamonds she wore on her finger, until nothing but their plain gold setting was visible, the part that looked like a wedding ring.

'Sister,' pursued the little ones, more eagerly than before, 'you will come back with us, will you not? Do you know we have prepared a delightful surprise for you? You are not to sleep in the cold attic you chose for yourself any more. You are to have our room, which is so much warmer, and we will take yours. Dear Theresa, listen, there are tapers on the chimney-piece, such as Madam Bertha, they say, has on hers; and Francis promises to go out every day, and gather wood for your fire. Theresa,' continued the children, growing more urgent as they perceived no signs of yielding, 'if you will but come back with us, we will do all the tasks you set us without a murmur; we will never be naughty again, for we love you, we love you.'

The sick man gazed from the eager petitioners to Theresa with eyes which seemed to say, 'See how she is loved, and what a treasure I have won!'

'Peace, little Sisters—peace, Brother,' he said faintly; 'would you rob me of my wife?'

Then Theresa raised her head, and smiled, and opened her arms to them, and they all clung closer, repeating, 'You his wife? You the lady of the Castle? Our Theresa?'

'Dear children, it is true indeed,' she said gently; 'and you must not ask me to weep that I cannot now go home with you; the old home in the forest, I shall always love it dearly, even though I return to it no more.'

'And do not try to make her repent her generous sacrifice,' said the lord of the Castle very earnestly; 'I had not meant to take her from you so suddenly, knowing well how great a loss she must be to you; but she, for the greater ease and comfort she knew it would be to me, prayed your father to give her to me at once. To this he consented, though reluctantly. May I live to requite her, and to do a kinsman's part by you!'

Digitized by Google

Then the little ones, assured of the truth, interrupted their sobs to whisper in Theresa's ear stories of all the fine things they had seen, and which, as belonging to the lady of the Castle, they fancied must interest their sister not a little. But Theresa's mind was absorbed by the evident suffering of her husband, and she gave little heed to the eager narrators.

Angela stood apart, moody and sad; her cherished companion had been taken from her, and she was not in charity with Theresa's husband.

'Angela,' he whispered faintly.

Angela started.

'Come to him, my child,' said Theresa tenderly.

The lord of the Castle took Angela's hands, and pressed them to his lips, while he looked on the changing hues of her fair face. 'Do not grieve, my sister,' he whispered low. 'Believe me, in proportion as I rejoice in my own gain, I sympathize with you in your loss.'

She let a tear fall upon his pillow, then slowly turned away, and gathering her young sisters around her she followed her parents and Francis from the room.

The three little brothers were fast asleep in their beds in the forest, dreaming of Theresa and of her safe return to them. In the morning, there was bitter childish weeping, and a cry for 'Theresa, Theresa!' which Angela found it difficult to still, but which little simple-hearted Gertrude, with her stories of the Castle, its pictures and jewels, over which Theresa was now mistress, speedily converted into smiles.

MARY FISHER'S DREAM; OR, COMMONPLACE.

It was Christmas Eve. In a pleasant little room, lit up by a bright fire and a nearly burnt-out candle, sat a slender, pretty, rather delicate-looking girl of seventeen, with a look upon her face by no means expressive of Christmas cheerfulness, but rather the reverse—whatever that may be. Perhaps, however—though I cannot say that her life had been saddened, or her youth blighted by any very deep affliction—it may account for her despondency, and rouse the compassion of my readers, if I say that she had been obliged to go to a dull dinner party on Christmas Eve.

Perhaps you exclaim against the tyranny of cruel parents; but this exercise of it had been really inevitable. Mr. Fisher, the Vicar of Allington, had had some unpleasantness with his rich and somewhat unrefined parishioner, Mr. Brown, the rich solicitor; and though he had made many attempts to put an end to the quarrel, he had always been unsuccessful, and he had almost despaired of things ever coming right

Digitized by Google

again. So that when, to his surprise, he received an intimation that Mr. and Mrs. Brown requested the honour of Mr., Mrs., and Miss Fisher's company to dinner on Christmas Eve, he did not feel at liberty to refuse the invitation. So leaving the younger fry—Ben, Tom, Lizzie, Susan, and Jack—to amuse themselves with Christmas games in the deserted school-room, Mary Fisher had unwillingly accompanied her parents to the Browns'. It had been a very dull dinner-party, and she had looked bored all the time. The party had consisted of themselves, two old maiden ladies named Heath—a young doctor and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Collinson—a worthy old charitable gossip, Miss Maxton—and an articled pupil of Mr. Brown's, Mr. Theodore Jones, who had, to use the Allington expression, 'gone on' rather more openly than was quite in good taste with Miss Lavinia, otherwise called Lavvy Brown. They had fed on Christmas fare, and talked town gossip; and Mr. Theodore Jones had sung 'Champagne Charlie,' and Miss Lavvy Brown had capped it with 'I too am seventeen, Mamma!' and Mary Fisher had been so much disgusted, that she would hardly condescend to speak to gentle little Mrs. Collinson, who laughed at the comic songs as if she were amused by them; and though she could sing very prettily, would not deign to open her lips either for song or conversation, thereby annoying her father and mother, and causing many remarks upon '*that* Miss Fisher's airs.'

At last the dinner-party had come to an end, but not so the depression of Mary's spirits. As she sat by the fire with Dickens's 'Christmas Carol' in her lap, warming her slippered feet, and combing out her long silky brown hair, she was thinking how very commonplace was her life and all about her. For instance, what a horribly plebeian name she had—'Fisher;' and how much worse it was rendered by the usual abbreviation of her name—Polly. Mary was not so bad, though she had tried without success to get her family to call her May; but what 'sweetness or light' could there be in Polly Fisher? Then how little she was appreciated—how unmercifully her brothers and sisters criticized any poetical productions of hers found lying about—how strong and rough Lizzie was, and Susan such a poor little pining thing—and the boys so bothering and teazing. 'I'm sure no one ever had such a commonplace life as mine,' said she. 'One does nothing but commonplace things, and sees none but commonplace people. Really, Ebenezer Scrooge hadn't a stupider life than I have!'

With such thoughts in her mind (hardly Christmas ones) she fell asleep. The Christmas waits came round, and sang 'Here is Joy for every age,' and 'While shepherds watched,' but Mary was asleep, and did not hear them. However, in the course of the night a very curious thing happened. Of course she knew (being well up in her Dickens) that Christmas dreams are very different from other dreams, but she never thought of having one herself. She did, though.

In her dream she was again sitting by her fire, busy with her

Digitized by Google

'aspirations,' as she called them—'discontent,' some ill-natured people might have said—when all at once she saw by her side a white veiled figure, tall and beautiful. She did not think it at all strange, but knew at once that the figure was the Spirit of Christmas. Perhaps the volume she had been studying over-night might explain her familiarity with such beings. She was not frightened, for though she was a little silly and discontented, she was a good girl in the main; so she began to speak to the Spirit. She thought his face must be very beautiful if she could only see it.

'Please, Spirit,' she said, 'may I see your face?'

'No, Mary,' he said, 'you are not fit. You would be blinded if I took off the veil. Some people might stand it, but not you.'

'Why not I?' said Mary, rather disappointed.

'Because your eyes are not strong enough. You can see nothing that is not commonplace around you.'

'But everything is commonplace,' said Mary.

'To you,' said the Spirit of Christmas.

Mary was shut up. She really did not know what to say next. This was just the state the Spirit wanted to bring her to; because, of course, as long as she had an answer ready for everything he could do her no good.

'Of course, you know,' said the Spirit, 'that anyone who sees the Spirit of Christmas may ask for a gift from him, and will get it, whether for weal or woe.' He spoke very gravely, and Mary thought for a little while.

'May I have my eyes opened so as to see what is not commonplace?' she said humbly, looking up at the Spirit. Though the veil was still over his face, she was sure that he smiled. Without any answer, he took her by the hand; and then—whether they got out at door or window Mary could not tell, or through the wall itself—she was swiftly passing through the moonlit air, still clinging to the Spirit's hand. Here a remarkable thing happened. The Spirit stopped by the leafless trunk of a great tree, and said, 'You would not say there was much life stirring there, perhaps, Mary?'

'No, not till the spring comes,' said Mary.

The Spirit touched her ears, and bade her listen; and she heard the hundred voices of the sap, as it ran up and down the veins of the tree, waiting till the cold should be gone, and the leaf-cases split, and the life of the tree burst into tender green leaves, and flowers, and seed.

'The tree looks commonplace now,' said the Spirit. 'But it was not commonplace last summer, when it shaded the playing children with its glory of leaves; neither will it be next summer, please God. Human souls have memories of the past, and capabilities for the future, Mary; they are not worse off than the tree.'

So saying, the Spirit brought Mary into a comfortable bed-room, where a bright fire was burning, on either side of which sat Mr. and

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Brown, arrayed in dressing-gown and slippers. Now they *were* a commonplace looking pair enough—she with her scanty grey hair twisted up *à la Chinoise*, and he with a red nose.

'I'm glad we had the Fishers to-night,' said Mrs. Brown.

'Ay, so am I,' said her husband. 'I like to clear off old scores before Christmas. I think of our Billy, and how he—' There came a sort of choking in the man's voice. Billy was their only boy, who had died ten years before.

'Christmas don't seem the same since then,' said Mrs. Brown, steadfastly looking at the fire—her voice a little faltering now.

'No—but nearer than if I'd gone on with the quarrel. And when I was talking to Fisher to-night, I don't believe he meant anything by what he said about me. We were both a little hasty, perhaps—but now we've made it up, and I can kneel down at church without feeling I'm not in charity with all men—which is why you've had to go alone so often on Communion Sundays of late, Sarah. But it was the thought of Billy did it.'

Then his wife went up to him, and kissed him, and cried; and Mary found herself crying a little too. She did not think them so commonplace now, in spite of the scanty grey hair and red nose.

The Spirit took her hand again, and led her into another room—a much smaller and poorer one, where the two old maiden sisters, Miss Heath and Miss Hannah Heath, were lying in bed talking together. They could not afford a fire in their bed-room, poor things!

'Christmas ain't what it used to be,' said Miss Heath, with a little sniff. 'Think of all the laughing we used to have—and the three wishes before we stirred the Christmas plum-pudding—and poor Johnny Dale, that went to sea and never came back again—how we used to laugh at you and him, Sister! Ah, if the good old times would only come back again just for once!'

'There won't be so many more Christmases for you and me before we join them,' said Miss Hannah, in a half-choked voice. Perhaps it's all for the best after all, Sister. If I'd been Johnny Dale's wife, with my health and my fretful temper, I might have tried him, and made both our lives unhappy. Now the time is coming near, and though he's been in Heaven so long, I doubt he hasn't forgotten me. I shall find him ready when I get there. Ah, what a beautiful blue coat with brass buttons he did wear, and how well he did look in it, didn't he, Sister? Somehow, I always think of him in Heaven wearing that same blue coat and brass buttons.'

'Angels don't wear blue coats and brass buttons,' said Miss Heath, a little shortly.

'No; of course they have white clothes and wings,' said Miss Hannah. 'But I'm afraid I shouldn't know Johnny again in white clothes and wings—I can't fancy him so, anyhow. So perhaps they'll let him wear his blue coat, for it's so long ago I can't remember his face exactly. Oh

Digitized by Google

dear, dear!' And here the old woman burst into tears, and her sister had to lull and quiet her like a child.

The Spirit took Mary's hand again, and led her out; and her eyes were dim, so that she could not see the moonlight clearly; but the veil seemed to be thinner before the Spirit's face.

Then they came into old Miss Maxton's room. She was sitting alone, looking at the fire. She had no one to talk to, so they could not listen to her; but the Spirit touched Mary's eyes, and bade her look at the fire, and she would see there the things that Miss Maxton saw.

And when Mary looked, she saw a young girl with sleeves as wide as her shoulders, and hair frizzed up with a high comb far above her head; and she was talking to a young man in tight swallow-tailed coat and white trousers, with a high stiff collar which seemed as if it must hold his head in one position.

'I can't, I can't,' the girl was saying, crying as she spoke. 'When I promised you, Charles, how could I tell that Mamma would fall ill like this? How can she manage the children, and the housekeeping, and everything, without me? Only wait until she gets better.'

'Louisa, you know what the doctor said—how very likely it may go on for years and years like this, and even then— If you loved me really, as you have often said you did, you would not put me to such a proof. You must throw in your lot with me or her.'

'Perhaps you are right,' said the girl proudly, drawing herself up. 'But I thought that you loved me enough to feel with me.'

'And I thought that you loved me enough to feel with me. You are mine, Louisa! You can't recall your promise.'

'I must, if you will not wait. It is my duty.'

And then there came the sound of harsh bitter words and sobs, but in the midst they died away. 'I will think of that no more,' said Miss Maxton aloud to herself; 'Charles knows better now, and I have not had an unhappy life after all. Thank God, there are many who love me still, though I am only a lone old maid.'

And instead of the sad story which had been in the fire, the Christmas Spirit waved his hand, and Miss Maxton saw blankets, and warm cloaks and waistcoats, and savoury slices of Christmas beef and plum-pudding, and merry parties of cottage children enjoying themselves; and Miss Maxton woke up from her reverie with a smile. 'I have been dreaming,' she said; 'I hope my good things will give them as much pleasure as they have given me.'

So Mary and the Spirit left Miss Maxton, and came into Mr. Collinson's, the doctor's house; and there the story that she saw was being enacted in the present, not in the past.

Mrs. Collinson, in her dressing-gown, was pouring out a cup of hot coffee for her husband, and trying hard to keep the tears out of her eyes meanwhile. He had just received a summons to a village at a little distance, where there was said to have been a sudden outbreak of most

Digitized by Google

virulent 'black' typhus fever; and his poor little wife, naturally nervous and sensitive, had gathered up all her strength in one mighty effort not to distress him.

'Don't cry, Alice,' he said kindly, kissing her as she bent down over him, and nearly upsetting her. 'It is my duty, you know, darling, and I must go. I don't the least think I shall take the infection; I have been in as bad dens of fever before. But you must trust, you know.'

'Christmas Eve and all!' half-sobbed poor Mrs. Collinson.

'Come up at least with me while I look at little Walter,' said Mr. Collinson. He bent over and kissed the sleeping baby in its crib, then he put his arm round his wife, and kissed her very tenderly. 'Good-bye, darling. I am afraid it would be a farce to wish you a happy Christmas Day—but you must not let it be unhappy. Be my own brave Alice—there.' And she put up her face to him, and he kissed it; and then, after hearing him ride away, she threw herself down by the side of the still sleeping baby, and sobbed, and prayed for strength to be brave and trustful. The Spirit waved his hand over her, and presently poor Alice slept.

'So much for the commonplace people you met at your dinner-party,' said the Spirit. At another time Mary would have thought it very odd to hear the Spirit of Christmas talk about a dinner-party; but now it seemed quite natural.

'Then perhaps,' she said very humbly, 'my brothers and sisters are not so commonplace either. But they have had no story, like all these people.'

'All human souls,' said the Spirit, 'have either memories of the past, or capabilities for the future. Would you like to know what capabilities lie hidden in those despised brothers and sisters of yours? Mind, I do not show you the future: what I show you may be, or may not be. I only show you what sort of things they will be capable of under good management and influence—home influence, above all.'

He spoke a little sternly, and Mary remembered that her influence upon her brothers and sisters was not in all respects what it might be.

Then, in her dream, the Spirit gave her a little glass—very much like the one with which she always arranged her chignon. But the difference was, that instead of seeing herself in it, she saw a strange country, far away; and it came into her head, she did not know why, that it was either Australia or New Zealand. The scene was the inside of a palisaded court, upon the top of which dark faces were constantly showing themselves, and grinning like demons. 'Exactly like the end of Masterman Ready,' thought Mary to herself.

Then there came out into the court a tall, large-boned, tawny-haired woman, who yet bore an extraordinary likeness to her fourteen-year-old sister, Lizzie—the practical, strong-minded girl, alike the torment and the main-stay of the house. And to this Lizzie, at least twenty years

Digitized by Google

older than she was now, came out a tall, pale, stooping man, evidently her husband.

'Lizzie, I wish you would let me fetch the water instead of you,' he said. 'Your life is too precious to be risked by those demons' darts.'

'I wish you would stop in and rest, Fred,' she said, turning upon him. 'You have not had an hour's sleep this week.'

'Nor you.'

'Well, I will come in when I have got this water.' And coolly enough Lizzie filled her pitcher, heedless of the darts which were thrown at her from the top of the palisade, one of which actually pinned the skirt of her dress to the ground. Then she went in with her husband, and Mary could see them, and hear their talk, interrupted by the report of the rifles, which every now and then picked off one of those grinning heads.

'I question now and then whether it would not be as well to give up at once, and end it,' said Lizzie's husband despondently. 'We have no chance; the whole settlement is destroyed, and we can die but once. Only, Lizzie, God grant that we may be starved to death, not killed by those ruffians! Have you had your share of food to-day?'

Lizzie smiled; Mary knew perfectly well that she had only lived on water for the whole of that day.

'If it could last out for a week I might have hope. The soldiers would by that time have arrived from Port Leas.'

'It will,' said Lizzie. 'You reckoned it wrong, Fred; there is enough.'

He looked at her; and she, in her noble deceit, met his eyes confidently. 'Let him only be saved—what mattered it if she died?'

And then the scene shifted, and she knew that the week was over, and that the Port Leas troops were pouring into the little fortress; and Lizzie was lying on the ground, her husband bending over her—all but dead. She had fulfilled her noble purpose. Mary burst into tears.

'This is no magic picture of the future,' said the Spirit. 'I only show you the capabilities of Lizzie's soul—if it is not checked and thwarted, and twisted the wrong way. That is for you to watch, Mary.'

Then Mary looked into the glass again, and this time she saw an assembly of statesmen, grave and anxious.

'If it can ever be said that one man has saved a nation,' they said, 'that one man has been Benjamin Fisher to-day.'

'How?' asked another.

'He has stood staunchly to his principles, while his fellow-ministers gave way basely, and lost themselves the trust of the people. If he had given way too, the flood would have been upon us—all would have been swept away. They did mistrust him, because he has courage to oppose them when he thinks them wrong: had he failed to-day, and retained his office, we should have had a revolution in a month.'

Digitized by Google

'Yet he has lost the favour of —— by so doing.'

'Benjamin Fisher is not a man to care for the countenance of any but his own conscience.'

Mary thought of her blunt straightforward brother Ben, and tried to picture him to herself as the hope of a future England; but even as she did so, the statesmen's figures faded from the glass, and she saw the interior of a vast lecture-room, crowded to excess. The lecturer was Tom, her brother, who had at this time only distinguished himself by a remarkable talent for mathematics and mental arithmetic, and a persistent love of arguing every possible subject.

Mary knew by intuition—she could not tell how—that Tom was one of the first professors at Cambridge, and was now lecturing on some important social subject, at some great lecture-hall in the London of the future. All his audience were listening to him with profound attention, when he made some statement which did not please them. Naturally, considering that grave statesmen believed that there would be a revolution in a month, men's minds were in an irritable and easily excited state, and the lecture-hall was in a ferment in a moment. 'Bigot! Coward! Turn-coat! Enemy of Progress!' Mary heard shouted out by the audience, and for a moment she wondered that they should be so ill-bred; but then she remembered that she was in the future, not in the present, and that education was no longer the exclusive sign of a gentleman. The country was well-instructed, but not well-mannered, and these were only mechanics and artizans, notwithstanding their broad-cloth and education. She began to wonder how much longer it took to cultivate the manners than the mind.

Tom Fisher stood silent on the platform, waiting till the storm was over. Then he said very quietly,

'Gentlemen, I am sorry if any of you have come here to listen to me under a misapprehension of my real views. I have always believed and taught that the road of human progress lies through Christianity; such is my conviction, and I am in nowise ashamed of the avowal. If any of you disagree with me, that is your own affair; as for me, I am a Christian, and I hope always to speak and act as such.'

The tumult of voices sank down to a low buzz. Tom Fisher's fearless declaration had won him honour, and he was suffered to proceed with his lecture. As he did so, a change seemed to come over the assembly as they listened to his earnest and eloquent words. He was speaking earnestly against some popular fallacy of the day; and though most of his audience were upon the opposite side, his burning words seemed to carry conviction with them. When he had finished there was loud applause, and several men, among whom were some of his chief opponents, came to the platform to shake hands with him.

'You have shown us another side to the question,' they said; 'and we see now that it will not do to go so fast as we wished to do. Not that we are come round to your views, Mr. Fisher; but still, we see that you

Digitized by Google

and your side have something to say for yourselves.' And they went out more thoughtful than they had come in.

Soon another picture appeared upon the glass. It was the long ward of a hospital, full of beds, each containing its sufferer; and up and down it, lingering first beside one bed, then beside another, passed a slender woman in a soft dark widow's dress. As she neared each bed in turn, the patient lying there looked up with a smile; and as she passed by, each turned his head to follow her with his eyes.

'It is Susan!' said Mary.

'Susan,' said the Spirit, 'whom you always despise as a selfish fretful child. As you look at her now, you may see how selfish and fretful she is. She has had a happy home, a loving husband, bright children; she has lost them all; now she is alone in the world. Look at her face.'

Mary looked, and she saw a most touching sweetness on the woman's face—not sorrow exactly, but the look of one who has triumphed over pain. She had forgotten *herself*—it was dead and buried. She only lived now for others.

'Those to whom she ministers will bless her, and the memory of her name will not soon pass,' said the Spirit.

Again the scene shifted. Mary saw a beleaguered town—where, she did not know. There was a loud noise of cannonading without; and in a small room there stood three or four British officers, pale, weary, and battle-stained.

'Do you see that young man with his arm in a sling?' said the Spirit.

'Yes,' said Mary; 'it is little Jack, grown older.'

Jack spoke. 'I'm off to blow up the magazine. I thought I should like just to bid you good-bye first—and bid you tell them all at home how it was—and give them my love.'

'Nonsense, boy! You sha'n't do it—you, with your young life and all before you. Let me go instead. I've had twenty years more life than you.'

'No, Morison,' said Jack quietly, 'you've got a wife and children, and I've none. Let me do it; if anyone's life is to be sacrificed it had best be mine. I'm off. God bless you, old fellow.'

They shook his hand, each with a lingering clasp and a choking good-bye; and then, when he was gone, Morison laid down his face upon his hands, and sobbed with the terrible force of a strong man's sobs. And his comrades were not far from doing the same. Soon there was a terrible explosion, shaking the whole town with the force of an earthquake, and they knew that Jack Fisher had done his work, and had died in doing it.

Then the Spirit took the glass from her hand. She looked up at him with eyes swimming in tears.

'These are your commonplace brothers and sisters,' he said. 'Mary, did you never hear the words, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones?"'

Digitized by Google

Mary hung her head, and had no answer ready.

'I will try to remember it another time,' she said at last. 'But—'

'But what?'

'Everyone has not capabilities of noble thoughts and deeds such as you have shown me here—have they?'

'Can you measure the grace of God, Mary, so that you can say they have not?'

Mary was silent.

'If not in this life,' said the Spirit, 'then it may be in another.

> "Delayed it may be through more lives yet,
> Through worlds they will traverse, not a few:
> Much is to learn, and much to forget,
> Ere the time be come—"

But by the time the Spirit of Christmas began to quote Browning, he was really getting almost too metaphysical for Mary; and looking up at him, she saw, to her surprise, that he was growing a little dim. She was terribly afraid he would vanish altogether.

'Oh, Spirit,' she said, 'you said you would let me see your face before you went!'

'No, Mary,' he said. 'One night's vision will not make your eyes strong enough to see my face; I have put you into the way of strengthening them for yourself, but it is only by practice that they will be enabled to pierce the veil of the commonplace, and to see the real beauty which lies concealed within.'

'Then shall I never see you again?' said Mary sadly.

'Yes. Some day—when I hope your eyes will have grown bright and piercing as an eagle's—I shall come to you without a veil upon my face, and you will see the perfect beauty of my countenance. And the vision will not be a transient one, but it will remain with you for ever.'

And so saying, the Spirit vanished; and Mary, looking up, saw that she was in bed, and her back-hair glass was lying upon the little table by her side, and the bells were ringing for Christmas morning.

'How very curious!' she said. And so strong was the impression of her dream, that she took up her back-hair glass and looked into it, hoping to see in it the lecture-room, or the hospital ward, or the besieged town; but all she saw in it was her own sleepy face. And at that moment the maid entered, saying, 'Please 's Mary, it's half-past seven o'clock.'

So Mary sprang out of bed, and dressed, and came down to give her father and mother a merry Christmas greeting before the rest had appeared. And whether it was that the Spirit of Christmas had opened her eyes, or for any other reason, I cannot say; but she thought this morning how sweet and gentle her mother's face was, and how strong and kindly her father's. And when the children came down, more

Digitized by Google

boisterous than ever with Christmas fun, she did not snub them, nor feel disposed to wish them at the Other end of Nowhere, as was sometimes the case; but she looked with quite a new love and admiration at Lizzie's practicalness, Tom's sharpness, Ben's bluntness—she even appreciated poor little Susan's hard struggle against her peevish fretfulness, which she had never noticed before.

And then, when they went together to the green-decked church, it was with quite a new feeling of fellowship that she looked upon Mr. and Mrs. Brown—though the latter had got on a blue silk dress and a purple bonnet—and the two old Miss Heaths, and Miss Maxton, and Mr. and Mrs. Collinson—for Mr. Collinson had just got back in time for church, with the good news that the reported typhus epidemic was only one isolated case, imported from elsewhere, and not likely to spread. And the Christmas text seemed to preach itself at her from under the east window—'Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given,' as she thought Who had gathered up in Himself the whole of heroic capabilities and heroic deeds, to bestow them upon His weak and 'commonplace' brethren—in the light of Whose love no human soul may ever be thought 'common or unclean.'

This is a grave end for my light story; so I will only say that Mary Fisher keeps her back-hair glass as a memorial of her Christmas dream, and that her eyes have grown much stronger already, so that she can discern beauty in many things and people which were once only 'commonplace.' And I am inclined to think that under the process she has grown much less 'commonplace' herself.

M. B.

POPULAR STREET MUSIC IN ROME.

* * * * *

Essay how harmony can grief control,
And powers of sound prevail upon the soul.
Often our seers and poets have confess'd
That music's force can tame the furious beast;
Can make the wolf and foaming boar restrain
Their rage, the lion drop his crested mane:
Are we indeed less savage yet than these?
Then music sure may human griefs appease!

On one visit to Rome my apartment was taken for me in a palazzo in the very centre of the city. The casement of a large back room which happened to suit me most conveniently as a bed-room gave on to a very narrow *vicolo*, inhabited by a population of the most unmixed Roman type; in favour of the *études de mœurs* it afforded, I excused its olfactory offences; indeed, an application to the obliging President of the Rione produced an immediate amelioration in the regularity of

Digitized by Google

its sweeping, and I had, on the whole, little to complain of on that score. The snatches of wild discord, and the long nasal inflictions my former experience had alone afforded of popular Italian singing, had very much prejudiced me against it. In this *vicolo* I gained a more varied and intimate acquaintance with it, and received a lastingly favourable impression of its cadences.

I must own the apprenticeship cost me not a little. There was an industrious cobbler, blithe, mattutinal, and vocally inclined as the lark, who used to bore me terribly with the productions of his inexhaustible repertory. So loud, so constant, so resolute in utterance, so marked in cadence, were his songs, that they must ever ring in my memory; I never put on my boots without thinking I still hear his rolling carol:—

Ah chi vò lo zoccolaro
Lo scarpino chi lo vò?
Non carri vanno lo paro
Ma chiù poco ne' li dò.
A chi bella vò pare'
Zoccolaro, zoccolè, zoccolè!

Si quarcuno fà l'amnore
S'accatasse chisti ica;
Ca non fanno mai rommore
E non scetano a mammà
Gui pericolo non n'è
Zoccolaro, zoccolè, zoccolè! *

Many a time I have felt inclined to hurry on some rapid *deshabille*, and like the Englishman in the amusing French *vaudeville*, offer any amount of pecuniary compensation '*si voo ploo chanty*;' but I took warning by the denouement of the comedy, which ends in the son of St. Crispin bringing back our countryman's purse before the day was out, and reclaiming the freedom and lightness of heart which he shared as his birthright with the fowls of heaven, and which could not be bartered for gold.

Time hardens one to all endurances. A French priest of my acquaintance was trying one day to 'persuade' a Paris gamin into orderly conduct, by St. Paul's principle of teaching him of 'the terrors of the Lord.' 'If you cannot endure a little restraint now, my child,' he argued, 'how will you support those dreadful pains?' '*Ma foi!*' retorted the incorrigible urchin, '*dans une quinzaine je m'y habituerai bien!*' —I shall get used to it in a fortnight. And just so I found, that after a fortnight of this purgatory more or less patiently tolerated, I could

* Zoccolaro means primarily only a wooden-patten maker, but is often used familiarly for any shoemaker. Thus it runs:—'Oh, who wants the shoemaker? My little boots, who wants them? I sell the pair cheap enough; but for less than my price I don't give them. Does anyone want to look nice, here's your shoemaker! Does anyone want to go courting, Let him buy some of these 'ere; For with these he can walk without noise; And no danger of rousing mamma. Here's your shoemaker!'

Digitized by Google

sleep through the earlier hours of the concert undisturbed, and later, listen with positive pleasure for the recurrence of certain melodies, the most rhythmical or the most lively or the most pathetic of his store, which I had learnt to value. Their turn came round as surely as the tunes of a musical snuff-box, and while I waited for them, I acquired an ear for the measures of the others. And they ceased not, morning nor afternoon, unless when he uttered an '*Evviva!*' or '*Padrona!*' as a pretty neighbour passed.

In a stable, next to his—he had neither shed nor stall, nor was there a *portone* spacious enough to afford him shelter, as affected by most of his craft in Rome, so I must say—his place, his chair, lived a little countrified vehicle, to which two small round dappled ponies were harnessed every morning, while the cobbler was gone into the neighbouring *caffè* for his *colazione* (a tumbler of wine or of coffee, according to fancy.) As the *stallino* brushed down the evenly-paired little creatures, and dressed them up in their brass-studded gear, or interrupted the too constant greetings of the thick-wooled and equally round-limbed sheep who shared their stable, he used to replace the English stable-boy's 'sis-s-s-s' with a verse, monotonous, perhaps, in its perpetual repetition, yet cheering in its merry jingle, and evidently pleasant to the brutes under his care. Lively brutes they were, and it was not unusual to see the whole trio at regular gambols; the sheep was a sturdy fellow, and knew how to hold his own, and would put a whole troop of children to flight when they attempted to infringe his dignity.

The block of building at right-angles, on my left, consisted for half its height of a blank wall—in order to guarantee the apartment I occupied from being overlooked—pierced only by a file of those unglazed gaping arched openings with which most Roman stair-cases are lighted; picturesque enough are the suggestive vistas of receding arches, effects of light and shade, and peeps of Madonna shrines they frequently reveal. *Through* these I could, of course, from their situation, see nothing; but, every morning, as I was making my late toilet, there toiled up past them an aged priest, returning from saying the early Mass which enabled him 'to eat a piece of bread,' to his lonely garret, where he had probably long since known no other luxury than the dole of snuff the present benevolent Pontiff thoughtfully allows to every such poverty-stricken priest. His habit was time-worn and weather-stained, his skin withered, his form bent, his eyes dim, and his breath failed him as he climbed from step to step. Then he would wait to rest, and lean out on the window-sill of each landing. If the sun shone, and the air was exhilarating, there often came over him some memory of the days when he took a salient part in the solemn offices of religion. That he would do no more on earth, yet had not his voice altogether forgot her cunning; and when his breath came back, he would, with strong efforts to steady the wavering of weakness and emotion, intone, in accents low and sweet, some ancient chant, such as he may once have had to lead in choir. I

Digitized by Google

could never catch the words, nor recognize the melody; but it was one that might well move to tears, so exceeding plaintive was its pathos.

On the other side of the street lived a young girl who seemed destined to more than the usual share of this world's sorrow. She was not endowed with any of those natural gifts which nature has bestowed so abundantly in her neighbourhood. There was nothing to excite one's interest in her but her hard lot. I have seen her slink out for the '*spese*,'* uncombed and unwashed, her unmended crinolineless gown draggling in the puddles of the unpaved alley; but I never saw her tidied up for a *festa*, when all in Rome are gay; I never saw father or brother cross her threshold; but a singularly forbidding mother, who looked as if she could be very vicious, would sometimes put her grizzled shaggy head—which, from long want of dressing, had much resemblance to a Skye terrier's—out of window, and as she let her basket down with a string for a *bajoc's*† worth of salad from the fruit-stall beneath, querulously call her squalid offspring from her gossip—'Giudi-i-i-i-ta!'‡ (I shall never forget that shrill, long-sustained '*i*') was the name. And at the dread appeal the woe-begone child might be seen hasting home with terror-directed steps. One other opportunity I had of observing my Cinderella's dull life, and that was when she came to the window to add her contribution to the universal stringing up of washed linen, with which Rome is fringed within and without. What it all consists of is a perpetual mystery, yet so omnipresent is it, that I doubt if one would recognize the place if deprived of this trimming—certainly not without the long narrow streamers which serve for—'swaddling bands!' The various modes of hanging these things out, and arranging them, require a separate study.

In the present instance this, like everything in my Cinderella's abode, was badly organized, and the rods of cane and cords, which are generally governed with exceeding dexterity, seemed in a state of chronic rebellion. At the thickest of her difficulty the shaggy head of the mother (I suppose she was a *step*-mother) would suddenly protrude itself through the casement, succeeded by a pair of brawny arms, and, with a passionate tug, the half-rinsed garments would be sent flapping through the air.

What has all this to do with music, it may be asked. Little, so far. Cinderella seemed most unmusical. She never sang, never even hummed; yet there was music even for her! There were nights when, rather late be it confessed, namely, about the hour of shutting up the *liquoristas*,‡ a Bacchic procession would pause beneath her lattice, and greet her with uproarious rapture. One has often had to use Velletri§ as a beverage in the campagna, and one often wonders how men can get drunk upon it. Perhaps they never do in the English sense of the word, yet that a hilarious condition, such as we see given to the fauns and satyrs of

* Marketing. † *Bajocco*, halfpenny. ‡ Judith.
‡ Spirit shops. § The strongest of the wines of the country.

Digitized by Google

ancient sculpture, is soon produced by it, must be patent to all who have lived where it is in vogue.

There was one night when the Velletrian afflatus was fainter, and the serenade steadier and more coherent than usual. That time Cinderella condescended to give a sign of encouragement. Before the end of the first verse, in which she had been (metaphorically) addressed as '*bella*,' the bars of her lattice and the waves of its glass were to be seen distinctly reflected on the white-washed wall opposite, the darkness being only opposed by a tiny Madonna lamp and one far-off *reverbera*;* here the shadow of her head appeared for a moment, and gave a mournful wave, as if it said, 'I must not stay.' Then the song was quickly changed for one intended to console her; for each verse ended with a contemptuous allusion to the tyranny of '*la mammà*.' Once more her head appeared, and was the signal for an amorous ballad; then there came the shadow of her hand, making signs and waving adieu, and before a responsive 'Addio!' chorus was concluded, the shadow of a second female form appeared, banging the shutter to, and extinguishing the glimmer from the lamp within.

Two months later, my secluded vicolo was one night invaded by unwonted sounds; a sturdy old man stood, giving advice, in a soothing voice, to the step-mother, who for once seemed subdued into silence. 'Tell her to go to bed, make her try to sleep,' he repeatedly advised; 'I'll come in the morning when she's calmer, and try what I can to soothe her; . . . no, I can't come up now, it would be no use; get her to bed, and I'll come in the morning;' and the mother's assurances of the futility of the counsel was proved by the ceaseless wail which rang through the silent air, 'Pietro! Pietro mio! He said he'd come to-night; oh, why won't you let him come? *Pietro! Pietro mio!*' The night wore on, and persuasion was unavailing; the old relation mounted his pony and rode away. The step-mother closed the casement, and I too turned to try to sleep; but for hours the same sad sound rolled on, '*Pietro! Pietro mio!* I must—I must see him again.'

Pietro, as you will have guessed, was Giudita's turbulent lover; he had been spending his evening, as usual, at the *liquorista's;* he had had a quarrel with a fellow-workman over the exciting and consequently forbidden game of *mora;* knives had been drawn, and Pietro was the victim of the fray.

Her one ray of brightness and hope extinguished, Giudita fell a prey to the most profound melancholy, from which it was impossible to rouse her; and when I next saw her it was in the *Maninconia*, where, after all, she looked at least less desolate than before!

Better serenades than Giudita's are, however, to be heard in Rome. There was one of a different character, which was a real treat. A window, on the other side of the palazzo, commanded a broad clean street. (*i. e.* broad and clean for Rome.) Some nights, when I was sitting

* Oil lamp, with a reflector.

Digitized by Google

up writing, it was my good fortune to overhear a serenade of the first water. Could any amateur strike his instrument so skilfully, and warble out his strains so powerfully! Was it an artist hired for the occasion? In the nineteenth century everything—why not even a serenader—can be hired for money. Was it a professional, acting amateur on his own account? Anyhow, it was a glorious song, and a wonderful exposition of the powers of the guitar, such as I never expected to hear, off the boards of the opera, in the year of grace 186–.

Many, I have heard too, of intermediate quality; the serenaders, in most cases, coming accompanied with two or three friends to form a chorus. Once I heard one of these accompany the song with a very well-executed voice-imitation of the guitar.

Such was the evening, and the morning. In the day-time who stays at home in Rome? I can give but little account of that. Yet I have, by accident, heard a pretty melody at that time, too. At a window opposite mine, in a cross street, which *faceva faccia* to it, used to sit a tidy notable maiden, the very opposite of poor 'Cinderella.' She was always neatly got up, and her massive glossy plaits aptly framed in her clear smiling countenance. A thick-coated cat, of the Roman mouse-colour breed, used to bask on the window-sill beside her; and a large game-dog, from her father's stable below, loved to sit beside her, and nestle his large head against *micia's* * fur, never fearing the 'perfidy of her velvety paw.'

Work she always had in hand, and steadily she always stitched away at it, seldom looking up, unless to caress her dumb companions. I am sure she sang as she worked, though her voice could not reach me, and though she was one of the poorest, I am sure she did *not* 'sing the song of the shirt.'

As Sunday or any *festa* came round, there was always a little extra care apparent about her toilet; her hair was arranged to greater advantage, a string of coral beads glowed round her neck, and a shawl of many colours was pinned in many square plaits on her shoulders. When all this was complete, she would take her stand at the window; now without her work, but a book or a rosary in her hand, or bending over the dog—she never seemed to let her eye wander into the street. Presently, however, a vibration of consciousness would stir her; a clear deep verse of song would ring below and make her start; the cat or the rosary, as the case might be, would fall from her hand, and ere the cadence was finished, she might be seen locking the street door, and a pair of *leggiadri* walked away to Mass, and then for their country stroll, as blithe and handsome as any that ever crossed a poet's dream.

During the Carnival, I had the opportunity of witnessing a scene of louder and yet more characteristic festivity. Then everyone abandons

* Puss.

Digitized by Google

work, and gives himself up to light-hearted merriment. The whole *vicolo* became a ball-room for the people; and

> 'The lute, or mandoline, accompanied
> By many a voice far sweeter than their own,
> Kindles, nor slowly; and the dance displays
> The gentle arts and witcheries of love,
> Its hopes and fears and feignings, till the youth
> Drops on his knee as vanquished; and the maid,
> Her instrument uplifting with a grace
> Nature's and Nature's only, bids him rise.' *

The usual popular dance is very pretty and peculiar; the whole way was lined on both sides with lookers-on, or expectant participators; and against every lintel leant a maiden, either resting after her Terpsichorean exertions, or supporting herself as she strikes with one hand the tambourine, which at the same time she skilfully shakes with the other, so as to give effect to 'the tinkling of its bells.' In the middle space, narrow though it be, a graceful pair are fluttering after each other, now backwards pouting, now forwards smiling; but entirely at the suggestion of their own poetic fancy, following the lively cadence of the music with their steps, but without observing any formal figure. Suddenly, one of the by-standing lasses darts upon the scene; for a moment there is a little amusing rivalry, till the first damsel dexterously directs her steps towards the side, and passes quietly and unperceived into the crowd. The second damsel is thus left with the wrong partner, which is not to be thought of; her own runs swiftly to the rescue, and the rivalry on this occasion is more amusing and spirited than on the former; the rightful one of course before long edges out the other, and the new pair retain undisputed use of the ground. This is the usual mode of carrying on the dance; but sometimes it is a youth impatient of his fair one's delay, who first breaks in on the couple in possession, and it is only after many imploring glances, the directing of which distracts his attention from his steps, and leads him into many diverting blunders, that she at last condescends to share his flittings; and sometimes too, a maiden is so retiring, or so coy, that she will not leave her place but on the arm of her partner, and when the two come looming down upon the arena together, the confusion and hilarity are unbounded.

Similar scenes occur during the autumn festivals, but English eyes are seldom then there to see.

Religious melodies too, the *vicolo* had to afford sometimes, for though the passage was too narrow to be used for the greater processions, yet, on the festivals on which the faithful are required to receive Communion, It is brought round to all who are known to be too ill to come to church. Then, while the priest is gone up to administer the patient, all who pass by uncover and kneel down, and intone, without an

* Rogers.

Digitized by Google

instrument and without a leader, the Litanies for the Sick. The measure is often swept away by the enthusiasm of the singers; but one cannot listen to such well-meant efforts of brotherly charity and not be touched.

Another mid-day melody on a *festa*, (on other days you could not hear anything for the cobbler, but then his awl and his voice had rest,) was given by the little children spending their holiday in singing together impromptu the Litanies and traditional hymns of the Virgin. It was not very different, perhaps, from the sounds you may hear in any village school in England, yet there is something so poetical in that invocation of the Virgin-Mother on that soil where she is most honoured, and under that sky which seems ever to wear her colour, that one is always carried away by it.

Many of these popular hymns have a curious traditional character, and serve to hand on from generation to generation legends analagous to those of the apocryphal Gospels; some of them bearing marks of the highest antiquity. This is not the occasion to enter upon an analysis of their date or merits, but it will not be without interest to quote as a specimen one of the most favourite carols. The loving devotion of the ages of faith always made those passages of our Lord's life on earth, about which the sacred historians were most silent, the subject of the ardent meditations of the solitary, and the earnest perquisitions of the pilgrim. Thus they have left us a mass of narratives of incidents of the Divine Childhood, of the Temptation in the desert, of our Lord's familiar intercourse with His disciples and with His relatives according to the flesh, which, without becoming matter of faith, yet cannot but attract our affectionate study.

Numberless are the stories thus gathered of the Flight into Egypt; and it is these, above others, which are celebrated in the rhymes of Italian children. The one I have selected is called the Dialogue of the Madonna and the Gipsy. It represents the Holy Family, worn by the fears and toils and perils of their rapid journey, casting about them in the desert for a place in which to pass the night in safety. The narrator has evidently before him a picture such as the tradition of the painter has preserved to our day. The young mother, wrapt in her modest veil and cloak, tenderly clasping her precious Infant in her arms; and the guardian, St. Joseph, leading by the bridle the lowly and willing ass on which she is mounted. Suddenly a woman, an outcast of an outcast race, appears upon the scene; yet poorer in appearance than themselves, she expresses at once the sympathy,

> 'Which only friends, in suffering tried,
> Bear to their suffering brethren's side.'

It is a pointing of the Gospel lesson, that when the Jews proudly rejected Him, our Lord turned to accept the homage of the Gentile Church. But it is time to let the rhyme speak for itself.

Digitized by Google

ZINGARELLA.	GIPSY.
Dio ti salvi, quella signora	God be gracious to thee, lady,
E ti dia buona ventura	And a happy fortune give thee!
Ben venuto, vecchiarello	And welcome, dear old man, to thee,
Co sto bambino bello!	And the little beauteous baby.
Madonna.	
Ben trovata sorella mia	A pleasant meeting, sister mine!
La sua grazia Dio ti dia	May God bestow His grace divine;
Ti perdoni i tuoi peccati	And of His goodness wipe away
L' infinita sua bontadi.	The sins upon thy soul this day.
Gipsy.	
Siete stanchi, li meschini	How weary, poor ones, ye must be!
Credo, poveri pellegrini	I think, poor wayfarers, that ye
Che cercate d' alloggiare	Must need some place to pass the night;
Vuoi Signora, scavalcare.	Be pleased, sweet Lady, to alight.
Madonna.	
Voi chi siete sorella mia	Most truly, sister mine, you are
Tutta piena di cortesia	Of a kind and courteous heart;
Dio vi rendo la carità	I pray God of His goodness, He
Per l' infinita sua bontà.	May repay your charity.
Gipsy.	
So una donna zingarella	I am but a gipsy maid,
Benchè sono poverella	And poor and lowly too, she said;
Ti offerisco la casa mia	I offer thee my humble cot,
Benchè non è cosa per tia.	Although so far beneath thy lot.
Madonna.	
Sia per me Dio lodato	Now God be praised, for this by me
E da tutti ringraziato	And by all ever thankèd be.
Sorella le vestre parole	Sister, know these words of thine
Mi consolano il mio cuore.	Have consoled this heart of mine.
Gipsy.	
Or scavalca Signora mia	Now from off the ass incline,
Hai una faccia d'una Dia	Lady, thy face seems all divine;
Ch' io terrò la creatura	And suffer me the Child to have,
Che sto core m' innamora.	Who has won this heart with love.
Madonna.	
Noi veniamo da Nazarette	From distant Nazareth we come,
Siamo senza alcun ricetto	And in these parts we have no home;
Arrivati alla strania	No friends have we at all but God,
Stanchi, e lassi della via.	All weary with the way we've trod.
Gipsy.	
Aggio quà una stallicella	Here I have a little stall,
Bona per una somarella	Fit to lodge the ass so small;
Paglia e fieno ce ne getto	For all a shelter here is found,
Vi è per tutti lo ricetto.	And hay and straw to strew the ground.

Digitized by Google

Se n' è come meritate	That 'tis so unworthy thee,
Signoruccia perdonate	Lady kind, now pardon me,
Come possi io meschina	How can I, so poor and mean,
Ricettare una Regina?	Dare to entertain a queen?
E tu vecchiarello siedi	And, dear old man, repose thee now,
Sei venuto sempre a piedi	For thou has come afoot, I trow—
Avelte fatto o bella figlia	Beauteous daughter, full of smiles,
Da trecento e tante miglia.	Thou hast come three hundred miles.
Oh ch' è bello sto figliarello	How beauteous is this little boy,
Che par fatto col penello	Quite formed to make a painter's joy:
Non ci so dare assomiglio	Beauteous mother, beauteous son,
Bella Madre, e bello il figlio.	I dare find no comparison!
Hai presenza di Regina	How queenly is thy gait, in sooth!
Lo mio core l' indovina	And now I dimly trace the truth!
Questa figlia e il tuo sposo	This maiden is thy spouse, I ween;
Troppo è bello e grazioso.	Was one so favoured ever seen?

There is a very happy touch of nature in this verse. The gipsy's start of surprise is aptly represented by the sudden change in her address from the blessed Virgin to St. Joseph. As also in the next, where her fortune-telling inclination bursts forth, no longer to be restrained.

Se ti piace o mia Signora	Let it please thee, lady mine,
T' indovino la ventura	That I thy fortune should divine;
Noi signora così simo	It ever is our custom, lass,
Facciano sempre l'indovino.	To tell the fate of those who pass.
Ma quel chè dirò a te	But what shall I dare tell to thee,
To lo sai meglio di me	Who knowst it better far than me;
Alla tua bella presenza	Well, at a glance, I can descry
Mostri assai di sapienza.	How wisdom beams forth from thine eye.
E sei stata a Bettelemme	At Bethl'hem, little Lady dear,
Signoruccia ancora teme	Thou didst pass a time of fear;
Non aver più paura	But now you may put fear away,
Sei arrivata alla buon'ora.	For you have come to a good day.
Ecco pazza d' allegrezza	Oh, I'm beside myself with joy,
Piena son di contentezza	And with content without alloy,
E per quanti io discerno	For by what I now discern,
Fosti eletta in eterno.	Thou wast elected from eterne.

Through twenty-four verses the gipsy then tells in familiar words the history of our Lord's birth and early years, interspersing her narrative with the natural cant phrases of her people, such as '*N'è il vero, bella Signora?*' ('Am I not right, pretty Lady?') &c., to call attention to her success in the art of divining. As she proceeds, she gets more enthusiastic, and finally exclaims,

Ora bella signora mia	And now, thou pretty Lady mine,
Che sei piena di cortesia	So full of courtesy, so kind,
Mostramelo per favore	Shew me of thy gentle favour,
Lo tuo figlio Redentore.	The Child, thy Son, and our Saviour.

Digitized by Google

The Madonna turns to St. Joseph, and says,

Datemi o caro sposo	Give to me, my husband dear,
Lo tuo figlio grazioso	Thy tender son in my arms here;
Quanto il vede sta meschina	For this poor gipsy she has guessed
Zingarella ch' è indovina.	The secret of his birthright blessed.

Then she proceeds, as if desirous that the glorious truth should be proclaimed in a more worthy way than by the dark whispers of the poor heathen woman.

Questo figlio è tuo Dio	True, though heart and breath of mine,
Ch' è lo core, e il fiato mio	This Infant is thy Lord Divine;
Guarda bene sto bel viso	Yes, gaze upon my lovely boy,
Allegrezza di Paradiso.	Of Paradise the only joy.
Figlio è dell' Eterno Padre	Th' Eternal Father's Son is He,
Come Dio di maestade	As God He shares His majesty;
Come Uomo è figlio mio	As man, He's yet indeed my son,
Per sua mera cortesia.	'Twas of His condescension done.

To which the gipsy replies,

Oh è fino e inzuccherato	Most true He is as honey sweet,
Il mio cuore è innamorato	My heart 's in homage at His feet;
Signora, e Imperatrice	Lady, Empress, well for me,
Benchè sono peccatrice.	Poor sinner, His sweet face to see.

Then she resumes her divination.

Buona sorte fu la mia	Happy was my fate this day,
D' incontrarvi per la via	Thus to meet thee on thy way.
Mi passava ogn'ora il core	Each hour my heart within me said,
Mi diceva 'esci fuore.'	'Go forth and meet the Child and Maid.'
Giacchè Dio così destina	Thus 'twas ordered from on high
Che faccio l' indovina	That I thy fortune should descry;
Fammi grazia Signorina	Pretty Lady, one command,
Dammi quì la tua manina.	Let me see thy little hand.
Io non faccio ste parole	I have not made these words, she said,
Ma le spicco dallo core	They well up from my heart, my maid.
Bella Madre di clemenza	Gentle Mother! nerve thy heart
Preparatevi a penitenza.	To bear a more than martyr's part.

Then in another score of verses she predicts the Baptism and Temptation, the Entrance into Jerusalem, the Last Supper, and all the details of the Agony, the Betrayal, the Judgment-hall; and concludes:

Questo figlio accarezzato	This little tender Son caress'd,
Tu lo vedrai ammazzato	Thou must see to death distress'd.
Sopra d'una dura Croce	On a cruel cross and hard,
Figlio bello, figlio dolce.	Must see His beauty bruised and marred.

Digitized by Google

Mani e piedi sarà inchiodato	The nails must pierce His hands and feet,
Lo suo lato spalancato	And through that side so soft and sweet
D'una lancia cruda e ria	The relentless lance and fierce,
Benchè morto allora sia.	Even after death, must pierce.
Chi dolori sentirai:	What pangs shall wound thy heart, sweet
Quando in braccio l'averai	When within thine arms He's laid, [Maid!
Morto, e tutto insanguinato	Pale in death, His Blood outpoured,
Col suo corpo scorticato.	His flesh with blows and lashes gored.
Con gran lagrime e sospire	Then with tears, yet bending near Him,
Lo porterai a seppellire	As to burial they bear Him,
In un nuovo monumento	He'll in a new tomb be laid,
Por tuo ultimo tormento.	Thine ultimate distress, poor maid.
Dunque Madre sconsolata	Therefore, Mother most distress'd,
Facci sempre l'avvocata	Raise for us thy strong request;
Tu sei figlia di Dio Padre	Daughter of our God most High,
Di suo figlio sei la Madre.	And to His Son as Mother nigh.
Sposa sei di Spirito Santo	Spouse, too, of the Holy Ghost,
Non puoi aver più vauto	Was there ever higher boast!
Sei arrivata a tanti onori	These honours on thee are outpoured,
Per noi altri peccatori.	For sinners' sakes by our dear Lord.
Non ti vò più infastidire	And now, to weary thee no more,
Bella Signore, sai ch'hai fare	One little favour I implore;
Dona la limosinella	An alms on this poor girl bestow,
A sta povera zingarella.	My pretty Lady, say not 'no.'
Non voglio oro, nè denaro	It is not gold that I demand
Benchè me ne possi dare	Though this I know thou couldst command;
Sei stella rilucente	A very star thou art, so bright,
Hai con te Cristo onnipotento.	And Jesus ever in thy sight.
Vò una vera contrizione	Contrition is the boon I seek,
Per la tua intercessione	O ask it for me, Mother meek,
Acciò st'alma dopo morte	So that this poor and erring mortal
Tragga alle Celeste porte.*	May pass within the heavenly portal.†

The most striking music the cultus of the blessed Virgin evokes, however, is that of the Pfifferari, the fleece-clothed musicians, who come up to Rome every winter, chiefly from the district of Sora, in Terra di Lavoro, to celebrate the festivals of Christmas and the Conception of the Virgin. Their lays are rustic in metre, but not without considerable poetic

* This tradition, as well as many of the others, is equally common in Spain, where, however, in one version I have seen, it winds up with a stroke of deep pathos. After predicting all the sufferings the Divine Infant has to encounter, the Gipsy adds—

La mas cruel de tus penas	But Thy hardest pang, I ween,
Te la predigo con llanto	(As I predict my tears flow fast,)
Será que en tus redimitos	It is that those Thou shalt redeem
Señor, hallaras ingratos!	Shall still ingrate be found at last.

† Readers must not regard this as an attempt at poetry, but simply an English rendering of the original, line by line.

Digitized by Google

beauty; and though they are themselves also rough and uncultivated in appearance, the uncovered heads, uplifted eyes, and decent seriousness with which they go through their performance, as well as the dignity and earnestness with which they utter their benedictions on you when you have spoken with them, show that their simple function is sacred in their eyes.

About a hundred couples come up to Rome every Christmas; the rest of the year they gain a frugal living by tending sheep, or sowing or reaping, for not all are shepherds. 'How come *you* to sing the novenas?' I said to a pair of brothers, who owned to greater conversance with field than pastoral labour. 'We learnt it from the shepherds: may we not praise the Madonna too?' they replied apologetically. Some of them are adventurous fellows, however, and have made the tour of Europe, all on foot, earning their living as they go by their minstrelsy, and bringing home a small amount of savings against their marriage, or 'a rainy day.' One owned to having made twenty scudi, another to fifty scudi between four; but then he was a jollier subject, and had probably spent more by the way.

Their general plan seems to make for Paris in the first instance, spending some two months, and wearing out on the journey half a dozen pair of *cioccie*, or pieces of leather cut to the shape of the foot, and turned up all round it by means of leather thongs, disposed in many elaborate coils round the calf of the leg, forming a very easy and inexpensive style of shoe. The sack of their bagpipe they renew likewise frequently for themselves, out of the skin of a young sheep or goat, the wool or hair shorn short, and turned inside. It lasts, under ordinary circumstances, about two months; but during constant playing, such as that of this season, for example, it gets worn out in a novena.

Arrived at Calais, they are obliged, reluctantly, to accept a place in the steamer, in lieu of their natural means of locomotion, which they gladly resume at Dover. Partly by tradition, from those who have preceded them in the adventure, and partly by necessity, they pick up enough of the language of each country for their simple needs. 'A glass of beer,' 'a loaf of bread,' 'the way to next large village?' are sentences which they repeat with the glee of a parrot. Belgium, Holland, Prussia, Bavaria, are visited in turn on the way home; but England suits them best, because there alone they have nothing to pay for a licence to perform in the streets. Berlin they find the most restrictive city in Europe.

The English beer, too, seems to be remembered with enthusiasm; and the English sheep has taken a prominent place in their fancy. Their fabulous recitals of its perfections contain the force of a whole treatise on the way in which myths and legends arise. It was very amusing to listen to their glowing descriptions of an object so familiar to oneself; that it would take three or four men to lift one; that they stood as high as a small horse; and many similar compliments.

London, with its noise and bustle, seems to excite more surprise than

Digitized by Google

admiration; and the 'big church, with a cupola like that of the Holy Father,' did not escape their notice. 'But I didn't want to go into it,' said one of them, 'when they said it was Protestant; and I found plenty of good priests who could talk our language.' That of ''*atona gardenna*,' (under which appellation, after several repetitions, I recognized Hatton Garden,) they seemed to think as fine as some in Rome, but that it was so very white.

After this roving life, they seem generally to settle down again very quietly in the monotony of their native valleys; though I think looking forward to the Christmas expedition to Rome is the bright ray of their existence, cheering the rest of the year. There was one, however, who had only married after his return from his second expedition to England, being apparently nearly thirty, which is very late in life for a Roman marriage. If he went on his travels again, he said, 'he should not take her—women were made for staying at home, men for roaming the world.'

Their language is as rustic as their instruments; and as many of their expressions are dialectic, it is not very easy always to understand their meaning. It was not till after I had made many attempts, that by collating fragments gathered from a number of different individuals, I was able to put together the following, as the text of their two chief ditties: one for the festival of the eighth, and the other for that of the twenty-fifth, December. I have altered the wording as little as possible; for though it is clear the process of tradition has greatly modified the original, it is interesting to have the opportunity of tracing this process; it is apparent, chiefly, in the rude forms and contractions of words, and even more in the abrupt changes of tense, and the sudden transition from narrative to address, and from address back to narrative.

I. FOR THE 25TH DECEMBER.

E la Vergine la figlia di Santa Anna
Il cui ventre portò il buon' Gesù
E partorilo sotto una capannella
La dove mangiano il bove e l' asinella.

E gli angeli chiamano 'venite santi!
E nato Gesù Bambino alla capannella
Venite tutti quanti voi pastori
A visitare Gesù Bambino il nostro Signore.'

Gesù Bambino mio sia laudato
Laudiamo la Santissima Trinità
E San Guiseppe che era in compagnia
Si è trovato in parto di Maria.

La notte di Natale è notte santa
Allo Padre al' Figliuolo e allo Spirito Santo;
Questa orazione che abbiamo cantata
A Gesù Bambino si è rappresentata.

Digitized by Google

Of which the literal translation is roughly as follows.

The Virgin is the daughter of Saint Anna!
'Twas her womb bore us our good Jesu,
And brought Him forth beneath a pastoral hut,
Where ox and lowly ass are fed.

And the angels sang, 'Come, ye holy ones,
Child Jesus is born beneath the pastoral hut;
Come all of you, ye shepherds,
To visit the Child Jesus, our good Lord.'

Child Jesus mine, O ever praised be,
And praised be the most Holy Trinity;
And St. Joseph, who was in Mary's company,
And wast with her when she brought forth the Redeemer.

Christmas night is holy to the Lord,
To Father, Son, and Holy Spirit blest;
This prayer, which we to day have sung,
To the Child Jesus 'tis devoutly addressed.

II. FOR THE 8TH DECEMBER.

O Vergine immacolata e giglio di amore,
E la Madre del nostro buon' Signore!
O Vergine sia sempre laudata,
La Regina del cielo immacolata!

Immacolata Vergine sempre sia laudata
In cielo e in terra sia nostra avvocata
Beato chi è divoto alla Madonna
Figlio sarà chiamato di Santa Anna.

Beato chi la fà con divozione
Questa Novena dell' Immacolata concezione
Riposaste li piedi sopra la luna
Le stelle avanti agli angioli ci previene
E metteste li piedi sopra il dragone
Diletta Immacolata Concezione!

O Virgin Immaculate, O Lily of Love,
And mother of our good Lord!
O Virgin, be thou ever highly praised,
Thou Queen of Heaven Immaculate!

Immaculate Virgin, ever be thou praised,
In Heaven and earth be thou our advocate;
Blessed whoso is devout to the Madonna
Child, he shall be called of good St. Anna.

Blessed, whoso observes it with devotion,
The Novena of the Immaculate Conception.
Thy feet thou reposest on the moon;
The stars and holy angels bring us tidings of thee;
And thy heel bruiseth the ill serpent;
O beloved Immaculate Conception!

Digitized by Google

We have had the Pfifferari in London, and when they come droning and shouting under our windows while we are busily engaged, chafed at the distraction, we drive them away without caring to weigh their merits. In Rome we have set aside our occupations, being there for the express purpose of being distracted, and are disposed to make the best of any chance of diversion that offers. Thus, when at the approach of Christmas, the very Pfifferari I had ordered from my door at home, came round in emulation of the shepherds of Bethlehem, to pay their humble tribute of melody to 'the young Child and His Mother' wherever they might find Him, even in His lonely shrine at the corner of my *vicolo*, I felt no difficulty in listening to them patiently. My first improved impression was to notice their superiority over the 'savage and shrill' Scotch bagpipes, with which I had heretofore confounded their instrument. I perceived that their pitch was not so squeaky, their sostenuto less piercing; further, that the quick jocund notes of the accompanying pipe was cleverly calculated to correct the monotony of the leading performance. My ear educated to appreciate the tones, and my mind edified by the generally intelligent and devout hearing of these primitive musicians, I ended by standing to listen to them with pleasure, while I stocked a leaf in my sketch-book with some of their groupings; and the pony's companion sheep seemed to think he snuffed his native air as he assisted at the pastoral scene.

R. H. B.

CHRISTMAS AT MALTA.

A FEW years ago, it fell to my lot to pass a winter at Malta. Like most other visitors, I arrived about the middle of November, and certainly the first view of the island was not prepossessing. It had not yet recovered from the intense heat of a Maltese summer—a heat which must be felt to be appreciated, and which burns up every leaf and every blade of grass, and leaves the island looking very much like a vast white rock with low white stone walls scattered thickly on the surface, which is only varied by white villages, white country houses, or white churches of a rather mosque-like appearance. In fact, the first thing that strikes a traveller on arriving at Malta, is the excessive whiteness of everything around him.

But by Christmas, all this whiteness and barrenness has disappeared; everything is fresh, green, and fertile. The ramparts are carpeted with dwarf marigolds and ragged-robins; the sides of the high-road are white with daisies, or yellow with the lovely oxalis, which grows so luxuriantly that it has become the torment of the Maltese farmer—if such a term may be applied to a Maltese tiller of the ground. The public gardens are full of beautiful and fragrant flowers; the fields are green with the

Digitized by Google

growing corn, clover, and cotton; and the waste land, where there is not sufficient soil for either of these three, is covered with fine purple anemones, red pheasant's-eye, (Flos Adonis,) white narcissus, or scarlet poppies.

The climate too, is changed for the better. The intense heat has passed away, and given place to a moderate and equable temperature, very much like an English May or June. But, occasionally, the damp scirocco blows, and then—farewell to all comfort and enjoyment for the next three days. In a scirocco nothing goes right; you complain of the bread being heavy, and you are told that it is not the baker's fault, but that bread will not rise in a sciroc. You next find the meat detestable, and that is equally attributed to the sciroc. And woe to him who in ignorance of the climate, and despising the good advice of older inhabitants, shall venture to have anything painted in a sciroc! The punishment will be a severe one, and he will not soon forget that whatever is painted in a sciroc, not only takes long to dry, but is liable to become damp again on the next recurrence of this torment.

Sometimes, by way of variety, the island is visited by a *gregale*—a strong north-east wind—which, like the scirocco, blows for three, six, or nine, days at a time. This is a very healthy wind, but one of extreme violence; indeed, it has often done very serious damage to the shipping, and even to the buildings on land. Some years ago, a large merchant ship at anchor in the Quarantine Harbour, suddenly sank during a gregale, and every soul on board perished; and on another occasion, the sea rose to such a height, during a three days' continuance of this wind, as to sweep away entirely a great part of the road between Sliema and the village of St. Julian's. But these are rare events, and the average weather of a Maltese winter is extremely delightful.

On my arrival, in November, I found Valletta very quiet, and provisions wonderfully cheap, and I soon discovered the reason. The fleet had been out cruising on the coast of Spain during the hot months, and had not yet returned. For a few weeks more, no tidings were heard of it, till one day, about the middle of December, H. M. steamer, Terrible, appeared, bearing despatches from the Admiral to the Governor and the Port-Admiral, and she forthwith took up her quarters for the winter at the mouth of the Quarantine Harbour. It was rumoured that the rest of the fleet would soon follow; but day after day wore on, and still no ships appeared in sight, except the usual steam-packets and trading-vessels, and at length people almost gave up expecting it, and made up their minds that the Admiral intended to stay away till after Christmas. But in this they were mistaken, for before day-break on the morning of the 24th of December, the Firebrand arrived with the news that the fleet might be expected in a few hours. Immediately everyone was on the *qui vive;* the Maltese ran to and fro, preparing for the immense demand for eatables and drinkables which would ensue directly on the arrival of such a host of Jack Tars; or, clustered together in the streets, chattered,

Digitized by Google

screamed, and gesticulated, with even more vehemence than usual; the officers of the garrison betook themselves to the highest parts of the fortifications, especially of Fort St. Elmo, and kept a diligent look-out from thence, while the English visitors did the same from the roofs of their respective hotels, or from the Observatory at the Palace, where good George Calamatta, the signal-master, was in great glory, arranging signals, lending his telescope, and telling, with even more than ordinary delight, his never-failing anecdotes of the sayings and doings of the late Queen Dowager, during her visit to Malta.

At about nine o'clock a.m., the fleet came in sight. The day was perfect—so clear and warm and still—but soon it became too still for the sailing-vessels, and the Firebrand was obliged to go out and tow them in one by one. The 'Queen' was the first to enter the harbour, which she did about twelve o'clock, and she was most warmly received by the crowd who lined the walls. The other ships followed by degrees; and in the afternoon a breeze sprang up which enabled the fine three-decker, 'Caledonia,' to enter majestically with all her sails set.

But the Maltese are too busy on Christmas Eve with preparations for the ensuing festival, to be entirely absorbed in the contemplation even of so great an event as the arrival of the fleet, and they do not choose their visitors to devote the whole day to it. Accordingly, you are told that the correct thing to do is to drive to Citta Vecchia, and see the Cathedral hung with crimson damask, and lighted by numberless wax candles, in preparation for the midnight Mass.

Citta Vecchia, the capital of Malta till the Grand Master La Vallette built the town which bears his name, is about six miles inland from Valletta, and was once a very flourishing town, but it is now only inhabited by the lower classes of Maltese. The Cathedral is by no means a fine building; in fact, it is very far inferior to the Church of St. John in Valletta; its principal merit being its superior age, and a few memorial tablets to the knights, in different coloured marbles, which have been well restored within the last few years. The usual aspect of the Cathedral is dreary and deserted; but on Christmas Eve the walls are covered with fine old crimson satin hangings, which, with the wax candles, the burning incense, and a continual monotonous chant performed by a few priests, make it look a little less gloomy than usual. Still, the effect was not at all what the glowing descriptions of the Maltese had led me to expect, and I returned to Valletta thinking the splendours of the Cathedral and the Christmas Eve service rather fabulous. It appeared, however, as if the Maltese did not agree in my view of the case, for all night long there was a sound in the streets of people going to the midnight Mass, or returning from it. At length day dawned, and the bleating of the goats as they came to be milked, succeeded to the constant tramp of feet, and the screaming Maltese voices. But I was not destined to enjoy such quiet long; for soon the bells of a church, near the hotel, began to ring, and the peal was taken up by another church, and another, and another,

Digitized by Google

till all the bells in Valletta were ringing, as if the safety of the island depended on their making as much noise as possible; and this continued at intervals all day.

Christmas Day, so far from home, is a very dreary affair. You may think this a piece of sentimentality unworthy of a true Briton, and to which he should 'never, never, never, be a slave;' but you will find it to be a real, and, I had almost said, an unconquerable, feeling. Love of home is one of the most strongly marked points in the British character, and at no season is it so forcibly excited as at Christmas.

Under these circumstances, then, it was by no means pleasant or enlivening to find that the loveliness of the preceding day had given place to the very worst damp scirocco there had been that winter in Malta. It was much too hot to think of a fire, in spite of the clinging damp which made one long for it, while the depressing effect of that hated wind was even more powerful than usual.

However, there was nothing for it but to make the best of it, which I accordingly endeavoured to do; and when the bells of the English church rang out sweet and clear on the still air, I felt that after all, I was not so entirely an outcast from old England as I had at first allowed myself to think.

In the course of the day I visited several of the churches of Valletta. Dingy crimson hangings, huge tallow candles, monotonous chanting by dirty priests—these were the principal features of them all. To my mind, the graceful branches of the pepper tree, with which in lieu of holly, the English church was decorated, formed a more fitting and far more lovely ornament.

Roast beef, plum-pudding, and mince-pies—a regular Christmas dinner—but the blazing fire was wanting; and still more, the merry greetings, the kind wishes, the happy faces, which we always associate with Christmas; and when night had closed in, I looked back on the events of the day, and resolved that, if I could avoid it, I would never pass a Christmas so far from old England again.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

Many and curious were the customs which once prevailed in the Isle of Man at this season, but they are now fast dying out.

On Christmas Eve there is a late evening service in all the parish churches, which are brilliantly lighted for the occasion, and several carols are sung. But this service, though always well attended, must seem tame indeed to those old Manx men who remember the time when the church was kept open nearly all night; when the people provided their own tapers, and vied with their neighbours in the quantity they

Digitized by Google

could bring; and when carol after carol was sung by individual members of the congregation. This service still goes by its ancient name of 'Oie'l Vayree,' which means literally, 'Eve of Mary,' and the origin of it was evidently a service in honour of the Virgin Mary. It is curious that in a place where the ignorant cry of 'No Popery' meets with a ready response, and where most of the people are dissenters, that such a service should be still kept up without even changing its name. Christmas Day itself is not kept with nearly so much solemnity; and out of the crowds of rustics who appear at the Oie'l Vayree, very few indeed attend the morning service on Christmas Day.

The Manx people do not seem to have any national game; most of the men go out shooting on Christmas Day, and the boys generally spend the day in playing at 'hockey,' which they call by some unpronounceable name.

In olden times a barn was always given up at this season, and prepared for dancing, in which exercise all the people, young and old, disported themselves for at least ten days. Dancing is still held in great favour by the Manx people, and they have a Manx reel, which is somewhat like a Scotch one; it is danced by four persons, and the slow motion is now and then enlivened by a shout and stamp. An old Manx rhyme, in referring to the popular taste for dancing, says,

'I ne'er such festivity saw,
As there, where the damsels were hopping;
For dancing is somewhat like law,
When once you begin there's no stopping.'

The Manx are decidedly very fond of law-suits; they will go to law with a neighbour about the smallest disagreement, and their law-suits are endless, so that the simile has more force in their case than may appear at first sight.

When the dancing in the barn was over, a curious ceremony was gone through, which was called 'Cutting off the fiddler's head.' The fiddler knelt on the floor, and placed his head on the knee of some maiden, as though he were going to cry forfeits, he then proceeded to prophesy of certain events, and particularly of weddings, to take place before the next Christmas; he often judged by little signs of affection which he had witnessed during the dancing. If he coupled together the names of a man and maiden who disliked each other, there was often much weeping; as, though not much thought of on other occasions, on this one the greatest faith was placed in the fiddler's auguries. I believe this custom has now quite died out.

The stoning of the wren on St. Stephen's Day, is, I believe, not peculiar to this Island; it is an odd custom, and the origin and meaning of it I know not. The day before St. Stephen's Day, an unfortunate wren is caught and stoned to death; he is then hung on a bush. The following day, three boys, one with a piece of crape on his cap, and

Digitized by Google

another ornamented with flowers and some wrens' feathers, go about from house to house, carrying the bush, and singing the following lines.

HUNTING THE WREN.

'We'll away to the woods, says Robin the Bobbin,
We'll away to the woods, says Richard the Robbin,
We'll away to the woods, says Jacky the Land,
We'll away to the woods, says everyone.'

Each verse has the line four times over.

2. What will we do there? says Robin the Bobbin, &c.
3. We'll hunt the wren, says Robin the Bobbin, &c.
4. Where is he? where is he? says, &c.
5. In yonder green bush, says, &c.
6. How can we get him? says, &c.
7. With sticks and stones, says, &c.
8. He's down, he's down, says, &c.
9. How can we get him home? says, &c.
10. We'll hire a cart, says, &c.
11. Whose cart shall we hire? says, &c.
12. Johnny Bill Tell's, says, &c.
13. How can we get him in? says, &c.
14. With iron bars, says, &c.
15. He's at home, he's at home, says, &c.
16. How will we get him boiled? says, &c.
17. In the brewery pan, says, &c.
18. How will we get him eaten? says, &c.
19. With knives and forks, says, &c.
20. Who's to dine at his feast? says, &c.
21. The king and the queen, says, &c.
22. The pluck for the poor, says, &c.
23. The legs for the lame, says, &c.
24. The bones for the dogs, says, &c.
25. He's eaten! he's eaten! says, &c.

At all other times the life of the wren is protected, as it is considered unlucky to kill one; there are some fishermen who consider it a charmed bird, and always carry a dead one or a few feathers with them when they go to sea.

Now I must conclude, wishing you a happy Christmas.

Digitized by Google

MISSION WORK AT HOME.

No. XI.

IN THE EAST OF LONDON.

'THE most pressing of our wants for the coming year seems to me to be the maintenance of parochial work in poor districts, where the Incumbents, out of their very scanty incomes, are quite unable to provide the necessary salaries for Curates and other helpers.'

Such are the words in which, in a letter addressed to the members of the Ladies' Diocesan Association early in the present year, the Bishop of London commends the poor parishes in the east of London to the kindly care of the inhabitants of the West End.

For these parishes the work that has to be done, is not only that which is especially the office of the Bishop's Fund, the breaking up of new ground, the planting of the Mission, the nourishing of all the works connected with it; there is the life-long labour of maintaining all the necessary parochial work.

There is the portioning off some of its thousands of inhabitants, it is true, to become a separate charge under the care of the Mission clergyman; but when that is done, the population of the mother parish has only been decreased a little; there has been no increase in its wealth or means of support; the Mission district will still look to, and partly depend upon, the elder church for support; and *that* is not only powerless to help, but almost incapable of maintaining its own necessary machinery.

How heavily these difficulties press upon the clergymen of those parishes may be seen from the following sentences, which we quote from the Bishop of London's address to the Ladies' Association, to whose efforts in collecting funds, as well as in visiting, teaching, or assisting in any way, he so earnestly commends this portion of his diocese.

'No one who is not acquainted with the actual state of the parishes in the poorer parts of London can have any conception of the burden which is thrown upon the clergy. Great exertions have been made by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to raise the incomes of the incumbents of these parishes to £300 a year; and though that is but a small income, it is far better than they were able to receive formerly. But this £300 a year, though it might with great difficulty suffice, perhaps, for a man and his family, cannot suffice for that object if you are to deduct from it a sum of £200 a year for the necessary expenses of the parish. Now I hold in my hand a letter from the incumbent of a poor parish in the east of London, to which I direct your attention. He says, "Out of an income of £300 a year, £148 is necessarily deducted, chiefly in meeting the grants made by various societies towards the supply of clerical and other spiritual agencies for the parish." These societies very properly and naturally adopt the plan of giving grants in aid. They do not

Digitized by Google

generally pay the whole salary of a curate, but they say, We will give you, say £80 a year, on condition that you raise £40 a year to meet that £80. What is the result? If we were here in St. James's, Westminster, there would be no difficulty in raising the amount in church, or by collections from house to house; but when you come to these poor parishes, it is totally impossible for a clergyman to obtain the money without wasting his whole time in asking for it; and hence one of the crying evils is the necessity for continual appeals, which occupy much of the time of the clergy which might be better spent in other ways, and which withdraw their minds from their directly spiritual work. In this particular parish to which I have alluded, £148 a year have to be deducted out of the incumbent's £300 a year. This clergyman proceeds to tell me that his people contribute according to their means, and if they did not, his whole income would be absorbed. . . . . Now, what I wish to urge upon you is that you come to the rescue of these poor parishes by enabling the clergy to defray the expenses of curates and Mission women, to have deaconesses engaged wherever possible, to reside in the parishes, and to meet school expenses. In the parishes which are so burdened, I must beg you to press forward, and to take a portion of the burden from the clergy, for without that relief it is almost impossible for them to acquit themselves satisfactorily in the difficult positions in which they are placed. For a few years a man might go on as incumbent in such a parish, with a stipend lower than that of a curate, but at last he must seek another cure, or become depressed and dispirited. It has long been a project that the richer parts of London should bear a portion of the burdens of the poorer; and here is a plain way in which you may assist, by bearing the burdens of the clergy in those poor districts.'

Let us briefly glance at one of these East End parishes.

Once again we are in Stepney, amongst the numerous streets, the moderate-sized houses, the poor inhabitants.

The Parish of St. Peter's, Stepney, is under the care of the Rev. A. H. Sitwell; it is a specimen of all that parishes of this kind require, for here is the work both new and old going on together—the older church and the Mission church. The elder requiring so much assistance to carry on its ordinary parochial work; and the Mission, which has sprung from it to take charge of a portion of its great population, owing its existence in a measure to it, looking to it for partial support, and yet able to derive so little help from the already overburdened church.

'I have,' writes Mr. Sitwell, 'nearly *seventeen thousand* people under my care. Since I came to St. Peter's, I have opened a Mission church, which relieves me of the direct charge of four thousand. The bulk of the people are very poor.'

Here the Bishop of London's Fund has been at work, assisting Mr. Sitwell to commence this Mission, called the Northern Mission, in his parish; it provides the Missionary clergyman, and makes a grant for securing the site for a permanent church. A parochial Mission woman

Digitized by Google

is appointed to work amongst the poor. Here then is the Mission District, with its population of four thousand—quite a parish in itself—the Mission church, with its welcome Services, its Sunday school of three hundred scholars, and all the work which is growing and has yet to grow out of it. But what remains for the large population still under the care of the clergyman of the parish church?

First, there is the church itself, with all its heavy expenses, to be maintained, as it best can be, by church collections and donations. Then there are the large schools, with their six hundred children, for which, happily, the children's pence, the Government grant, and the church collections and subscriptions, are just sufficient. Attached to the parish is a Provident Society, which last year received deposits to the amount of upwards of £2,200, showing how much may be saved by a large population of working people, when once they have acquired the habit of saving, and the opportunity of doing so with safety is presented to them. There is also a satisfactory Clothing Club, and a Lying-in Charity; but when we have recounted these agencies, there still remains the question, Who is to help the clergyman himself in the care of his people? Who shall assist in watching over the twelve or thirteen thousand souls still remaining? Whence shall the funds arise which are to provide him with a fellow-helper in the ministry, and enable them to send forth their Scripture-readers, Mission women, and other visitors, amongst the poor, whose help must be so sorely needed in such a parish? Where indeed, except in the manner stated by the Bishop, by grants in aid, which in almost every case have to be met by a fixed amount, for which the clergyman is solely responsible.

Probably all will remember how severely the East End of London suffered from the outbreak of cholera last year, and how unflinchingly it was met by all who were at work amongst the poor.

Both in their own parish and in the London hospital, Mr. and Mrs. Sitwell were especially welcome visitors, for they had known and suffered from cholera in India, and to see them alive and well, and fearlessly going about amongst the sick, was very cheering to the poor patients.

At the commencement of the outbreak a short letter was addressed to his parishioners, by Mr. Sitwell, briefly setting before them the necessary precautions, telling them where to apply for remedies, and concluding with these words:—

'I pray you to remember that we are in God's hands, and that the efficacy of these precautions depends upon His blessing. Love and fear Him and put your trust in Him at all times, for "God is our Hope."

'The parsonage is close to St. Peter's. The friends of persons who are ill may summon me to attend at any hour of the day or night. Commending you to the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,

'I remain,

'Your affectionate Friend and Pastor,

'ALBERT H. SITWELL.'

St. Peter's Parsonage, Stepney.

Digitized by Google

When the anxiety of a large East End parish, with its twelve or thirteen thousand souls, is at all times so great, what must it be when it is aggravated by any season of special sickness or public distress?

We are accustomed to hear so much of new Mission districts, and all their various necessities, that perhaps we hardly think as much as we ought to do of all the labour and anxiety involved in the patient continuance in well-doing through which a poor parish, when once established, has to maintain its work. How heavily these anxieties press upon the parochial clergyman may be judged from Mr. Sitwell's words: 'What I most require at present is help towards the sum of £145 a year which I have to pay to the curates of St. Peter's and the Mission church. This is a perpetual burden. The income of the church is about £320 per annum. Without help I cannot maintain the machinery which is in work at present, and of course the church of St. Peter's, Stepney, is the centre of all. I do not see that it is possible for any incumbent of St. Peter's to keep the present work in action without help from the West End. I hope that I may be permitted not only to maintain, but to further develope the good work which God has given to me to do.'

How many clergymen in the East End of London are thus burdened with anxieties which they scarcely know how to meet? On how many does the weight press of an amount of work whose requirements it is hardly possible to meet, and for whose performance it is still less possible to provide? We once heard at London House such startling accounts of the poverty of these East End parishes, that were it possible to transcribe only a small portion of what was then related, our readers would scarcely think it credible that in any part of the great city such depths of distress could exist. True, it has been greatly increased of late by the depression from which every branch of trade has suffered; and this increase, it is to be hoped, may in the course of time subside; but what must it be *always* to live and labour amongst it?

It is because our readers have manifested such warm and generous sympathy in the great Mission work now going on in the vast diocese of London, that we venture to commend to their attention the Bishop's words, and ask them to bestow a thought, a prayer, and an occasional gift, upon those poor East End parishes whose necessities have been thus set before us. Happily, there are many to whom no pleasure is so great as the pleasure of doing good; and it is in the power of many a resident in the West End of London, or inhabitant of the country, to enjoy that pleasure to the utmost by extending a helping hand to their poorer brethren in the east of London. How great would be the comfort, and how strong the encouragement, to every incumbent of an East End parish, if he knew that some one neighbourhood, or congregation, or family even, were henceforth to be his helpers, assisting to collect and contribute the requisite funds for carrying on the parochial work, and in many ways aiding him to bear the burden of anxiety which must otherwise press so heavily upon those to whom the care of so many thousands of souls is entrusted.

IVANOVNA.

Digitized by Google

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS OF 1868.

Mr. Editor,

Although the newspapers have given ample and somewhat varied accounts of the late Congress, and although we hope for a full and accurate report before the end of the year, yet it seems as if something were wanting unless the younger members of the English Church are presented with some record of the meeting in their own peculiar periodical.

With great joy, yet with some trepidation, the Irish Church welcomed the promise that the Congress of 1868 should be held in Dublin, and all the arrangements were committed to those who conducted them to the satisfaction of all concerned, so that all was ready for the expected 29th of September: the subjects for each day arranged, and two written essays and several speakers appointed for each, allowing in each session a certain time for voluntary speakers who were not to exceed ten minutes. The place of meeting was the Exhibition Palace, erected about four years ago, and the number of members' tickets issued was upwards of 2,400.

To some of our young readers Dublin is less known than most of the cities of the Continent, and the sixty miles of sea present a rougher and more discouraging barrier than hundreds and thousands of miles of ocean, which surely cannot *all* be calmer than the Irish Channel. However, this formidable gulf is traversed, in some of the largest and best steamers in the British service, and the Bay of Dublin is reached in about three hours from the harbour of Holyhead; and surely a fairer sight can scarcely be presented by the most favoured capitals of Europe; certainly not to those who love the combination of mountain and sea with the tokens of human habitation, refinement, and prosperity. The landing-place of the Holyhead steamers is six miles from the city of Dublin, and the whole intervening space is occupied by villas and terraces, sometimes standing apart, sometimes grouped into towns or villages; the granite, hewn from the neighbouring hills of Killiney, largely used in these buildings, giving to these marine residences one of the beauties of Edinburgh; white and glittering, with their church spires and their trees and gardens, they form a fair foreground to the grand mountain range which encloses them; these little towns are Kingstown, Monkstown, Blackrock, Booterstown, and Sandymount; and on the other side of Kingstown extend the villages and villas of Dalkey and Ballybreck, and the town of Bray, with its many church steeples, at the foot of the Wicklow mountains, and sending out its great promontory, Bray Head, to form the southern side of the bay; while beyond Dublin the shore is again studded in the same way by villages and detached residences, till it reaches the beautiful cliffs of Howth. All this extensive abode of wealth and taste has grown within the last half century; for when George IV., in 1821, left his parting tread to be commemorated by the change of name from Dunleary to Kingstown, his *point de depart* was a fishing village, resembling in all its characteristics those dirty neglected places, which newspapers and some periodicals continue still to describe as 'so Irish.'

On Tuesday morning, 29th of September, the Members of Congress assembled with a large congregation in St. Patrick's Cathedral; the original church on the same site was founded, it is said, by the saint himself in the fifth century, and the present edifice was built, in 1190, by Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin, so that for ages its arches have echoed the ascription of faith and praise, 'Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ!' and the voice of prayer has never ceased within its walls. Within the last five years this fine old church has been fully renovated and adorned at the sole expense of the late Sir Benjamin Guiness, a Dublin merchant; who thus, at a cost of more than £100,000, has bequeathed to his fellow citizens a noble memorial of an

Digitized by Google

honest life, devoted to works of charity; while to his fellow worshippers he has restored a house of prayer consecrated by so many sacred associations.

The Cathedral contains about 5000; and on the occasion of the commencement of the Congress the crowd was very great; and none in that vast congregation can ever forget the thrilling power with which, in a low tone of silvery sweetness, the voice of Dean Magee sent to every ear and every heart the words he had selected for his opening address: 'And they beckoned unto their partners which were in the other ship that they should come and help them.' If only the text had been spoken thus, the effect would have been to bind heart to heart of those who asked their brethren to help, and of the brethren who came in the hour of distress and perplexity; and the words became more and more impressive as he developed the circumstances of our great need of the strength and help which Christian sympathy can give.

There is no ornament in Dean Magee's rhetoric, save the sheen of his armour and the flash of his glittering spear, while he stands in the panoply of faith, wielding the sword of the Spirit, bright and keen and true in every touch; profound thought, spoken in words so accurately chosen, that each sentence would form a study, each expression containing a distinctive power, yet with a rapidity of idea and utterance that bears you along in the enjoyment of the conscious exercise of all your faculties, to accompany rather than follow the speaker.

As it was said by one who might be his rival if their noble powers were used in a less sacred cause—the eloquent Bishop of Derry—'We cannot expect to hear a more perfect utterance until with unsealed ear we listen to the voices of the blessed.'

There was full choral service, and upwards of seven hundred persons partook of the Holy Communion—a fit commencement to such a meeting.

The members of Congress then adjourned to the concert-room of the Exhibition building, where about 2000 were present each day. On the platform were the Archbishop of Dublin, who presided on every occasion, and all the Irish Bishops with one exception; Irish clergymen of every class and from every part of the island, and many of our honoured English visitors; some of these last lamented the absence of their English brethren, and in their zealous kindness blamed those who had not come, while we could only feel thankful for those who did come, representative men of the Church in England, whose presence was hailed wherever they appeared; and not only were the Bishop of Oxford, the Deans of Chester and Ely, Archdeacon Denison, Earl Nelson, and many others, welcomed as our guests, but the enthusiasm increased as they became known, so that their every appearance and every mention of their names was greeted with applause.

To praise the Bishop of Oxford would be almost as presumptuous as to criticize him, but to those who have any idea of the brilliancy of his intellectual powers, and the fascination of his eloquence, it will be enough to say that admiration for these gifts was almost absorbed in the sense of his kindness and the permeating influence of his Christian sympathy. The impression left on every mind was less of his greatness than his goodness; less of the music of his surpassing oratory than of the kindness with which it was employed; '*a good man*' in the full sense in which that word is used in describing St. Barnabas, 'the son of consolation!' The object of these meetings is to let Churchmen of all shades of opinion express their minds freely, in the confidence of brotherly love; there was no suppression of each man's private views, neither was there that spurious candour which proceeds from indifference, nor that false charity which nullifies distinctive truth; but each spoke out his own view of the subject under discussion; and if on any occasion there seemed a danger that an opponent might misunderstand or exaggerate that view; if, as so often happens with honest men, the view was made too prominent just because it was not popular, and he who held it wished therefore to avow it more strongly, a few gracious words from that most loveable Pastor of the Churches at once produced harmony, not by explaining away what was said, but by shewing the portion of truth it contained,

Digitized by Google

and by making it *felt* that Christian love is greater, deeper, wider, than human opinion; that among those who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, the difference is *only* in opinion, not deeper.

The subject of the first session was, 'Our religious societies, how their economical and efficient working may best be promoted,' discussed by the Attorney-General for Ireland, Rev. Charles Rice, J. E. Gorst, M. P. for Cambridge, the Rev. Maurice Day, Dean of Limerick, and others; some speakers advocated the centralization of the different missionary societies and of some others as a measure of economy; while others, and this seemed the general feeling, objected that where there exist so many shades of opinion and so many peculiar interests and attractions, there ought to be scope for each in its own direction; thus, one may care most for the heathen, another for the colonies, and if the two great societies which have these respectively for their chief object, the Church Missionary Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, were combined, many who prefer one to the other might be alienated from both, or alienated by some small prejudice against one or the other. On one point all were agreed; that the duty of almsgiving and the necessity of self-denial for the fulfilment of that duty are very little appreciated.

The second discussion was on 'Hindrances at home and abroad to the progress of missions;' and the evening session, from 7 till 9.30, was devoted to 'The relative functions of Church and State in national education.' After a paper by the Rev. R. Gregory, (from London,) the appointed speakers were the Venerable Archdeacon Denison, the Dean of Limerick and Dean Byrne; the aged Bishop of Cashel and Dr. Webster spoke on opposite sides; and the Bishop of Oxford and Lord Oranmore. This is a question which above all others must admit of difference of opinion among conscientious men; and our English friends are not in a position to see the points of view from which it is regarded, on opposite sides, and with intense earnestness on each, by the clergy of Ireland; to whose honour be it spoken that they fearlessly and boldly maintain their own convictions on the subject, though each party is in turn subjected to the disapproval of the ruling powers; though one is always disapproved by a large political body, and suffers the loss of Government aid for their schools; while the other has to endure the severer penalty of incurring censure and suspicion from many whose esteem they value, and of misrepresentation or misapprehension from many more; but as this subject could not be fairly discussed even in a lengthened session of the Church Congress, we shall not attempt to give an abstract of it here.

Wednesday morning, 30th of September, opened with the subject of 'Church work and Church life in Ireland.' The very Rev. John Macdonnell, Dean of Cashel, took as his ground the parishes of Leinster and Munster, with which he is best acquainted, and showed at once the difficulties of the clergyman who ministers to a scanty Protestant population scattered over a wide extent of country, and surrounded by the influences of Romanism in its grossest form; and the great importance of that painful work in keeping together these scattered sheep, in ministering to people who love their Church, who are most regular in their attendance on all her ordinances, and whose children are growing up in the principles of faith toward God and loyalty and fidelity towards men, which Holy Scripture alone can teach.

In his own Cathedral of Cashel there is a fine choir and daily service, so that the worship of God in its purity is ceaselessly maintained there; and deeply is it to be regretted that there is not a larger number of the Reformed Church; it is cause of thanksgiving that the lamp of truth is kept burning, whether men walk by it or not.

The Dean was followed by the Rev. A. Irwin, of Armagh, who showed by statistics evidences of the present work and life of the Church in Ireland, especially in the northern province; the number of churches multiplying year by year, and filled as quickly as they are built or enlarged; the improvement in Church music, by which

Digitized by Google

'the solo of the clerk' has become extinct; the munificent contributions to all religious purposes by the *resident* gentry of our communion; the Sunday school, which is the delight of our children, while we hear that in England it is a weariness; where rich and poor meet together, the children of the landlord and the labourer sit side by side and receive the same instruction; differing also from the English schools in the shorter time as well as the more exclusively religious character of the lesson, for ours close before the morning service, to which the children accompany their parents and friends.

This Sunday school institution extends all over Ireland, and its influence for good has been largely carried into the Colonies, and is continued through the lives of both teachers and pupils. Mr. Irwin also spoke of the care of the Irish Church over her orphan children; there are thirty-five local Protestant orphan societies, well supported by local contributions, by which the orphans are placed, not in asylums, but in the homes of worthy families of their own class, and under the immediate care of the parochial clergy, so that home feeling and religious training are secured to them all over Ireland. It is impossible to give statistics from memory, but when Mr. Irwin's valuable paper comes to be printed, it will be seen that whatever be the deficiencies of the Church in Ireland, it abounds in 'liberal things,' in charitable institutions, and voluntary labours of love and faith.

The Hon. and Rev. W. Plunket spoke of the province of Connaught, with which he is especially connected; of the work of conversion accomplished there chiefly through the restoration to the people of the Scriptures in the Irish language; a gift which was withheld from them when at the Reformation the Bible was translated into almost every other European tongue.

Perhaps no speech during the Congress has left an impression so touching and so abiding as that which followed these able addresses. The Rev. Henry Jellett spoke from his own experience of the difficulty of maintaining Church life and work in those remote parishes, where severed from all kindred society the lonely pastor lives for the scattered few—those few sheep in the wilderness—who form his flock. With a depth of unconscious pathos he described, or rather he made his audience feel, what is the position of an educated man, of intellect and refinement, burning with zeal, filled with high aspirations, and enlarged ideas of what a man might do, shut up in a situation where all his effort is to suppress himself sufficiently to bring himself within reach of his hearers; where all his powers of organization are employed in managing to work with individuals what ought to be done with masses; the difficulty, the painful difficulty of preaching at least one hundred and four sermons annually, and that year after year to the same congregation, and that so small that whatever is practical seems a personal attack upon someone, whatever is doctrinal is a correction or a rebuke of the opinion of some individual, or seems to have already been put in every shape they are capable of receiving; and yet, while thus he feels he is doing nothing—his energies going to waste—yet he is bound to the one spot, so that to hear a sermon from another is a mental and spiritual festival of rare occurrence, while his studies are discouraged by the want of sympathy and the absence of any object to which to apply them, and hindered by the ceaseless petty cares for the temporal wants and small concerns and petty grievances of the few who accept his ministry, and of the many who, while they reject it and refuse to acknowledge him as a religious teacher, yet lean upon him as the resident gentleman, on whom they have a claim for all and more than he can give. 'It is not *work*, it is *worry* that wears a man out.'

The picture was such as to thrill every heart with an intense perception of its mournful truthfulness; one felt that it was a life-long exercise of the painful position of Elijah, when he stretched himself upon the child, his mouth upon his mouth, his hands upon his hands, his feet upon his feet, crushing up the manly frame to the dimensions of childhood; and one could only pray that signs of returning vitality may reward the effort; one could not but think of such a man as this—and there are many such cases—buried in the busy inaction of such a life; and yet, that it is from the buried seed the harvest is to spring. Nevertheless, the question does arise, Is such a sacrifice necessary while the Church has need of all the powers of all her best sons? and might not a well-regulated itinerancy supply as well, perhaps better, the wants of such localities? Meanwhile, such are the men, and such the position, of which our enemies speak as idlers in the midst of luxury which they do not earn!

The Rev. George Salmon, Professor of Divinity, whose every appearance was hailed with enthusiasm, spoke of the hindrances that exist to a cordial sympathy between the English and Irish branches of the Church: in England, the great object

Digitized by Google

is to guard against the various forms of Dissent and schism, lapsing into indifference or infidelity; in Ireland, the great enemy is Popery; and the tendency is to fly to the opposite extreme in either case; and this, in addition to differences of national character, habit, taste, &c., produces a different aspect of religious thought; so that while the Irish Church is in England commonly despised as narrow and Puritanical, there is among us a jealousy of everything that is to us a novelty introduced from England, as though favouring our justly dreaded foe. This most valuable address is one of those that ought to be carefully studied in the forthcoming report of the Congress; for a great step is made towards reconciliation when the causes of separation are discerned and acknowledged.

The Bishop of Derry, as yet even better known as the gifted William Alexander, corroborated Dr. Salmon's views and statements. He spoke of some of the wild and desolate regions in his own diocese of Raphoe, with its parishes of ten or twenty miles long, and said that the man who would take away one clergyman from those districts would do a greater cruelty than he who removed a beacon-light from their rugged coast.

The Dean of Ripon and Colonel Shafto Adair bore testimony to the value of the Irish country clergy. The Rev. Dr. Jebb protested against the threat of reducing their numbers, and taking away some of our Bishops; and the Bishop of Oxford wound up this most interesting discussion by expressing the gratification—and, he added, instruction—he and his English brethren had derived from it.

The afternoon session of Wednesday was on the all-important question, 'How the Church may best secure and retain the attachment of her younger members?' but of this discussion, in which the Rev. Mr. Farrar blamed the clergy for want of sympathy with the spirit of the age, and Dean Magee with his Ithuriel spear severed the truth from the falsehood, more cannot here be said; save one word from the Bishop of Derry—'We ought to accompany in due measure the spirit of *the age*; but we must never be conformed to the spirit of *the world*.'

That evening, instead of a session, there was a conversazione; no small gratification to the country parsons and their families, gathered from all parts of the island, and rejoicing in this rare opportunity of renewing old links of friendship, and forming new ones. The assembly was held principally in the winter-garden of the Exhibition Palace, which was brilliantly illuminated; a cornice of lights ran all round the ceiling, and a glittering fountain played in the midst; the plants, the light, the music, all were charming, especially to those to whom such gay scenes are very rare; and kindly greetings, smiles brighter and fresher than the sparkling fountain, and voices sweeter than the music, every moment gladdened the hearts of long-severed friends.

Thursday, 1st October, began with the subject of 'Authorized and systematic lay agency,' on which the writers were Dean Howson and Mr. Gambier Parry, and the appointed speakers were Dean Atkins, Rev. Dr. Reichel, &c. This subject excited all our anti-Popery vehemence: the word sisterhood seemed to be held in abhorrence, because it is the word used by Romanists; but to the idea of sisterhoods, of women united for purposes of charity, there was no objection offered; that is, as the Bishop of Oxford explained, where they form a centre and a working-place—in fact, a religious Home for women who have not homes or domestic duties; but in the strongest manner his Lordship asserted that home is woman's proper sphere, the family her highest calling.

A fine old veteran, General Dobbs, declared that he has been for forty years a preacher to his regiment and to others, and that he desires to work in connection with the parochial clergy, as he is now in fact doing in his lay ministrations among the sailors of the port of Kingstown. Many suggestions were offered as to the best mode by which the valuable element of lay-agency can be made more efficient, and rescued from the dangers to which it is liable, by an authorized and systematic connection with the Episcopal and clerical element of the Church.

The second subject was 'The working of the American and Canadian Churches;' peculiarly interesting here, as the latter has recently undergone something like the confiscation of property with which Ireland is threatened. Where the voluntary system has thus been made necessary, its evil effects are keenly felt; and in what we heard of its working, there was not anything to reconcile us to the 'spoiling of our goods,'—which may God avert! but if it comes, may He enable us to 'take it joyfully.'

The truly venerable Bishop of Cashel spoke on this topic with the energy of old age, where often the fire burns hottest.

Instead of the third session that evening, there was a choral service at St. Patrick's

Digitized by Google

and a sermon by the Bishop of Oxford, on behalf of the two great Missionary Societies. His text was from St. John, xvii. 26—'And I have declared unto them Thy Name, and will declare it.' The pressure of the crowd was so great that there was scarcely air to breathe, or space to move; yet there was nothing to disturb devotion, nothing to interfere with the rapt attention of that great multitude.

On Friday, the first question was, 'How the efficiency of our Church Services may be increased?' Some proposed small alterations in the services themselves, such as more variety in the Canticles, &c.; some suggested divisions of the services, to make each shorter; and some suggested improvements in the manner of their performance; that which took the highest tone, and made most impression, was the address of Mr. Beresford Hope, in which he said that the beauty and harmony of the services must depend on the central position given to that which is the highest and holiest rite of Christianity—the Holy Communion.

The Rev. Mr. Ryle, the author of many popular tracts, spoke warmly of the value of the Prayer Book as it is. From men of the most opposite lines of thought and of opinion were heard on that happy day sentiments of entire unanimity, in their love to the Church of their baptism, and their earnest desire for the best fulfilment of her ordinances, and performance of her services, (though they might, as a matter of judgment and taste, differ as to what *is* the best and the most impressive,) which truly marked that they were 'holding the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace!' The blessing which many had sought in prayer was manifestly granted to this Congress; the spirit of a sound mind was there; and we must recognize as God's instrument for producing the happy result the gracious and loving spirit of the Bishop of Oxford, whose exquisite sympathy enabled him to anticipate and guard from needless pain the feelings and peculiarities of each; and the quiet dignity, gentle firmness, and impartiality of the Archbishop of Dublin, who spoke little, yet guided and influenced all.

The most brilliant session was that of the mid-day of Friday, on this subject, 'The influence of the increased investigation of physical science on the religious views of those engaged in such inquiries, and on Theology in general.'

Professor Jellett's magnificent oration went to show, that though in many cases the effect of such research has been to lower the religious tone, yet that there is no logical reason why it should be so. We must not venture so far beyond our depth as to attempt to give a summary of this grand disquisition on one of the most important questions of the age in which we live, but we may give a sketch of a parable by which it was enlivened. A community of ants lived under a great stone, which began to move in an extraordinary manner; the movements were observed and measured, and the scientific ants formed many wise and learned theories to account for them; but in the course of their investigations they discovered an old manuscript, in which it was stated that at some remote period the stone had been lifted and dropped into its present position by a creature called a man. This tale excited great ridicule and opposition among the learned; it was contrary to all experience, and evidently an invention of the ignorant to account for what they could not explain—but in the midst of the debate, a ploughshare drove the stone aside, and by its 'unprecedented interference overwhelmed the whole community in ruin.' The speaker concluded by an earnest appeal to natural philosophers and to theologians, beseeching them to abstain from hard thoughts and bitter words against each other.

The Rev. C. Pritchard, President of the Astronomical Society, took another view of the question; showing, that though there are many men sceptical and godless who are also men of science, as there may be such belonging to any order or class of men, yet that among the most distinguished scientific scholars, students, and discoverers, are to be found the most devout Christians; in proof of which he brought forward the instances of Newton, ('that child-like sage,') Pascal, and Leibnitz, Professor Faraday, Herschel, Sedgewick, &c., &c.; and our own Dr. Salmon, who is all over Europe almost as much valued as a mathematician as he is at home loved and honoured as a humble follower of Christ; he also alluded to the speaker who preceded him, whose brilliant talents and wide attainments are laid at the foot of the Cross.

The evening session of this day, and the closing one of the Congress, was devoted to two essays of the deepest interest, which it is satisfactory to know will be in our power to study when the Report appears; for they contain an amount of information which it was almost impossible for common hearers to carry away under any circumstances, and quite impossible at the close of four days of intense application. The only disappointment connected with the whole arrangement was that these

Digitized by Google

papers had not been given earlier; but they were intended to hold a most prominent place, as the conclusion of the Congress. The subject was 'Biblical Illustration—that is, the Bible illustrated by modern science and travel;' and the writers were the Rev. H. B. Tristram and the Rev. George Williams, than whom none could be more competent to develope such a theme. We had only to regret that we had not more power left to hear and learn.

This evening was the conclusion of the whole session; and perhaps not the least valuable portion of it was found in the kindly greetings which passed on all sides, combined with the usual form of thanks given, and thanks returned for thanks! The Dean of Cork compared this to the Abyssinian custom of crowning the parting guest with butter! where the feeling on both sides is expressed by the amount of the 'oleaginous glory!' Never were thanks and expressions of good-will more sincere and cordial; the feeling was so genuine and so unanimous, that we could afford to laugh at the earnestness with which our Irish hearts expressed it.

We thank God for this meeting of the two branches of the Anglican Church, earnestly hoping that it may be the beginning of more sympathy on both sides. Where men differ in opinion, all the points of opposition become prominent in the distance; but when they meet in kindly intercourse, and look one another in the face, they discover how much wider is the common ground of a common Christianity on which they meet, than the diverging lines of peculiar views—how much firmer and stronger the grand foundation of our most holy faith than the towers and arsenals men have erected upon it. We Irish have been too ready with the cry of 'Puseyism,' or 'Tractarianism,' meaning thereby either some indefinite evil, or else something ever so little beyond the speaker's perception of Church doctrine and practice; and on the other side, even among those whose idol is an ideal unity, who would almost sacrifice truth for peace with communities, severed, alas! by a great gulf from the Reformed Church of England, there has been an indifference towards this their sister Church, often amounting to absolute prejudice and dislike.

We trust that this state of things is over. Never did Irishman express his sympathy with our Irish Church with more Irish enthusiasm than our friend Archdeacon Denison; and if, as he complained, England sent us only one Bishop and three Deans, we remember that that Bishop was Wilberforce, and that those Deans were the authors of books so highly prized among us, and that one of the 'miserable Archdeacons' was this zealous friend himself. Our own Bishop William Alexander of Derry, our northern Chrysostom, forms a golden chain between Ireland, his birth-place, and Oxford, his Alma Mater; and our William Magee will prove a rivet true as steel between his English diocese and his Mother church and University; he, as Bishop of Peterborough, is the first Irishman who has filled an English see since the Reformation.

The Congress was over; the winter-garden was again illuminated, and the sparkling fountain was playing as we left the meeting: a kind farewell; but on the next day, many who had taken part in the assemblies met again at the beautiful College of St. Columba, which was founded about twenty-five years ago, with the purpose of giving to the sons of Irish gentlemen all the educational advantages of an English public school conducted on the same principles as Radley, without severing their early associations from their native country. The pupils of St. Columba love and glory in their school—the best proof of its efficiency. The service in its little chapel is perfect, a model of united worship, of what is meant by common prayer. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Derry, whose style is rich, ornate, deep, and flexible, as the tones of an Irish melody. There again partaking of the Holy Communion, the members of the Congress parted as they had met; being many, yet forming 'one bread and one body, for they are all partakers of that one bread.'

I am yours, &c.,

B.

PORTSEA NURSERY.

My dear ——,

Perhaps the kind friends who have contributed towards 'The Nursery of the Good Shepherd' at Portsea, may like to know how it is prospering.

It is now nearly a year since attention was first called to it in the pages of 'The Monthly Packet,' and since that time the number of children received each day has

Digitized by Google

gone on steadily increasing. Within the last few weeks the Nursery has been removed to a much larger and better house than the one first used for that purpose in White's Row. To a visitor accustomed to that more humble dwelling, the present Nursery arouses a feeling somewhat akin to those of Cinderella, when transported from her father's kitchen to the palace of the prince; but if the first feeling be that of astonishment, the next will most certainly be one of thankfulness, that the little ones of the poor should have the advantage of breathing for so many hours a purer air than can be found in their own homes, and should have such nice large rooms to run about in, and learn to use their little legs!

The present Nursery is situated in a very respectable quiet street, and is therefore much more get-at-able by young ladies with 'careful mammas,' than the former one. On ringing the bell, one is ushered into the parlour, where, perhaps, one hardly feels as much at home as in the tiny room at White's Row; but the dear Face of the Good Shepherd looks down upon us from the wall, and seems to extend to us the welcome He is giving to the little lost lamb He bears on His Shoulder. The wardrobes of the babies are much increased in importance, by having a whole room appropriated to them; this is behind the parlour on the ground-floor. The one above it may be called the 'cradle-room,' and is entirely dedicated to somnus; while the front room adjoining it, is used for meals and 'recreation.' A kind of symbol of the latter use of it is suspended from the gas-pipe in the middle of the ceiling, (for the whole house, it should be mentioned, is lighted by gas,) in the shape of a wonderful bird with no legs, like the fabled bird of paradise, but which can be made to fly, greatly to the delight of babydom. Here, over the fire-place, our old friend, St. Vincent de Paul, gives us a kindly smile, and sets us a good example by nursing a rosy urchin in the queerest of little blue skull-caps.

Again, ascending the stair-case, (no longer steep and dangerous,) we come to a new set of rooms, and a new feature in the Nursery, together. The third floor of the house is appropriated to the reception of children *above* three years of age, which are now taken charge of at the Nursery, on the payment of twopence per day by their parents. These are taken to the infant school by one of the nurses, and at meal and other times, are trained in habits of order and reverence not possible when children of all ages are mixed indiscriminately together.

This extension of the benefits of the Nursery to those little ones just removed from actual babyhood, was conferred in consequence of the solicitations of the poor people themselves, who, as their children passed the fatal number *three*, were very loth that they should be deprived of so safe and comfortable an asylum. Numbers of poor mothers in Portsea gain their bread by going out 'charing,' and while they are perforce absent from their homes from early morning until seven in the evening, the little ones are dismissed from the infant school at twelve, and again at four in the afternoon. A desire still further to help this hard-working neighbourhood has principally led to the effort which has obtained the present roomy and convenient house; but, while we cannot but rejoice at its increased capabilities of usefulness, we must not shut our eyes to the fact that the rent of the present Nursery much more than *doubles* that of the old one, and calls upon all its friends in like measure to *double* their exertions. It would indeed be most desirable, could a sufficient sum be raised, to *purchase* the house, and by this means place the institution upon a firm and permanent basis.

The reception of elder children likewise entails the expense of a more experienced nurse, and a young woman has therefore been engaged in place of one of the girls. She has the special charge of the elder children, while the matron—a most comfortable 'motherly' looking person—reigns supreme among the babies. These, with two girls, form the present staff of the establishment.

Their sleeping-rooms are at the top of the house, and form its fourth story. If we descend again to the 'cradle-room,' and peep into the little cots, we shall see many new faces there, and find that some of our favourites of last year have quite 'grown out of all knowledge.' 'The baby in long clothes,' the gentle Julia, has long ago been promoted to be short coated, and to have her ten tiny toes encased in the shiniest of shoes! 'The baby with the beads' has lost the insignia of her royalty, but not her look of serene dignity. Some have been removed from the Nursery through their parents having moved to another place. Death has also made some gaps in the little circle. There are some 'vacant chairs' even here; but it is chiefly the sickly ones who have been taken—those who would never have grown to be 'like other children,' and we must not grieve for them. Among these, 'Albert the Good' has, like his illustrious namesake, passed away; and though no stately monument will be reared for *him*, yet many will long remember his patient smile of

Digitized by Google

greeting, and earnest efforts to give utterance to the thoughts of that poor heavy head!

The average daily attendance of children has latterly increased from fifteen to twenty-five, although just now some are 'at home'—not 'with the whooping cough'—for *that* was successfully combated *in* the Nursery—but with the measles, which of course, from its character, necessarily involves home treatment.

Since the first account of the Nursery was written, a clever young medical man has kindly given his gratuitous services, and constantly and regularly visits it. In many cases the tiny patients have greatly benefited by his treatment, while the whole community has, no doubt, reaped the advantage of his 'sanatory regulations.' This certainty of securing really good medical advice for their children, yet further adds to the boon which the Nursery undoubtedly is to the hard-working mothers in its neighbourhood.

It remains to add, that the present Nursery is at 27, Union Street—a street, which though clean and respectable, is yet within a stone's throw of the poorest and most wretched district. Indeed, the house has a back entrance, which opens into a region of 'alleys' and 'courts.' By this entrance the children are conveyed into the Nursery (through a little garden which serves for a play-ground) to the back door, which has had a kind of porch erected over it to shelter the mothers when waiting for their respective babies. When speaking of mothers, it may be mentioned that a 'Mothers' Meeting' is now held in one of the rooms of the Nursery every Thursday, and presents this advantage, that while 'the mothers' are sewing and listening to the reading, their babies can be taken care of in another part of the building.

But enough has been said to show that the work carried on in this little institution is progressive in its character, and while increased expenses call for renewed efforts, there is much, towards another year of its existence, to lead us to 'thank God and take courage.'

Owing to the many kind gifts which have been received, *clothing* is not at present needed for the children, unless it is those hard-to-be-got articles, *shoes;* some old linen, however, such as table-cloths, or sheets, would be very useful; and if some kind friend would present some neat and appropriate dresses for the *nurses*, it would be a good work. Those too, who want employment for their fingers, would be helping the Nursery, by sending articles that might be sold for its benefit, to

MR. ALLNUTT,
QUEEN STREET, PORTSEA.

by whom all contributions are still thankfully received.

Thanking *you* for so kindly promising to admit this further account of the Nursery, and 'the *Readers of the Monthly Packet*,' for their ready help,

I am, &c.,
E.

CONSEILS DE LECTURES FRANCAISES.

PAR MADAME DE WITT NÉE GUIZOT.

Mémoires de Madame du Plessis Mornay, nouvelle édition, publiée par la Société de l'Histoire de France, chez Mad. Jules Renouard, 6, Rue de Tournon.—Peu de gens, en de hors des érudits, ont lu ces charmants mémoires; l'édition publiée en 1824 était mauvaise aet fautive; les difficultés de l'orthographe du XVIe siècle avaient été multipliées à plaisir. *La Societé de l'Histoire de France*, fondeé depuis bien des années deja par les grands historiens de notre temps et qui a donné au public intelligent tant de travaux serieux et de belles éditions a cru bon de publier une nouvelle édition des mémoires de Mad. du Plessis Mornay, la digne femme du Saint politique, militaire, et savant, que l'austérité de sa foi et de sa vie a seule empêché de briller au premier rang dans la cour de son maître bien-aimé, Henri IV. Le premier volume de ces mémoires est seul publié; il contient presque tout le manuscrit de Mad. de Mornay, accompagné de notes qui en rendent la lecture plus facile; le second volume qui sera publié au printemps, contiendra la fin des mémoires et un grand nombre de lettres inédites de Monsieur et de Madame du Plessis Mornay, de leurs

Digitized by Google

filles, et de ce fils dont la mort à la guerre fit mourir sa mère de douleur. 'Je n'ai plus de fils, donc je n'ai plus de femme;' avait dit M. du Plessis en apprenant son malheur. Les lettres du jeune homme qu'on ne connaissait que par les larmes de ses parents prouvent toute la légitimité de leurs regrets.

Les Epopées Francaises; étude sur les origines et l'histoire de la littérature nationale, par M. Léon Gautier. Chez Victor Paluré, 25, Rue de Grenelle, St. Germain, Paris.—On a beaucoup dit que la France n'avait point de poëmes épiques; on ne le dira plus après avoir lu le livre de M. Gautier; les grands chants du moyen age, comme la Chanson de Roland, et les romans héroïques du règne de Charlemagne, méritent, à bon droit, le nom d'Epopées, et l'académie des Inscriptions et belles lettres a récompensé le travail consciencieux et intelligent qui les a mis à la portée de tous les lecteurs, faisant ainsi entrer dans le domaine public des trésors réservés jusqu'ici aux savants. Le livre de M. Léon Gautier a été couronné deux fois par l'Institut.

Correspondance de Madame Elisabeth de France, sœur de Louis XVI., publiée par M. Feuillet de Conches, chez Plon, 10, Rue Garancière, Paris.—Les lettres de la reine Marie Antoinette ont été discutées; l'authenticité de quelques unes a été mise en doute; personne n'a songé à nier l'exactitude de celles de Madame Elisabeth de France. Elles portent partout le cachet de cette vertueuse et charmante Princesse, gaie, franche, affectueuse, simple dans sa piété comme dans ses amitiés; spirituelle et fine souvent dans ses jugements sur les personnes, même quand il lui arrivait de se tromper sur le situation et les possibilités de la politique, jusqu'au Martyre non seulement de l'échafaud, mais de la prison du Temple. Les lettres, adressées presque toutes à ses amies, Mad. de Raigecourt, à sa sœur, Mad. Marie de Causans, et à Mad. de Bombelles commencent au mois de Mai, 1788, et se terminent par quelques billets écrits du Temple à M. Turgy qui lui servait d'intermédiaire avec ses amis. Le dernier est du 12 Octobre, 1793; le 10 Mai, 1794, Elisabeth de France monta sur l'échafaud. 'Pensez à Dieu, mon enfant,' avait elle dit à sa nièce, Madame Royale, depuis Duchesse d'Angoulême, lorsqu'elle l'avait quittée pour mourir; elle rendit son âme à Dieu par le dernier supplice avec cette pensée d'une de ses lettres qui avait dirigé toute son existence: 'Que l'idée de l'éternité devient douce lorsqu'on peut se dire:' 'J'ai vécu toute ma vie pour Dieu!'

L'Evangile de S. Jean. Quatre conférences, par J. J. Van Osterzee, Professeur de Théologie à Utrecht. Publiées par la Societé des Livres Religieux de Toulouse, Grassart, 4, Rue de la Paix, Paris.—Le Hollandais est une langue peu connue en dehors de son étroit domaine, et M. Van Osterzee a bien fait de faire traduire ses conférences. La réputation du docte Prédicateur est grande dans son pays, et il a rendu à l'Eglise Chrétienne le service de mettre pour la première fois à la portée de tous, les raisons morales comme les faits matériels qui prouvent d'une manière irrécusable l'authenticité de cet Evangile de Saint Jean si souvent attaqué par les incrédules, parce qu'il contient le trésor de notre foi. Les conférences de M. Van Osterzee sont un ouvrage de piété en même temps qu'un livre d'instruction; en dépit d'un peu de raideur théologique et Hollandaise, elles respirent un amour profond pour le Maître qui aimait Jean et que le vieil Apôtre a fait connaître au Monde comme le Fils de Dieu, le Verbe faite Chair, l'Agneau de Dieu qui ôte le péché du monde.

La traduction des *Conférences* est de M. le Pasteur Sardinoux, Savant Professeur à la Faculté Protestante de Montauban.

HINTS ON READING.

Those who are conversant with sick-rooms will heartily thank the lady who has translated and adapted that beautiful book, the Abbé Henri Perreyve's *Journée du Malade*, under the title of *From Morning till Evening.* (Rivingtons.) It is in truth a suggestive and helpful series of meditations, counsels, and devotions, for the invalid; written from the personal experience of an admirable and saintly young

Digitized by Google

French priest, whose long decline has assuredly turned to the profit of many whom his living voice had never reached. The original book was adapted, of course, to those of his own communion; and the translator has carefully and reverently treated it, so as to render it capable of being freely used by and for members of our own Church.

The Rev. J. H. Blunt's 'Key to the Prayer Book' has been followed by the like *Key to the Bible*, (Rivingtons,) being, in fact, a brief account of the date and history of each sacred book, and a clear and sensible review of the internal and external tokens of the Unity of design, and over-ruling Inspiration of the whole. It is a compendium of information, very useful as furnishing a defence against shallow sceptical argument.

Mrs. Clare's *Apostles of Jesus* (Hatchard) is a careful collection of biographies of the Twelve, simply told, and with a good deal of useful collateral information.

Nor must we longer omit to mention a little volume of most sweet and thoughtful verse, entitled *Tonbridge Grammar School Chapel.* (Masters.) It is a series of single stanzas of thoughts prompted by the erection of the building, each with its appropriate text, often selected in a striking manner. For instance, musing on the influences of the chapel attendance on scholars gone forth into the world, we have—

'His windows being open towards Jerusalem.'—*Dan.* vi. 10.

And those whom many a waste of sea and air
And weary lands from haunts of school-tide rends,
One self-same form, one self-same hour of prayer,
Shall bring into the House of God as friends.

'So the sun returned ten degrees.'—*Isaiah*, xxxviii. 8.

The noisy chimes of earthly good and ill,
Pealing on foreign shores may crowd the air,
But clear amidst them all shall echo still
The lengthened cadence of the school-boy's prayer.

In Mr. Warne's Companion Library—which provides shilling literature for railway travellers—is to be found a book worthy to stand in a higher class than is claimed by its outer garb. *Nigel Bartram's Ideal*, by Florence Wilford, is an original and thoughtful picture of as sweet and gentle a heroine as we ever met with; weighed down, however, by a secret—and a strange one—namely, the having written a novel, which as her standard heightens she disapproves, and regrets with all her heart. But it is a book to read, not to forestall, and we hope that it will be read and appreciated.

Giftie, a tiny book of Mr. Warne's, is an amusing story of the distresses of a supposed changeling, who has even learnt to doubt her own humanity.

In very different style is *Home for Christmas*, (Masters,) a rather prettily told Americanized version of Mr. Adams's 'Old Man's Home.'

How little we should once have thought to read a story of orphans in an English Sisterhood; yet here they are in *Chronicles of St. Mary's*, (Masters,) as natural a picture as if they were the familiar village school children. It is a pretty book, evidently drawn from some knowledge of the subject. The beginning is charming, and there are many beautiful and wise passages in it; but oh! that it had stopped short of Mark's funeral. We feel as if a delicate miniature had suddenly been spoilt by being set into a broad caricature, or almost as Da Vinci's friends must have felt when he injured his great picture by his portrait of the provoking Prior. We are really grieved, for such weapons *ought* to have been left to the Amalgamated Protestants, and the whole usefulness of the book is marred. We know many quarters where it might have done good, but where now it would excite just resentment.

Digitized by Google

Notices to Correspondents.

Violet.—*Thanks for the receipt of* £1 *for* St. Stephen's Mission, Clewer Fields, *Windsor.*

A. C. *recommends to* O. *the Rev. B. E. Nicholl's* Sunday Exercises on the Morning and Evening Services of the Church. *(S. P. C. K.)*

Margaret *has not asked her question in a form in which it can be answered. What does she want to teach her class? what is its age and average instruction? According to her question, they may want to learn* anything *from thorough-bass to A B C.*

A. H. *asks in what modern collection she can find Lovelace's poem to Lucasta. It is in Percy's* Reliques *with his name, and is not Montrose's.* A. H. *has—like the* Editor—*been misled by the resemblance of the last line in sound (though not in meaning) to the burden of Montrose's Address to his Mistress, where he threatens in many recurring stanzas that if she prove unworthy*

'I'll never love thee more.'

B. M. *asks where to find the line—*

'To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.'

C. *asks the meaning of the letters* A. E. F., *as used on rings and bronzes.*

Declined with thanks.—My Reminiscences.

A. A.—*Mr. Allnutt acknowledges, with thanks,* 2*s. for* The Portsea Nursery. *Another contribution from* A. A. *reached him in October, but not in time to be here acknowledged. We cannot promise to notice anything we receive later than the* 14*th in our immediately ensuing Number.*

Mr. Allnutt acknowledges with thanks the following donations towards the funds of The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea:—T. L. A., 10*s.*; B. B., 3*s.* *Also a Box of Warm Clothing from* Miss Sullivan, *and a Hamper of Clothes and Food from the* Misses Gilbard, Portsea.

Thanks to Isa *for* £1 5*s. for* The Sisterhood of St. Michael's, Shoreditch; *also to* S. M. M. *for a parcel from Chichester.*

The acknowledgement of a donation to The Clewer Fields District *has been prevented by an omission in the address of a letter to the* Editor, *which caused it to be mis-sent.*

'She smells like Bucklesbury in scented thyme.'

Will the Editor *be so good as to tell me from whence comes the above quotation?*—Zuleika.

A. H.—The Shoreditch Sisterhood *receive Fancy-work to sell for their works of charity. And so does* The Ladies' Association, *to send out to colonies to be sold for the benefit of the Missions.*

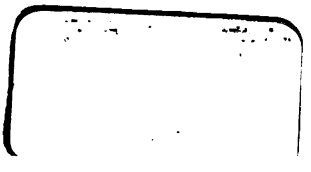
E. P. *wishes to ascertain the address of* The Rhenish Mission *in China, and of the authorized agent in England, through whom communication can be obtained with that Society. An answer will oblige in the* Notices to Correspondents *in* The Monthly Packet.

John and Charles Moxley, Printers, Derby.

Digitized by Google

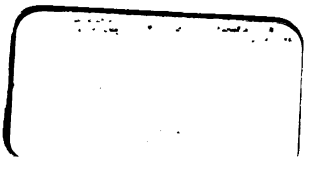
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google